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BY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LONDON:
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I STROVE WITH NONE, FOR NONE WAS WORTH MY STRIFE;
NATURE I LOVED, AND, NEXT TO NATURE, ART;
I WARMED BOTH HANDS BEFORE THE FIRE OF LIFE;
IT SINKS, AND I AM READY TO DEPART.

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PREFACE.

INFERIOR in execution to those I have already set before the public will perhaps these *Imaginary Conversations* appear; certainly for the most-part inferior are the materials.

No sculptor can work in sandstone so artistically and effectively as in alabaster and marble.

In the sight of higher intelligences the Pio-Nonós, the Nicholases, the Louis-Philippes, the Louis-Napoleons, and their domestics in caps and hoods, in flounces and furbelows, in ribbands and cordages, in stars and crosses, are of misshapen and friable clay, not even "*de meliore luto.*"

In the sight of the Highest Intelligence of all, the poor humble Madiai, we are informed by unerring authority, are far superior to such as "affect the nod" and assume the attributes of deity. Grateful for the gifts that have been imparted to me, and for the few talents, easy of computation, which study and thoughtfulness and industry have added, I have been content to look no higher than the Acropolis of Athens, and to carry back with me, into the libraries of my friends, the impressions I have taken from the physiognomies of Solon and Pericles, of Phocion and Epicurus; and of placing Diogenes and Plato and Xenophon

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in their proper light, and where they may be seen distinctly and walkt round. Pleasant as any of my hours, in that most delightful of regions, were those I spent with Aspasia and Leontion, and Themisto; we called her Ternissa, and she preferred the name.

Homely, very homely, are the countenances and figures of the Madiai. But they also have their heroism: they took the same choice as Hercules, preferring virtue to pleasure, labour to ease, rectitude to obliquity; patient of imprisonment, and worshiping God with unfaltering devotion: unterrified by the menaces of death. May they awaken, if not enthusiasm, at least benevolence! In which hope, on their behalf and for their sole emolument, I edit this volume.

A great part of the prose bears a reference to those persons, and that system, under which the Madiai were deprived of freedom, of health, of air, and, what is also a necessary to life, the consolation of friendship; their crime being the worship of God as God himself commanded, and not as man commands.

The poetry, where it refers to the present times, is what I wish the prose could have been, mostly panegyrical.

W. S. L.

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CORRIGENDA.

The reader is requested to make the subjoined corrections with his pen.

Page 157, l. 16, *for* "acquired," *read* "accepted."
„ 172, l. 9, *for* "factious," *read* "facetious."
„ 174, l. 25, *for* "institutions," *read* "institution."
„ 197, l. 16, *read* "the guidance *of*."
„ 220 (N) l. 11, *for* "hanc," *read* "hac."
„ 224, in the Greek, *for* "ἢ ῥᾳ̃," *read* "ἦ ῥα."
„ 265, l. 4 from bottom, *read* "not *well* admit a spondee for the first foot; it *should* be," * &c.
„ 300, l. 32, *for* "Giovanni," *read* "Giovanna."
„ 304, second line of Italian, *for* "debole, *read* "debile."
„ 325, l. 25, *after* "historians," *insert* "since Gibbon."
„ 329, l. 3, *omit* "and."
„ 332, l. 7, *insert* comma *after* "character."
„ 333, l. 7, *read* "I do not call epic, *as I have said before*."
„ 336, l. 1, *read* "Englishmen *of our age*."
„ 353, l. 37, *read* "each of us possesses."
„ 372, xxxviii, *read* "*In* Byron."
„ 375, liv, *for* "nerves," *read* "waves."
„ 393, cxli, *read* "each in each *rejoice*."
„ 397, clii, *read* "the dying *on* the dead."
„ 408, l. 28, "*Bitter are*," &c, should stand as another poem.
„ 431, ccvii, *read* "whose hand can *hurl*."
„ 446, l. 6, *read* "*twain*."
„ 476, l. 2, dele *but*, and insert a semicolon instead.
„ 497, l. 16, *for* "*Santa Ann*," *read* "Santa-Anna."

* Yet here, in 235 verses, nine begin with it.

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TIZIANO VECELLI AND LUIGI CORNARO.

CORNARO.

MANY are the years, Tiziano, since we were youths together here in Venice; and I believe that at the present hour we are nearly the oldest of its inhabitants. You indeed are somewhat the younger of the two; not much; altho the present autumn is about the fiftieth since the truest judges gave you the preference over Giovanni Bellini; and after that time you surpassed even greater competitors. Your age hath far outstript your youth.

TIZIANO.

Ah, Don Luigi! even on the verge of fourscore the ear grows not deaf to flattery. I am charmed by your remembrance and your praises.

CORNARO.

What! after those of kings and emperors?

TIZIANO.

I am far, very far, from indifferent to those commendations which have been bestowed on me by the masters of mankind, who happen in our times to be endowed with better judgement, regarding the higher Arts, than the noblest of their subjects. Yet a name which adorns the annals of our republic, a Cornaro, may, without ingratitude toward them, be quite as dear to me.

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CORNARO.

The emperor Charles is more generous to artists than to sovrans, altho he had the magnanimity to admire in a rival as great a man as himself. But preëminently shone his magnanimity, when he loaded with jewelry and chains and crosses of gold the artist who had depicted the prostration of Austria, in the memorable field of Cadore. This I firmly believe to be the greatest work that Italian art ever achieved.

TIZIANO.

Of mine it certainly is the greatest.

CORNARO.

Yet how wonderful is the Saint Peter Martyr! In both pictures you have proved yourself the best adapter of external nature to human and superhuman action. The majestic trees, at the stroke of your pencil, rise up worthy to shade the angels in their walks on earth. Many of your subjects were the productions of your hand after the meridian of life.

TIZIANO.

Long after. My fancy flies often from our sea-girt city to my native hills of Cadore, and over the intermediate plains and vineyards and olive-plots and chesnut-groves and forests, and inhales the sharp sunniness of the Alpine air: it invigorates me afresh.

CORNARO.

Yes, Tiziano! Age never droops into decrepitude while Fancy stands at his side. To how many have you given an existence for centuries! For centuries, did I say? I should have said *for ever*. Successions of engravers will fix upon imperishable metal the lineaments you have deemed worthy of preservation. Canvas may decay, colours may fade; but these artists, animated by your genius, will follow one another thro the darkest ages. These are the officers of your household.

Cursores, vitai lampada tradunt.

The time will come, perhaps within a few centuries, when the chief glory of a Venetian noble will be the possession of an ancestor by the hand of Tiziano.

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TIZIANO.

You greatly overvalue me. There are many in our city who deserve to partake in these eulogies; and many others who followed my steps, and have preceded me to the tomb.

CORNARO.

It belongs to a generous mind to be well pleased with its likeness in its inferiors: you can bear it even in a rival: you waft away your own praises, and often point toward Urbino.

TIZIANO.

Urbino is richer than Tyre and Sidon ever were: Urbino is more glorified than Troy and Rome. There is only one to whom the Virgin hath confided her Infant: one only to whom the Infant hath manifested his mother: he leans on her bosom; but she hath not all his love. Nearer to us, while we are conversing on this favorite of heaven, on this purifier of the human heart, on this inspirer of the most tender and most true religion, is Antonio Allegri of Correggio. Angels play with his pencil; and he catches them by the wing and will not let them go. What a canopy hath he raised to himself in the Dome at Parma! The highest of the departed and of the immortal are guardians of his sepulcher: he deserved it.

CORNARO.

And deserves he little, deserves he less, who raiseth his fellow men, lower by nature, to almost the same elevation? Can the Venetian Senate ever be extinct while it beholds the effigies of those brave, intelligent, and virtuous men, whom you have placed in their ancestral palaces? There they are seated, or there they stand, according to your disposal and ordinance, the only sovran, the only instructed, the only true nobility in Europe. When I have been contemplating the gravity and grandor of their countenances, and meet afterward a German or Frenchman, I acknowledge the genus, but doubt the species: I perceive that I have left the master, and recognise the groom or lackey.

TIZIANO.

Glorious is indeed our Italy; and worthy is especially our Venice, of her wide dominion, her long existence, her imperishable renown.

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CORNARO.

The wisdom and the valour which have raised her to this eminence, above all the nations of the world, are best commemorated by you. We have industrious and faithful historians; but History is not always a safeguard against ingratitude and neglect. Now let the most negligent, let the most ungrateful, walk in our galleries, and his eyes will open a passage to his heart. Thanks to Tiziano!

TIZIANO.

Peace! peace! too generous Don Luigi! I have scarcely done justice to several of our senators.

CORNARO.

You have added fresh nobility to the noblest of them, fresh beauty to the most beautiful of their wives and daughters.

TIZIANO.

Let me confess it frankly: I myself do experience no slight pleasure in looking at them. You smile, Don Luigi. Do you fancy I am liable to be led back into temptation?

CORNARO.

Temptations, whether of insane ambition, or any lighter, if lighter there be any, are unlikely to draw us two astray, so near the grave as we are. Monumental brass will shine for ages over yours; mine will be just as appropriate under the hospitable turf of Padua. I do not wonder that at this season of life you retrace your first steps toward the images you have animated. Our Creator, when he visited for the last time the Paradise he had planted, went not thither at mid-day, but in the cool of evening. Manifest once more to the beautiful pair formed by Him after His own image, moved He, the Uncreated, casting no shadow.

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LEONORA DI ESTE AND FATHER PANIGAROLA.

LEONORA.

You have then seen him, father? Have you been able, you who console so many, you who console even me, to comfort poor Torquato?

PANIGAROLA.

Madonna! the ears of the unhappy man are quickened by his solitude and his sorrow. He seemed aware, or suspicious at least, that somebody was listening at his prison-door; and the cell is so narrow that every sound in it is audible to those who stand outside.

LEONORA.

He might have whispered.

PANIGAROLA.

It would have been most imprudent.

LEONORA.

Said he nothing? not a word? . . to prove . . to prove that he had not lost his memory; his memory? of what? of reading his verses to me, and of my listening to them. Lucrezia listened to them as attentively as I did, until she observed his waiting for my applause first. When she applauded, he bowed so gracefully: when I applauded, he only held down his head. I was not angry at the difference. But tell me, good father! tell me, pray, whether he gave no sign of sorrow at hearing how soon I am to leave the world. Did you forget to mention it? or did you fear to pain him?

PANIGAROLA.

I mentioned it plainly, fully.

LEONORA.

And was he, was gentle Torquato, very sorry?

PANIGAROLA.

Be less anxious. He bore it like a Christian. He said

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deliberately, but he trembled and sighed, as Christians should sigh and tremble, that, altho he grieved at your illness, yet that to write either in verse or prose, on such a visitation of Providence, was repugnant to his nature.*

LEONORA.

He said so? could *he* say it? But I thought you told me he feared a listener. Perhaps too he feared to awaken in me the sentiments he once excited. However it may be, already I feel the chilliness of the grave: his words breathe it over me. I would have entreated him to forget me; but to be forgotten before I had entreated it! . . O father, father!

PANIGAROLA.

Human vanity stil is lingering on the precincts of the tomb. Is it criminal, is it censurable in him, to anticipate your wishes?

LEONORA.

Knowing the certainty and the nearness of my departure, he might at least have told me thro you that he lamented to lose me.

PANIGAROLA.

Is there no voice within your heart that clearly tells you so?

LEONORA.

That voice is too indistinct, too troubled with the throbbings round about it. We women want sometimes to hear what we know; we die unless we hear what we doubt.

PANIGAROLA.

Madonna! this is too passionate for the hour. But the tears you are shedding are a proof of your compunction. May the Virgin, and the Saints around her throne, accept and ratify it.

LEONORA.

Father! what were you saying? What were you asking me? Whether no voice whispered to me, assured me? I know not.

* Mr. Milman, in his *Life of Tasso*, misinterprets the expression. *Genio* and *ingenio* do not always signify *genius*. His words are "a *certain secret repugnance of his genius*," but Tasso meant *temper* or *disposition*. *Ingenium* has the same meaning in latin. Milton was not thinking about his genius when he wrote

"Cæteraque *ingenio* non subeunda meo."

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I am weary of thinking. He must love me. It is not in the nature of such men ever to cease from loving. Was genius ever ungrateful? Mere talents are dry leaves, tost up and down by gusts of passion, and scattered and swept away; but Genius lies on the bosom of Memory, and Gratitude at her feet.

PANIGAROLA.

Be composed, be calm, be resigned to the will of Heaven, be ready for that journey's end where the happier who have gone before, and the enduring who soon must follow, will meet.

LEONORA.

I am prepared to depart; for I have struggled (God knows) to surmount what is insurmountable; and the wings of Angels will sustain and raise me, seeing my descent toward earth too rapid, too unresisted, and too prone. Pray, father, for my deliverance: pray also for poor Torquato's: do not separate us in your prayers. O! could he leave his prison as surely and as speedily as I shall mine! it would not be more thankfully. O! that bars of iron were as fragile as bars of clay! O! that princes were as merciful as Death! But tell him, tell Torquato . . go again; entreat, persuade, command him, to forget me.

PANIGAROLA.

Alas! even the command, even the command from you and from above, might not avail perhaps. You smile, Madonna!

LEONORA.

I die happy.

ADMIRAL BLAKE AND HUMPHREY BLAKE.

BLAKE.

HUMPHREY! it hath pleased God, upon this day, to vouchsafe unto the English arms a signal victory. Brother! it grieves my heart that neither of us can rejoice in it as we should do. Evening is closing on the waters: our crews are returning thanks and offering up prayers to the Almighty. Alas! alas! that we, who ought to be the most grateful for

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his protection, and for the spirit he hath breathed into our people, should be the only men in this vast armament whom he hath sorely chastened! that we of all others should be ashamed to approach the throne of grace among our countrymen and comrades! There are those who accuse you, and they are brave and honest men . . there are those, O Humphrey! Humphrey! . . was the sound ever heard in our father's house? . . who accuse you, brother! brother! . . how can I ever find utterance for the word? . . yea, of cowardice.

Stand off: I want no help: let me be.

HUMPHREY.

To-day, for the first time in my life, I was in the midst of many ships of superior force firing upon mine, at once and incessantly.

BLAKE.

The very position where most intrepidity was required. Were none with you? were none in the same danger? Shame! Shame! You owed many an example, and you defrauded them of it. They could not gain promotion, the poor seamen! they could not hope for glory in the wide world: example they might have hoped for. You would not have robbed them of their prize-money . .

HUMPHREY.

Brother! was ever act of dishonesty imputed to a Blake?

BLAKE.

. . Until now. You have robbed them even of the chance they had of winning it: you have robbed them of the pride, the just and chastened pride, awaiting them at home: you have robbed their children of their richest inheritance, a father's good repute.

HUMPHREY.

Despite of calumniators, there are worthy men ready to speak in my favour, at least in extenuation . .

BLAKE.

I will hear them, as becomes me, altho I myself am cognizant of your default; for during the conflict how anxiously, as often as I could, did I look toward your frigate! Especial care could not be fairly taken that aid at the trying moment should be at

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hand: other vessels were no less exposed than yours; and it was my duty to avoid all partiality in giving my support.

HUMPHREY.

Grievous as my short-coming may be, surely I am not precluded from what benefit the testimony of my friends may afford me.

BLAKE.

Friends . . ah thou hast many, Humphrey! and many hast thou well deserved. In youth, in boyhood, in childhood, thy honied temper brought ever warm friends about thee. Easiness of disposition conciliates bad and good alike: it draws affections to it, and relaxes enmities: but that same easiness renders us, too often, negligent of our graver duties. God knows, I may without the same excuse (if it is any) be impeached of negligence in many of mine; but never where the honour or safety of my country was concerned. Wherefor the Almighty's hand, in this last battle, as in others no less prosperous, hath conducted and sustained me.

Humphrey! did thy heart wax faint within thee thro want of confidence in our sole Deliverer?

HUMPHREY.

Truly I have no such plea.

BLAKE.

It were none; it were an aggravation.

HUMPHREY.

I confess I am quite unable to offer any adequate defence for my backwardness, my misconduct. Oh! could the hour return, the battle rage again. How many things are worse than death! how few things better! I am twelve years younger than you are, brother, and want your experience.

BLAKE.

Is that your only want? Deplorable is it to know, as now I know, that you will never have it, and that you will have a country which you can never serve.

HUMPHREY.

Deplorable it is indeed. God help me!

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BLAKE.

Worse evil soon may follow; worse to me, remembering thy childhood. Merciful Father! after all the blood that hath been shed this day, must I devote a brother's?

HUMPHREY.

O Robert! always compassionate, always kind and generous! do not inflict on yourself so lasting a calamity, so unavailing a regret!

Listen! . . not to me . . . but listen. I hear under your bow the sound of oars. I hear them drawn into boats: verily do I believe that several of the captains are come to intercede for me, as they said they would do.

BLAKE.

Intercession is vain. Honorable men shall judge you. A man to be honorable must be strictly just, at the least. Will brave men spare you? It lies with them. Whatever be their sentence, my duty is (God give me strength!) to execute it.

Gentlemen! who sent for you? [*Officers come aboard.*

SENIOR OFFICER.

General! we, the captains of your fleet, come before you upon the most painful of duties.

BLAKE (*to himself*).

I said so: his doom is sealed. (*To* Senior Officer.) Speak, sir! speak out, I say. A man who hath fought so bravely as you have fought to-day ought never to hesitate and falter.

SENIOR OFFICER.

General! we grieve to say that Captain Humphrey Blake, commanding a frigate in the service of the Commonwealth, is accused of remissness in his duty.

BLAKE.

I know it. Where is the accuser? What! no answer from any of you? Then I am he. Captain Humphrey Blake is here impleaded of neglecting to perform his uttermost in the seizure or destruction of the enemy's galloons. Is the crime . . write it, write it down . . no need to speak it here . . capital? Negligence? no worse? but worse can there be?

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SENIOR OFFICER.

We would humbly represent . .

BLAKE.

Representations, if made at all, must be made elsewhere. He goes forthwith to England. Return each of you to his vessel. Delinquency, grave delinquency, there hath been, of what nature and to what extent, you must decide. Take him away. (*Alone.*) Just God! am I the guilty man, that I should drink to the very dregs such a cup of bitterness?

Forgive, forgive, O Lord! the sinful cry of thy servant! Thy will be done! Thou hast shown thy power this day, O Lord! now show, and make me worthy of, thy mercy!

Various and arduous as were Blake's duties, such on all occasions were his circumspection and discretion, that no fault could be detected or invented in him. His victories were won against all calculation but his own. Recollecting, however late, his services; recollecting that in private life, in political, in military, his purity was ever the same; England will place Robert Blake the foremost and the highest of her defenders. He was the archetype of her Nelsons, Collingwoods, and Pellews. Of all the men that ever bore a sword, none was worthier of that awful trust.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND M. GUIZOT.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

CONGRATULATE me, M. Guizot, on the complete success of our enterprise in Spain. The Infanta is ours.

Grave as you ordinarily are, M. Guizot, it appears to me that you are graver than usual. A formal bow from you is surely but little on so grand an acquisition. Perhaps I ought to have congratulated you, instead of asking for your congratulations, since it was mainly by your dexterity that the business, in despite of impediments, was accomplished.

GUIZOT.

Sire! it is much, very much indeed, to have merited your Majesty's approbation.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Well then, if such are your sentiments, and you always

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have acted so that I must believe they are, why this reticence? why this solemnity of countenance and gravity of manner? Diplomatists have always something in reserve, even from their best friends; what is that, may I venture to inquire, which you have now, ever since your enterance, been holding back from yours?

GUIZOT.

Sire, there is nothing I can hold back at present.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

You have rendered an inestimable service to my family; and the money you have disbursed among the needy ministers and military gamesters in Spain, secured the marriage of my son, and secures their adherence to my ulterior interests.

GUIZOT.

The most high-minded of nations, as Spain was two centuries ago, is become the most mercenary. I paid the gentlemen for their performance with no greater reluctance than I would have paid dustmen or nightmen. But, denying to the English minister what I did deny, in regard to the marriage of the Duke and the Infanta, I prevaricated most grossly.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

No, no, my dear M. Guizot, not most grossly; quite the contrary; say rather, if the awkward word, *prevaricate*, will obtrude itself, say rather, most adroitly, most diplomatically.

GUIZOT.

For such an action in private life, were it possible I could have committed it, I should be utterly and forever excluded from society.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Excluded from society? what society? the society of myself, of my queen, of my sons, of my dignitaries in church and state?

GUIZOT.

I did not mention the dignitaries, or allude to them, or think of them, but the society of the manly, the disinterested, the lover of straitforwardness and truth.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Be tranquil, be considerate; reflect a little. Ministers under arbitrary monarchs may seldom stand quite upright, but they

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are subject to no influences which make them shuffle, as those under constitutional kings must do occasionally.* England contains a greater number of honest men than all the continents put together. Count me now, if you can, three honest prime ministers in her records of three hundred years. Honesty in France puts on a *demisaison* quite early, but soon finds it too cold for wear: Neckar was a strictly virtuous man, clear-sighted and industrious: Roland was the purest and completest type of virtue, not in France only, but in the universe; his wife, who assisted him in his arduous labours, is justly a partaker of his glory. You yourself have not cleaner hands nor sounder judgment, nor purer style than hers. And what was the fate of all three? to be depreciated and derided. Now let us go back to the old monarchy. Richelieu and Mazarine could do their business without the necessity of corrupting. He who can hang, imprison, and torture, is above the baseness of a canvas, purse in hand. Richelieu and Mazarine, when France contained less than half her present population, expended each on his own account above twenty millions of francs, and left to his heirs about as much. Despotic kings find men already corrupted, constitutional must endure the trouble and the obloquy of making them so.

* According to the general run of opinions expressed the other night in the House of Commons, on the disgraceful dockyard affair, the parties implicated have been guilty of "indiscretion."

It may be useful therefor to the public to understand what it is that passes for mere indiscretion, according to the judgement of that very honorable body, the Lower House of Parliament.

The evidence given before the Committee on Dockyard Appointments, on the very first day of its sitting, will throw some light on this subject.

Mr. Stafford is *proved* to have denied the existence of a letter which he is *proved* to have talked about, and which is *proved* to have been in the hands of one of the parties in the room while he, Mr. Stafford, was discussing the contents of it. Mr. Stafford is also *proved* to have cancelled a Minute of the Board of Admiralty, without the consent of the Board. And he is also *proved* to have asserted that he had the authority of the Board to do so.

These are among Mr. Stafford's "indiscretions."

The Duke of Northumberland is *proved* to have asserted that he never had heard of or seen a letter which is *proved* to have been put into his own hands, and the purport of it explained to him. This is, we suppose, only a ducal "indiscretion."

Nec meus hic sermo est, but every word is copied from the most popular of our writers, remarkable for wit, wisdom, temper, and impartiality.

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Never, my good M. Guizot, was the proverb "straining at gnats and swallowing of camels" so well exemplified. Unless you had reverted to my own family affairs, I should abstain from reminding you about Piscatory and Rougeaux at Athens. By whose advice was it that the adventurer Rougeaux was furnisht with dollars to enlist electors, and to purchase pistols, ready against their adversaries? By whose advice did Otho forswear the constitution he had solemnly sworn to? At whose instigation was Kalergis banisht, Church divested of his command, and Lyons received at court contemptuously?

GUIZOT.

By your Majesty's.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Sir, kings do not advise, do not instigate; they command.

GUIZOT.

Your Majesty is (if I offend not likewise in this expression) the most able and successful of administrators.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

And something of the logician. Really I see no better reason for your uneasiness about the share you have taken in the matrimonial arrangements at Madrid, than about those equally delicate at Monte-Video. The English were no less dexterously circumvented by you there than here.

GUIZOT.

I never forfeited my word in that quarter.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

If we *elude, delude, deceive, over-reach* (I am ready to take any one of these synonomes from your book), what matters, when done, whether it be oral or written? *Breach of promise* is an expression at all times in general use; often inconsiderately. In fact on these occasions we kings do not break our promises; we only cut adroitly the corks we are to swim upon, and tie them loosely; neglecting which process, we should never keep our heads above water and strike out. You are going to England: go by all means. There you will see the most honorable men at the helm of government, who

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never thought their worn words worth keeping any more than their worn cloaths. I refer to no one party; all are alike in this. Men who would scorn to cheat to the amount of a livre at the whist-table, cheat to the amount of millions at the Speaker's.

GUIZOT.

Is there never an account to be rendered?

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Many believe there is; all act as if there is none.

GUIZOT.

Surely a sense of glory must actuate some among a people so thoughtful, so far-sighted, so desirous of self-esteem, of cordial acceptance at home and abroad, of reputation in life and after.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Holy Scripture hath said we are worms; there can be no offence in classing them. Historians, like those in the rich and unctuous soil of churchyards, feed upon the dead; courtiers and ministers of state, in England as elsewhere, are tape-worms that feed within live bodies, and are too slender and slippery (to say no worse of them) for your fingers to take hold of; one species draws its sustenance from corruption in the grave, another from corruption on this side of it. Philosopher, as I was educated to be, I begin to lean toward the priesthood, and to think their cookery of us the more palatable. We, like tunnies, are kept best under salt and oil; we are pickled at top and bottom, at birth and death, and are consigned to the wholesale dealer, residing at Rome. We must all bend a little for the benefit of our families and our country. Was not I myself exposed to the censure of the inconsiderate on the Duke of Bourbon's death? I did not hang him; I did not hire another to do it. The mistress he found in the streets of Brighton came into the possession of much wealth and rich jewelry at his decease. What portion of them she presented to me and to the queen, you know pretty well, and the gratitude we showed toward her, inviting her to a family dinner-party, and seating her at table by the side of royalty. If we can do these things for France and the children of France, what may not those do who have only the skirts of our dignity to support? And what, M. Guizot, was your fault, your oversight?

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GUIZOT.

Neither, sire, neither; but crime, great crime: worse than simple falsehood; there was a falsehood covered over by a fraud, and again a fraud by a falsehood, and borne with a stealthy step into the church.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The church gave its blessing; so let that pass. Take my word for it, M. Guizot, if you went to London this afternoon, you would be visited tomorrow-morning by the identical honest men, ministers of state and subordinates, whose censure you apprehend. I know them perfectly. They would be courteous and conciliating to you, and ashamed and afraid of showing to the people that they ever had been duped and over-reached. Beside, they know, as well as you and I, that they dare not go to war with me whatever I do; for I have six or seven well-disciplined soldiers for their one undisciplined: I can have two experienced gunners afloat in a fortnight against their one in a month, scattered as their navy is, where it can act to no purpose; for the constitution of Portugal is worm-eaten already, and two inert bodies, with cumbrous and costly crowns, weigh heavily and intolerably on the people. England is titularly a kingdom: some have gone so far in their folly or their adulation as to call it a monarchy. The main element is properly the opposite of this. I should rather have said *was* than *is*; for the Reform-bill was only a *lasso* by which the broken caught the unbroken. Instead of close boroughs, England has now close families, which elect, not indeed to the parliament, but to the cabinet. She has neither a democracy nor an aristocracy; she is subject to an oligarchy. This oligarchy, which knows little else, knows perfectly well the pacific and economical spirit of the people; so that, after providing amply for their families by filling all military and colonial offices with them, they disband all that is efficient. They let the corn rot in the ground, content if it serve as a prop to honeysuckles. Knowing the wretched state into which both their army and navy had fallen, and the disinclination and incompetency of the oligarchy to correct any abuses, or to supply any deficiencies in either, it was a favorite scheme with M. Thiers to strike somewhere, anywhere, an irritating blow against them. He chose the South Sea. The English spirit would rise against the injustice and

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indignity; but the manufacturers and tradespeople in general would exclaim against a war for a matter so trifling and remote.

GUIZOT.

England never was so rich and prosperous as at present.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

True: nor was Tyre the hour before she was in ruins. England at no time was so little inclined and so little prepared for war. With difficulty can she keep Ireland in subjection.

GUIZOT.

She has no such wish. Jesuits and other incendiaries keep up ancient animosities, religion against religion, race against race. *Hereditary bondmen!* such is the key-note! aye indeed, and not only the key-note, but the burden of the song. These hereditary bondmen enjoy exemption from impositions which weigh heavily on the other subjects of the empire. What they suffer in reality is from the rapacity and exactions of landlords and middlemen. No people is taxt so lightly; no people leans so heavily on its neighbour. Assistance is given unreluctantly, and received ungratefully.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

They who fare best are often the most insurrectionary and rebellious. High feed and none produce the same effect. Ireland sends a pressing invitation to invaders, not particular about precedency.

GUIZOT.

It would be imprudent to trust so fickle a people, and ungenerous. . . .

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Generosity is to be found in no index to any work on polity: it is only to be lookt for in the last pages of a novel.

GUIZOT.

The English showed it largely in their last campaign.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The English have virtue; we have honor.

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GUIZOT.

Sire, I am unable to perceive the difference, excepting tha honour is only a part, or rather a particle of virtue.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

There are questions which it is better to investigate bu superficially. We know sufficiently that the beautiful colou on moths and butterflies are feathers: we need not pluc them; if we do, we are in danger of annihilating the insect vitality. These feathers are not only its ornament, but i strength: his honour is to a Frenchman what his hair was t Sampson.

GUIZOT.

But Sampson did not live to be quite bald. Tahiti, and oth ilands in the Pacific, had been civilised by the English, wh constantly protected them.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

But never having killed or drilled the population, nev having imposed tax or tribute, protection is illegitimate.

GUIZOT.

Sire, the invasion and seizure of that land is both unjust a useless.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Not useless, if it had led to war against an enemy whi was never so ill prepared.

GUIZOT.

But your Majesty has more than once declared to me yo determination to remain at peace with all neighbouring stat and especially with England: you have protested it, both person and by letter to Queen Victoria.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The French army is restless for action, the French peo for changes. It is against changes, against innovations a reforms, that I am resolute. War is mischievous, war dangerous, and possibly disastrous, but carries with it disaster which may overturn my dynasty, as might eventua be apprehended from reform. You and many others ha often praised my foresight. I am circumspect; I am mo

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rate; but the wants of the soldiery and of the people must be listened to, must be supplied. I march not against the elements; I strike not at the iron gauntlet of Winter; but I point toward sunny seas and coral grottoes and umbrageous arbours, where every Frenchman may domesticate with his Calypso. It may be long, it may be a century, before we conquer the kingdom of Morocco: Spain is not yet ours completely.

GUIZOT.

Sire, it appears to me that, within half that period, France may again be called upon to defend the remainder of her territory. Russia is mistress of Sweden, of Norway, of Germany, of Denmark. She moves at will the armies of all these nations. All united could not conquer united France. And France will be united under a mild government and moderate taxes, feeling the benefits of commerce, and assured that speculation is not always a mirage. The taxes, I think, might be diminisht a fifth. At least a third of the civil functionaries might go into retirement, and two-thirds of the army.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

I believe so. But the Parisians must be dazzled by glory to divert their attention from city-fed chimeras; and the soldiery must be attracted by those treasures which lie before them on the surface, and within their grasp. Tradesmen are not always such good politicians as you are, M. Guizot. The English minister of the colonies will, however, keep you in countenance where you fear the accusation of duplicity. He has promised to the Cape and to Australia a constitution founded on the representative system. Instead of the constitution he sent over to the Cape a cargo of convicts, and he demands in Australia fourfold as much for land as its value is in America. If America, seventy-five years ago, threw off allegiance to a government which oppressed her slightly, and with little insult, what may be expected from the indignation of these colonists bound by no ties of consanguinity or of duty? Differences, and more than differences, will spring up and accumulate between the governors and the governed; meanwhile the barbarous natives will make forays, carrying off the arms entrusted to them, and the cattle of all parties. There are several regiments of Caffres and Fingoes, enow to excite and to discipline all the tribes for a thousand miles

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round. Australia is remoter. She may, however, be more easily kept under subjection, and continue to support proconsulships and quæstorships, governors and bishops, under the patronage of the oligarchy.

GUIZOT.

They conquered Algiers for us: they will not conquer, but they will devastate the country, and alienate the affections of their colonists. They may not be ours, perhaps; they certainly will not be England's. The nation ere long will refuse to supply so vast an expenditure as they demand. It is better that England should suffer by her own folly than by ours. The English I should not fear singly; but there is really cause for apprehension that she may be aided by another great naval power, which, by necessity, must increase. We have taken possession of the Marquesas. America, mistress of Oregon and California, heiress of India and China, will permit no such obstruction. She has found but little inconvenience in the English possessing Canada; she would never let the French recover it. Interest, on many accounts, prompts her to an alliance with England. After her war for independence, a pamphlet was written by Governor Pownall recommending a confederacy of America, England, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Happily for us and for Russia it was much too wise to be adopted, even if the writer had been a member of parliament and of the aristocracy. I would lay any wager that no English minister, whig or tory, possesses a copy. This I know; the representations of Raffles, incomparably the best and most practical of their later politicians, were found unopened on the accession of the present administration. England is rich; she can afford such negligence.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

She grasps much, but always lets drop again what is best worth holding. She took possession of Cattaro; and Lord Castlereagh, the most illiterate and ignorant minister, excepting Farrinelli, that ever ruled an European nation, delivered it up, in 1814, to the Austrians. To England it would have been worth greatly more than the Seven Iles and Gibraltar; for behind and on every side of it are inexhaustible forests of ancient oaks, and other timber-trees, in a sufficiency to keep up her navy at a moderate expenditure for many centuries. Why

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repeat it? I have already said they are inexhaustible. She has lost not only the most commodious and the most defencible harbour in Europe, but incalculable advantages of trade, with Bosnia, Servia, and all the populations on the Save, Drave, and Danube. Her neglect or ignorance of this advantage has made the sluggish Austria both active and commercial, and has raised the hovels of Trieste over the palaces of Venice and Vienna. If ever France has another war with her (and with what neighbouring state can France continue much longer at peace?) our first and most important conquest is Cattaro. It ensures to us Turkey; it replenishes the arsenal of Toulon; it keeps in agitation Corfu, Zante, Cephalonia, Greece. I would rather have Cattaro than the boundary of the Rhine.

GUIZOT.

We want commerce more than territory.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Therefor we want Cattaro more than Luxembourg. The Parisians, in one quarter or other, must be dazzled by glory to divert them from chimeras.

GUIZOT.

That glory which rests on blood is insecure.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Our people have never shown a predilection for security, and never are so uneasy as when they are sitting still.

GUIZOT.

Rather would I see them with Belial than with Moloch; but surely there is a path between the two temples.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

How different are you from M. Thiers!

GUIZOT.

Often hath your Majesty been graciously pleased to commend me, but never to praise me so highly as now.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Thiers is in the condition of a man who struts about in a

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new suit of clothes, yet forgets to change his shirt or wash his hands. Yet, so fond are the English of any continental cleverness, that, after all his falsehoods and malignity and aims at war against them, were he to land at Dover, a dozen coronets would be ready on the beach to catch him up. You scorn him with much civility. Indeed he is a knave, to say the least, and so are all men in some degree, as soon as they enter the cabinet. No one walks quite upright when he mounts an eminence. He meets with obstacles he must bend to ere he removes them.

M. Thiers has made a fine fortune; not entirely by his newspaper or his history; a little perhaps by his portfolio. Some acquire more by sweeping up the straw and litter than others by threshing out the grain. Opposition in politics did not alienate one of you from the other, for it was only occasionally that you were opposite: but similarity of pursuits, which bring other hunters into fellowship, keep asunder the hunters in the fields of literature.

GUIZOT.

Sire, nobody ever heard me speak disrespectfully of M. Thiers as a literary man.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

You shall hear me then, who must be dispassionate in that quarter. I find in him no accuracy of research, no depth of reflection, no energy of expression, no grace of style: I do find much direct falsehood, and more indirect misrepresentation. He might, and certainly did, consult the best authorities on our battles, especially the naval. Instead of citing or following them, he lies up to the *Moniteur*, or, as Voltaire would have said, the *Lives of the Saints!* Never repeat this observation of mine to M. de Chateaubriand or to M. de Montalembert, altho the former would smile, remembering his offer to a bookseller of a work *against*, when the bookseller told him his customers were beginning to look Romeward, and entreated him to write *for;* he did so, and the *Genius of Christianity* slipt five thousand francs into his pocket.

At present we will not renew our discourse on peace and war: there is another object close before us, centralization. This was equally the aim of Louis the Fourteenth and of Napoleon. I begin to find a reminiscence of its importance

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in my own person. Of what service are the best teeth, if the lower and upper do not act together and closely? Mine, as you see, are decentralized, disorganized, demoralized, insubordinate, and insurgent. They, like my people, want a little of gold wire to unite, and a little of the same metal to stop them. Thirty years of peace ought to have rendered the nation rich and prosperous.

GUIZOT.

And so indeed it might have done, sire, had the army been diminished.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

This would have been imprudent. I have always had enemies on the watch against me, both within and without.

GUIZOT.

Any aggression would have raised the country, and the invader would have fled as before the armies of Pichegru and Dumourier, in which your Majesty bore so conspicuous a part.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The Rhine would have been French again; but many of my adherents had probably been detacht from me.

GUIZOT.

More, and honester, and firmer, had been conciliated.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

I can ill afford to be a conqueror of exhausted countries. Money is requisite at home. I rule by the judicious distribution of innumerable offices. Every family in France has a near relative in one or other of them; so that every family has an interest in the continuance of my government.

GUIZOT.

These are quiet: the more restless are the more dangerous. The man in want will seize by the throat the man who has plenty. One wolf tears in pieces many sheep; and the idler who wants a dinner will rush upon the idler who sleeps after it. Already there are indications of discontent. Piles of offices attract the notice of the starving. Our countrymen are always ready to warm their hands at a conflagration, tho many are thrust too forward and perish. Example and experience are

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without weight to them. Division of property, useful to military despotism which feeds upon full-grown youth, bound and carted off to battle, as calves to market, hath in the third generation so broken up agriculture that farmers are paupers. Clerks look down on them; they scowl at clerks; I dread the unequal conflict of the pen and mattock.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

I am able to keep down the insurgent and refractory.

GUIZOT.

Sire, you may keep the people down for a while; but upon a blown bladder there is no firm footing.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Surely you are somewhat nervous this morning, M. Guizot.

GUIZOT.

Perhaps in the apprehension of being more so, before long. What exhausts the wealth, may exhaust the patience of a people.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

This is an observation in the form of advice; and such advice, M. Guizot, I did not at the moment ask of you. I would by no means occupy more of your valuable time at present.

GUIZOT (*alone*).

Royally spoken! legitimate Bourbon! Will France always respect such royalty, such legitimacy? Craft is insufficient: he must either be more cruel or more economical. With half his wisdom he might rule more wisely. He never looks aside from the Tuileries, or beyond his family. There is another and a wider circle: it has blood and flames for its boundary, and that boundary is undiscernably and incalculably far off. Philippe carries in his hand the fruit of contention: another, yet bitterer, is about to drop from the stem; he will find it of mortal taste. To-day he is at the Tuileries: to-morrow may decide whether he will be here the day after.

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M. THIERS AND M. LAMARTINE.

THIERS.

You look somewhat shy at me, M. Lamartine, now you are in power, and I am out.

LAMARTINE.

M. Thiers! we neither of us ever were out of power since we came to years of discretion, if indeed the poet and the public man may be said at any time of their lives to have come to them: for in poetry, imagination leads us astray; in politics, ambition.

THIERS.

I never was ambitious.

LAMARTINE.

I always was. The love of fame, in other words, of approbation, drew me forward not unwillingly. Reflection comes down to us in the deep recesses where imagination rests, and higher and more substantial forms rise around us and come nearer. The mind, after wandering in distant and in unknown regions, returns home at last and reposes on the bosom of our country. Her agitations render her only the more inviting and the dearer to us. We love her in her tranquillity, we adore her in her pangs. I do not rejoice, nor do I repent, that the voice of the people has called me to the station I now hold.

THIERS.

It is an elevated and a glorious, but it is also an uncertain and a dangerous one; take my word for it.

LAMARTINE.

Pardon my frankness: I would rather take your word than your example.

THIERS.

My example in what?

LAMARTINE.

May I without offence to you speak my mind at large?

THIERS.

Speak it unreservedly, as becomes a republican in all his freshness.

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LAMARTINE.

First then, I should be sorry to grow rich among the spoliations of my country. Secondly, I scorn to countenance the passion of the vulgar, and more especially in their madness for war.

THIERS.

We must put method into this madness. Be sure, M. Lamartine, that no earthly power can withhold for a twelvemonth an agitated army of three hundred thousand men, smarting under past disgraces! We must, whether we will or no, send forty thousand from Algiers to Trieste, and seventy thousand from our southern departments to the Gulphs of Genoa and Spezzia. I am a moderate man: I would leave the duchy of Austria to its ancient duke; Bohemia to whomsoever the nation may elect as king. Hungary was already free and independent from the moment that Metternich in the phrenzy of his dotage consented to accept the intervention of Russia. She rises both against the hungry and wolfish pack of Russia, and the somnolent and swinish herd that rubs her into intolerable soreness from overgorged Vienna. Whatsoever was once Poland must be Poland again. She must extend from the Baltic to the Black Sea; from Dantzic to Odessa, and inclusive. Anything short of this will only cause fresh struggles. Men can never be quiet in the cramp: they will cry out and kick until the paroxysm is over.

LAMARTINE.

I am afraid you are too precipitate.

THIERS.

There are many good men who are afraid of hearing, or even of thinking, the truth. They may lie in a ditch with their hats over their faces, nevertheless the light will come in upon them somewhere.

LAMARTINE.

Probably the king of Sardinia will demand our aid against Austria, and insist on the evacuation of Modena and Parma: we may then, with policy and justice, interfere. Why do you smile?

THIERS.

I was thinking at the moment that some laurels grow best on loose soil, M. Lamartine, but neither that laurel which

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crowns the warrior, nor that oak which crowns the saviour of a citizen. It is our duty not to wait for danger, but to meet it, not to parley with insolent and stupid despots, but to bind them hand and foot with their own indigenous plants.

LAMARTINE.

And yet, M. Thiers, you are a royalist!

THIERS.

Is any man a royalist when he knows he can be greater? I had other means of serving my country or (let me speak it frankly) myself. Kings have worn down their high-heeled shoes by their incessant strut and swagger. People would only have laughed at them if they had merely told common lies and practised only ordinary deceptions. But when the slight-of-hand emptied every man's pocket, the whole crowd became vociferous; up flew the benches, and the conjuror took to his heels. At first we were tickled, at last we were triturated.

LAMARTINE.

Not quite into dust, nor into mud, but only into a state, I trust, in which, with some new combinations, we may attain greater solidity and consistency. Democracy is always the work of kings. Ashes, which in themselves are sterile, fertilize the land they are cast on.

THIERS.

You remind me of what happened in England at the commencement of our first revolution. The beautiful Duchess de Pienne was solicited too amorously by the Prince of Wales. "*Sir,*" replied she, "*it is princes like you who make democrats.*" He never forgave her: indeed he never pardoned any offence, especially when it came from the intelligent and the virtuous.

LAMARTINE.

Having lived all his life among cheats and swindlers, he would probably have received with courtesy and amity Louis Philippe; and having broken his word until there was not enough of it to be broken again, and having deceived his friends until there was no friend to deceive, perhaps he would have naturalized the good Protestant Guizot, and have given him a seat in the cabinet. At the present day there is a

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Guizot administration in England. The same reckless expenditure, the same deafness to the popular reclamations, the same stupid, self-sufficient, subservient, and *secure*, majority in parliament. It is well for England that in the most vulnerable and unquiet part of her dominions there is a chief magistrate of consummate wisdom, temperate and firm, energetic and humane. Such a functionary is sadly wanted to preside over the counsels of Great Britain.

THIERS.

He is best where he is. The English are so accustomed to a shuffling trot that they would grow impatient at a steddy amble. They think the roadster must be wanting in spirit and action, unless they see plenty of froth upon the bit.

NICHOLAS, FREDERICK-WILLIAM, NESSELRODE.

NICHOLAS.

WELCOME to Warsaw, my dear brother. (*Presents* NESSELRODE,) Count Nesselrode is already known to your Majesty. He admires your military prowess, your political and theological knowledge; and appreciates the latter qualities so highly, that he declares you are the greatest professor in Germany.

NESSELRODE (*aside*).

These emperors see no point in anything but the sword!

NICHOLAS (*aside*).

He bows and murmurs his assent.

FREDERICK-WILLIAM.

I feel infinitely bound by the favorable opinion of your Imperial Majesty, and can never be indifferent to the approbation of so wise a gentleman as Count Nesselrode.

NESSELRODE (*aside*).

If either of them should discover that I intended a witticism, I am a lost man. Siberia freezes mercury.

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NICHOLAS.

Approach us, Count! you never were intended for a corner. Let small princes stand behind our chairs: let every man take his due position. Grooms may keep their distance; but the supports of a throne must be at hand. My brother, you have acted well and wisely in following my advice and indications: so long as the German princes played at constitutions with their people, no durable quiet was to be expected for us. We permitted you to call out an army, ostensibly to resist the menaces of Austria, and you very dutifully disbanded it at our signal. We thank you.

FREDERICK-WILLIAM.

The thanks of your Imperial Majesty are greatly more than a sufficient compensation for what the turbulent call a loss of dignity and independence.

NICHOLAS.

Independence! I am surprised that a crowned head should echo that hateful word. Independence! we are all dependent; but emperors and kings are dependent on God alone. We are the high and pointed rods that carry down the lightning into the earth, rendering it innoxious.

FREDERICK-WILLIAM.

I am confident I may rely on your Majesty, in case of any insurrection or disturbance.

NICHOLAS.

The confidence is not misplaced. At present there is no such danger. We invited the President of France to suppress the insurgents at Rome, the Socialists and Republicans in France. This has rendered him hateful in his own country and in Italy, where the priesthood, ever selfish and ungrateful, calls aloud for the Austrian to supplant him. This insures to you the Rhenine provinces for several years.

FREDERICK-WILLIAM.

Surely your Majesty would establish my family in the perpetual possession of them?

NICHOLAS.

Alas! my brother! what on earth is perpetual? Nesselrode! you who see further and more clearly than any other man on earth, tell us what is your opinion.

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NESSELRODE.

Sire, in this matter there are clouds above us which obstruct the clearest sight. Providence, no less in its beneficence than in its wisdom, hides from us the far future. Conjecture can help us but a little way onward, and we often slip back when we believe we are near the summit.

FREDERICK-WILLIAM (*to himself*).

I like this man; he talks piously and wisely. (*To* NESSELRODE.) Be pleased, Sir Count, to give us your frank opinion upon a subject very interesting to me personally. Do you foresee the time when what was apportioned to my family by the Holy Alliance, will be taken away from us?

NESSELRODE.

Sire! I do not foresee the time.

FREDERICK-WILLIAM (*to himself*).

He will speak diplomatically and ambiguously. (*To* NESSELRODE.) Do you believe I shall ever be deserted by my august allies?

NESSELRODE.

Sire! there is only one policy in Europe which never wavers. Weak men have succeeded to strong, and yet it has stood the same. Russia and the polar star are alike immovable.

NICHOLAS.

We owe this to our institutions. *We* are one: I am *we*.

NESSELRODE.

True, sire! perfectly true. Your senate is merely a wool-pack to shield the battlement: it is neither worse nor better than a reformed House of Parliament in England. With your Majesty's permission, I shall now attempt to answer the question proposed to me by his Majesty the King of Prussia. The members of the Holy Alliance, compact and active in 1815, are now dissolved by death. New dynasties have arisen in France and Belgium. At one time there was danger that Belgium would be reunited to France. Perhaps it may be found that she is too weak to stand alone; perhaps in the convulsions which are about to agitate France, the most quiescent may lean toward its parent stock, and

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separate from the Power to which it was united by violence. Alsace, Lorraine, Franche Comté, and whatever was seized from the ancient dukes of Burgundy, may coalesce into an united kingdom. Your Majesty's successors, or (if it should soon occur) your Majesty, would be well indemnified for your losses on the Rhine by security in future against French aggression. Germany might then disband her costly armies; until then never. The French themselves, after their civil war, would have slaked their thirst for blood, and would retire from a table where they have often lost their last franc. The next war will be a general war; it will be more destructive than any that has ever preceded it, and will be almost equally disastrous to all the parties engaged in it.

NICHOLAS.

One excepted, Nesselrode.

NESSELRODE.

Many feathers must inevitably drop, even from the eagle's wings; and possibly its extremities may be amputated.

NICHOLAS.

No croaking, no croaking, my good Nesselrode!

NESSELRODE.

Let us rather pat others on the back, and hold their clothes, and bring them water, and encourage the fighters, than fight. We may always keep a few hundred thousands in activity, or at least in readiness.

FREDERICK-WILLIAM.

Such forces are tremendous.

NICHOLAS.

To the disobedient. In sixty days I could throw a million of soldiers on the shores of the Baltic.

FREDERICK-WILLIAM.

Might not England interpose?

NICHOLAS.

Not in sixty days. My naval force is greater than hers; for my ships are manned, hers are not. She is only the third naval power at the present day. America can man more ships with

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good English sailors in ten days, than England can in forty. France has in the channel a greater force than England has, and every man aboard is well disciplined. All I want at present is to keep England from intermeddling in my affairs. This I have done, and this I will do. When she stirs, she wakes up others first; I shall come in at the proper time to put down the disturbance and to conciliate all parties. They will be so tired they will be glad to go to sleep. I take but little time for repose, and I grant them the precedency.

NICHOLAS AND NESSELRODE.

FIRST CONVERSATION.

NICHOLAS.

THIS *Manchester Examiner* is most audacious.

NESSELRODE.

Willingly would I have spared your Majesty the just indignation it excites: but your imperial commands were peremptory and explicit, that every word spoken against your august person and legitimate authority should be laid before you.

NICHOLAS.

Of all the speeches I ever red, this from Doctor Vaughan, before the citizens of Manchester, after what had been spoken by the insurgent and traitor Messaros, is the most intolerable. Do you really think it will excite Lord Palmerston to interfere with us about the detention of Kossuth?

NESSELRODE.

Unlikely; very unlikely. Lord Palmerston loves strong measures. He has recently been defending two unprovoked and unnecessary massacres; one in Ceylon, the other on the opposite side of the Indian sea, on boatmen by a sudden metamorphosis turned into pirates for their head-money. Since the Reform in Parliament, the ministers are irresponsible. An impeachment might have been an impediment to the race-course.

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NICHOLAS.

I wish they would recall from their embassies such men as Sir Edward Lyons and Sir Stratford Canning, and would place them in the House of Commons, where they could do me no harm.

NESSELRODE.

It is quite unexampled at the present day that men of such sagacity and such firmness should be employed by either party, Whig or Tory. We need care little for speeches.

NICHOLAS.

Perhaps so. But sometimes a red-hot word, falling upon soft tinder and smouldering there awhile, is blown beyond, and sets towns and palaces on fire. Unaccustomed as I am to be moved or concerned by the dull thumps of honorable gentlemen in the English Parliament, and very accustomed to be amused by the sophisms and trickeries, evolutions and revolutions, pliant antics and plianter oaths, of the French tribune, I perused with astonishment the vigorous oration of this Doctor Vaughan. I did not imagine that any Englishman, now living, could exert such a force of eloquence. Who indeed could ever have believed that English clergymen are so (what is called) liberal!

NESSELRODE.

Many of them are extremely free in the dissemination of their political tenets, until the upper branches of preferment are within sight, until they snift honey in the rotten tree; then they show how cleverly and alertly those heavy haunches can climb, and how sharp are those teeth, and how loud are those growls, and how ready are those paws to clap the loose muzzle on anybody under.

NICHOLAS.

We must keep this doctor out of parliament.

NESSELRODE.

Sire, no clergyman has a seat in the House of Commons. If this doctor had, he would be hooted down: his opponents would imitate the crowing of cocks, the whistle of steam-engines, and shout *question, question.*

NICHOLAS.

No, no, no: the English are decorous.

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NESSELRODE.

At dinner; and even after; excepting that they speak to ladies, I am told, in the same language, and in the same tone, as they speak to jockeys. The lords, for the most-part, even the young and the newly-made, are better.

NICHOLAS.

Never have I seen more perfect gentlemen than among the English nobility.

NESSELRODE.

The Commons, your Majesty will recollect, are reformed.

NICHOLAS.

Among these people, here and there a hint is thrown out that I am vulnerable at the extremities of my dominions. . . Why do not you say something?

NESSELRODE.

New acquisitions are not soon consolidated; nor heterogeneous substances, from their inequalities and asperities, firmly cemented.

NICHOLAS.

No truisms, if you please.

NESSELRODE.

In a diversity of language and religion there is more repulsion than attraction.

NICHOLAS.

Nesselrode! Nesselrode! if you talk philosophy, moral or physical, I shall think you less practical.

NESSELRODE.

Usually, sire, those who talk it let run to waste what little they have. Your Majesty has corrected many of my errors both by precept and example.

NICHOLAS.

Tell me now, in few words, whether you think my empire assailable.

NESSELRODE.

Sire, your empire, I believe, is larger than the planet which shines at night above us; I wish I could persuade myself

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that it is equally out of harm's way. The extremities both of plants and animals are always the weaker parts; so is it with dominions; especially those which are the most extensive. May I speak plainly my mind, and attempt a full answer to your Majesty's inquiry?

NICHOLAS.

You may: I desire it.

NESSELRODE.

And employ such language as a writer, more properly than a courtier or a minister, might use?

NICHOLAS.

Yes, yes; say on.

NESSELRODE.

Russia, it sometimes has appeared to me, much resembles a great lobster or crab, strong both in the body and claws; but between the body and claws there is a part easy to be severed and broken. All that can be taken is more than can be held.

NICHOLAS.

Nothing is more urgent than to strengthen the center. I have disposed of my brother, his Prussian Majesty, who appeared to be imprest by the apprehension that a portion of his dominions was in jeopardy.

NESSELRODE.

Possibly the scales of Europe are yet to be adjusted.

NICHOLAS.

When the winds blow high they must waver. Against the danger of contingencies, and in readiness to place my finger on the edge of one or other, it is my intention to spend in future a part of my time at Warsaw, that city being so nearly central in my dominions. Good Nesselrode! there should have been a poet near you to celebrate the arching of your eyebrows. They suddenly dropt down again under the horizontal line of your Emperor's. Nobody ever started in my presence; but I really do think you were upon the verge of it when I inadvertently said *dominions* instead of *dependencies*. Well, well: dependencies are dominions; and of all dominions they require the least trouble.

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NESSELRODE.

Your Majesty has found no difficulty with any, excepting the Circassians.

NICHOLAS.

The Circassians are the Normans of Asia; equally brave, more generous, more chivalrous. I am no admirer of military trinkets; but I have been surprised at the beauty of their chain-armour, the temper of their swords, the richness of hilt, and the gracefulness of baldric.

NESSELRODE.

It is a pity they are not Christians and subjects of your Majesty.

NICHOLAS.

If they would become my subjects, I would let them, as I have let other Mahometans, become Christians at their leisure. We must brigade them before baptism.

NESSELRODE.

It is singular that this necessity never struck those religious men who are holding peace conferences in various parts of Europe.

NICHOLAS.

One of them, I remember, tried to persuade the people of England that if the bankers in London would negotiate no loan with me I could carry on no war.

NESSELRODE.

Wonderful! how ignorant are monied men of money matters. Your Majesty was graciously pleased to listen to my advice when hostilities seemed inevitable. I was desirous of raising the largest loan possible, that none should be forthcoming to the urgency of others. At that very moment your Majesty had in your coffers more than sufficient for the additional expenditure of three campaigns. Well may your Majesty smile at this computation, and at the blindness that suggested it. For never will your Majesty send an army into any part of Europe which shall not maintain itself there by its own prowess. Your cavalry will seize all the provisions that are not stored up within the fortresses; and in every army those are to be found who for a few thousand roubles are ready to blow

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up their munition-waggons. We know by name almost every discontented man in Europe.

NICHOLAS.

To obtain this information, my yearly expenses do not exceed the revenues of half a dozen English bishops. Every *table d'hôte* on the continent, you tell me, has one daily guest sent by me. Ladies in the higher circles have taken my presents and compliments, part in diamonds and part in smiles. An emperor's smiles are as valuable to them as their's are to a cornet of dragoons. Spare nothing in the boudoir and you will spare much in the field.

NESSELRODE.

Such appears to have been the invariable policy of the Empress Catharine, now with God.

NICHOLAS.

My father of glorious memory was less observant of it. He had prejudices and dislikes: he expected to find everybody a gentleman, even kings and ministers. If they were so, how could he have hoped to sway them? and how to turn them from the strait road into his?

NESSELRODE.

Your Majesty is far above the influence of antipathies; but I have often heard your Majesty express your hatred, and sometimes your contempt, of Bonaparte.

NICHOLAS.

I hated him for his insolence, and I despised him alike for his cowardice and falsehood. Shame is the surest criterion of humanity. Where one is wanting, the other is. The beasts never indicate shame in a state of nature: in society some of them acquire it; Bonaparte not. He neither blushed at repudiating a modest woman, nor at supplanting her by an immodest one. Holding a pistol to the father's ear, he ordered him to dismount from his carriage; to deliver up his ring, his watch, his chain, his seal, his knee-buckle; stripping off galloon from trouser, and presently trouser too. Caught, pinioned, sentenced, he fell on both knees in the mud, and implored this poor creature's intercession to save him from

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the hangman. He neither blushed at the robbery of a crown nor at the fabrication of twenty. He was equally ungrateful in public life and in private. He banished Barras, who promoted and protected him: he calumniated the French admiral, whose fleet for his own safety he detained on the shores of Egypt, and the English admiral who defeated him in Syria with a tenth of his force. Baffled as he often was, and at last fatally, and admirably as in many circumstances he knew how to be a general, never in any did he know how to be a gentleman. He was fond of displaying the picklock keys whereby he found entrance into our cabinets, and of twitching the ears of his accomplices.

NESSELRODE.

Certainly he was less as an emperor than as a soldier.

NICHOLAS.

Great generals may commit grievous and disastrous mistakes, but never utterly ruinous. Charles V., Gustavus Adolphus, Peter the Great, Frederic of Prussia, Prince Eugene, Marlborough, William, Wellington, kept their winnings, and never hazarded the last crown-piece. Bonaparte, when he had swept the tables, cried *double or quits.*

NESSELRODE.

The wheel of Fortune is apt to make men giddier, the higher it rises and the quicklier it turns: sometimes it drops them on a barren rock, and sometimes on a treadmill. The nephew is more prudent than the uncle.

NICHOLAS.

You were extremely wise, my dear Nesselrode, in suggesting our idea to the French President, and in persuading him to acknowledge, in the face of the world, that he had been justly imprisoned by Louis Philippe for attempting to subvert the existing powers. Frenchmen are taught by this declaration what they may expect for a similar crime against his own pretensions. We will show our impartiality by an equal countenance and favour toward all parties. In different directions all are working out the designs of God, and producing unity of empire "on earth as it is in heaven." Until this consummation there can never be universal or indeed any lasting peace.

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NESSELRODE.

This lying far remote, I await your Majesty's commands for what is now before us. Your Majesty was graciously pleased to express your satisfaction at the manner in which I executed them in regard to the President of the French Republick.

NICHOLAS.

Republick indeed! I have ordered it to be a crime in France to utter the odious name. President forsooth! we have directed him hitherto; let him now keep his way. Our object was to stifle the spirit of freedom: we tossed the handkerchef to him, and he found the chloroform. Everything is going on in Europe exactly as I desire: we must throw nothing in the way to shake the machine off the rail. It is running at full speed where no whistle can stop it. Every prince is exasperating his subjects, and exhausting his treasury in order to keep them under due controul. What nation on the continent, mine excepted, can maintain for two years longer its present war establishment? And without this engine of coercion what prince can be the master of his people? England is tranquil at home; can she continue so when a forener would place a tiara over her crown, telling her who shall teach and what shall be taught? Principally, that where masses are not said for departed souls, better it would be that there were no souls at all, since they certainly must be damned. The school which doubts it is denounced as godless.

NESSELRODE.

England, sire, is indeed tranquil at home; but that home is a narrow one, and extends not across the Irish channel. Every colony is dissatisfied and disturbed. No faith has been kept with any of them by the secretary now in office. At the Cape of Good Hope innumerable nations, warlike and well-armed, have risen up simultaneously against her; and, to say nothing of the massacres in Ceylon, your Majesty well knows what atrocities her Commissioner has long exercised in the Seven Iles. England looks on and applauds, taking a hearty draught of Lethe at every sound of the scourge.

NICHOLAS.

Nesselrode! You seem indignant. I see only the cheerful sparks of a fire at which our dinner is to be drest; we shall soon sit down to it; Greece must not call me away until I

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rise from the dessert; I will then take my coffee at Constantinople. The crescent ere long will become the full harvest-moon: our reapers have already the sicles in their hands.

NESSELRODE.

England may grumble.

NICHOLAS.

So she will. She is as ready now to grumble as she formerly was to fight. She grumbles too early; she fights too late. Extraordinary men are the English. They raise the hustings higher than the throne; and, to make amends, being resolved to build a new palace, they push it under an old bridge. The Cardinal, in his way to the Abbey, may in part disrobe at it. Noble vestry-room! where many habiliments are changed. Capacious dovecote! where carrier-pigeons and fantails and croppers, intermingle with the more ordinary, bill and coo, ruffle and smoothen their feathers, and bend their versicolor necks to the same corn.

It is amusing to look at a playground of striped tops, humming, whirring, wavering, now dipping to this side, now to that, whipt from the center to the circumference of the court-yard, and losing all distinctness of colour by the rapidity of their motion. We are consistent, Nesselrode. We can sit quiet and look on. I am fortunate, another may say judicious, in my choice of instruments. The English care more about the organ-loft than the organ, in the construction of which they employ stout bellows, but look little to the keys and stops. M. Pitt could speak fluently for hours together, and that was enough: he was permitted to spend a million a-week in expeditions. Canning issued state-papers of such elaborate lace-work that ladies might make shrouds of them for their dead canaries. Of Castlereagh you know as much as I do. We blew softly the snuff into his eyes and gave him the boxes to carry home. He has the glory of being the third founder of the French monarchy. Pitt sharpened the sword of Bonaparte and placed the iron crown upon his head. He was the cooper who drew together and compacted the barrel, by setting on fire the chips and shavings and putting them in the center.

NESSELRODE.

Small is the expenditure of keeping a stop-watch under the

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pillow and an alarum at the bedside. For less than ten thousand crowns yearly, your Majesty knows the movements of every dangerous demagogue on the continent. To gratify your Majesty, no less than his Majesty of Naples, the chevalier Graham, then a minister of England, gave information against the two brothers Bandiera, by which they were seized and shot.

NICHOLAS.

I hope we shall see the chevalier once more in office.

NESSELRODE.

The English are romantic. Some of them were displeased, not so much at his delivering up the young men to inevitable death, as at opening the letter. They have an expression of their own; they called it *ungentlemanly* and continental. Practical as they are in their own private concerns, they much undervalue expediency in their political. I am persuaded that, in general, the betrayal of the Bandieras is more odious to them than the tortures in the Ionian ilands, which it behoves us politically, when occasion offers, to commiserate.

NICHOLAS.

We will keep our commiseration covered up until it is requisite to make the fire burn afresh. At present we must turn our eyes toward France, balancing as well as we can the parties now at variance. Democrats, and even socialists, may for a time be permitted to move; Orleanists, Legitimists, Bonapartists, set against one another. I believe I am destined by Providence to render the Greek Church triumphant. The pope is hard at work for me: for infallibility and perfidy can never coexist. He must renew his fealty to the emperor of the east, the Roman is extinct.

NESSELRODE.

Vigilant quiescency is uncostly wisdom. Napoleon, the most imprudent of imprudent rulers, assumed to himself not only the title, but the faculties and virtues, of Charlemagne. The present leader of the nation is no less arrogant.

NICHOLAS.

We must sound the brass once more, and bring again out of our remoter woodlands a stronger swarm. Fumigation has

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not torpified the Frankish; on the contrary, it has rendered it more restless, noisy, and resolved to sting.

NESSELRODE.

Napoleon's nephew will assert his hereditary right, not only to the kingdom of Holland, but to the empire of France. On this event, which I think is imminent, what may be your Majesty's pleasure?

NICHOLAS.

One emperor is sufficient for one planet. There is only one Supreme in heaven, there ought to be only one on earth, in conformity with this manifestation of the divine will. Therefor I wonder at your asking me what steps I intend to take in the prevention of an adventurer who should attempt such an elevation. I forbid it. Are these words sufficient?

NESSELRODE.

Perfectly, sire. Obstreperous the factions may be, but must submit. Germany will resume her arms; Hungary, Poland, Italy, will resent the prostration of their excited hopes, and the perfidy that called them forward only to dash them down again. The history of human nature, of French nature itself, shows no parallel.

NICHOLAS.

Much is accomplished; and what is next to be done?

NESSELRODE.

Most of it by others, somewhat by ourselves. When the furnace is heated and the metal is poured forth, we may give it its form and pressure.

NICHOLAS.

Certainly all nations are exasperated against the French; equally sure is it that Austria has lost in great measure the affection of her subjects. There are some things which stick into the memory with all the tenacity and venom of an adder's fang. I wished the Hungarians to be made sensible of two important truths: my power, and their prince's perfidy.

NESSELRODE.

Never was wish more perfectly accomplished. Yet, pardon

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me, sire, your Majesty wishes to enforce the legitimacy of the young Austrian usurper. But will Austrians or Hungarians, or any other people, deem that ruler legitimate who deprives his cousin of the throne, and who begins and ends with perfidy and perjury?

NICHOLAS.

They must believe what I condescend to teach; they must believe it as coming from God.

NESSELRODE.

Reasonable and just: but they may start and stumble at what is so close before their eyes in the form of a palpable untruth.

NICHOLAS.

Stumble or start, and we drive a spur into their sides. Whatever we deem necessary must be said and done: upon us alone lies the responsibility, and we feel no weight in it. Holy Church sanctions our acts in peace and war.

NESSELRODE.

Certainly, the head of the Romish Church, and all its members, who ought to possess less power than the Greek, gave recently praise to God for several hundred massacres, and several thousand spoliations of property and violations of women, in Transylvania; yet . . .

NICHOLAS.

Cease; be silent: I would have forbidden them, perhaps, to commit, certainly to praise God for, such enormities. I doubt whether they are altogether pleasing in his sight.

NESSELRODE.

Such things on such occasions have perpetually been done.

NICHOLAS.

You reconcile me. Transylvania was rising, or likely to rise. A field, to be fertile, should not only be harrowed, but pulverized. I was moderate and prudent in abstaining from the occupation of a country so disaffected as was Transylvania.

NESSELRODE.

The longest strides do not always make the greatest

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progress in the whole day's march. Your Majesty was persuaded, more by your own singular intuition than by my advice, to be contented with gaining a little at a time. A small purse well tied may hold more than a larger ill secured. The faults of our neighbours do for us what our own wisdom might fail in. Where others are hated and despised, as in Transylvania, love grows around us without our sowing it, and we shall be called at the due time to gather in the harvest.

NICHOLAS.

Yes; yes; whether we take the field, or sit here in the cabinet, God fights for us visibly. You look grave, Nesselrode! is it not so? Speak, and plainly.

NESSELRODE.

Sire, in my humble opinion, God never fights at all.

NICHOLAS.

Surely he fought for Israel, when he was invoked by prayer.

NESSELRODE.

Sire, I am no theologian; and I fancy I must be a bad geographer, since I never knew of a nation which was not Israel when it had a mind to shed blood and to pray. To fight is an exertion, is violence: the Deity in his omnipotence needs none. He has devils and men always in readiness for fighting: and they are the instruments of their own punishment for their past misdeeds.

NICHOLAS.

The chariots of God are numbered by thousands in the volumes of the Psalmist.

NESSELRODE.

No psalmist, or engineer, or commissary, or arithmetician, could enumerate the beasts that are harnessed to them, or the fiends that urge them on.

NICHOLAS.

Nesselrode! you grow more and more serious.

NESSELRODE.

Age, sire, even without wisdom, makes men serious, whether they are inclined or not. I could hardly have been

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so long conversant in the affairs of mankind (all which in all quarters your Majesty superintends and directs) without much cause for seriousness.

NICHOLAS.

I feel the consciousness of supreme power, but I also feel the necessity of subordinate help.

NESSELRODE.

Your Majesty is the first monarch, since the earlier Cæsars of imperial Rome, who could controll, directly or indirectly, every country in our hemisphere, and thereby in both.

NICHOLAS.

There are some who do not see this.

NESSELRODE.

There were some, and they indeed the most acute and politic of mankind, who could not see the power of the Macedonian king until he showed his full highth upon the towers of Cheronæa. There are some at this moment in England who disregard the admonitions of the most wary and experienced general of modern times, and listen in preference to babblers holding forth on economy and peace from slippery sacks of cotton and wool.

NICHOLAS.

Hush! hush! these are our men; what should we do without them? A single one of them in the parliament or townhall is worth to me a regiment of cuirassiers. These are the true bullets with conical heads which carry far and sure. Hush! hush!

NESSELRODE.

They do not hear us: they do not hear Wellington: they would not hear Nelson were he living.

NICHOLAS.

No other man that ever lived, having the same power in his hands, would have endured with the same equanimity as Wellington the indignities he suffered in Portugal; superseded in the hour of victory by two generals, one upon another, like marsh frogs; people of no experience, no ability. He might have become king of Portugal by compromise, and have added Gallicia and Biscay.

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NESSELRODE.

The English, out of parliament, are delicate and fastidious. He would have thought it dishonorable to profit by the indignation of his army in the field, and of his countrymen at home. Certainty that Bonaparte would attempt to violate any engagement with him, might never enter into the computation; for Bonaparte could less easily drive him again out of Portugal than *he* could drive the usurper out of Spain. We ourselves should have assisted him actively; so would the Americans; for every naval power would be prompt at diminishing the preponderance of the English. Practicability was here with Wellington: but, endowed with a keener and a longer foresight than any of his contemporaries, he held in prospective the glory that awaited him, and felt conscious that to be the greatest man in England is somewhat more than to be the greatest in Portugal. He is universally called *the* duke; to the extinction or absorption of that dignity over all the surface of the earth: in Portugal he could only be called king of Portugal.

NICHOLAS.

Faith! that is little: it was not overmuch even before the last accession. I admire his judgment and moderation. The English are abstinent: they rein in their horses where the French make them fret and curvett. It displeases me to think it possible that a subject should ever become a sovran. We were angry with the Duke of Sudermania for raising a Frenchman to that dignity in Sweden, although we were willing that Gustavus, for offences and affronts to our family, should be chastised, and even expelled. Here was a bad precedent. Fortunately the boldest soldiers dismount from their chargers at some distance from the throne. What withholds them?

NESSELRODE.

Spells are made of words. The word *service* among the military has great latent negative power. All modern nations, even the free, employ it.

NICHOLAS.

An excellent word indeed! It shows the superiority of modern languages over ancient; christian ideas over pagan; living similitudes of God over bronze and marble. What an escape had England from her folly, perversity, and injustice! Her admirals had the same wrongs to avenge: her fleets would

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have anchored in Ferrol and Coruna; thousands of volunteers from every part of both ilands would have assembled round the same standard; and both Indies would have bowed before the conqueror. Who knows but that Spain herself might have turned to the same quarter, from the idiocy of Ferdinand, the immorality of Joseph, and the perfidy of Napoleon?

NESSELRODE.

England seems to invite and incite, not only her colonies, but her commanders, to insurrection. Nelson was treated even more ignominiously than Wellington. A man equal in abilities and in energy to either met with every affront from the East India Company. After two such victories in succession as the Duke himself declared before the Lords that he had never known or red of, he was removed from the command of his army, and a general by whose rashness it was decimated was raised to the peerage. If Wellington could with safety have seized the supreme power in Portugal, Napier could with greater have accomplished it in India. The distance from home was farther; the army more confident; the allies more numerous, more unanimous. One avenger of *their* wrongs would have found a million avengers of *his*. Affghanistan, Cabul, and Scinde, would have united their acclamations on the Ganges: songs of triumph, succeeded by songs of peace, would have been chanted at Delhi and have re-echoed at Samarcand.

NICHOLAS.

I am desirous that Persia and India should pour their treasures into my dominions. The English are so credulous as to believe that I intend, or could accomplish, the conquest of Hindostan. I want only the commerce; and I hope to share it with the Americans; not I indeed, but my successors. The possession of California has opened the Pacific and the Indian seas to the Americans, who must, within the lifetime of some now born, predominate in both. Supposing that emigrants to the amount of only a quarter of a million settle in the United States every year, within a century from the present day their population must exceed three hundred millions. It will not extend from pole to pole, only because there will be room enough without it.

NESSELRODE.

Religious wars, the most sanguinary of any, are stifled in the

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fields of agriculture; creeds are thrown overboard by commerce.

NICHOLAS.

Theological questions come at last to be decided by the broadsword; and the best artillery brings forward the best arguments. Montecuculi and Wallenstein were irrefragable doctors. Saint Peter was commanded to put up his sword; but the ear was cut off first.

NESSELRODE.

The blessed saint's escape from capital punishment, after this violence, is among the greatest of miracles. Perhaps there may be a perplexity in the text. Had he committed so great a crime against a person so highly protected as one in the high-priest's household, he never would have lived long enough to be crucified at Rome, but would have carried his cross up to Calvary three days after the offence. The laws of no country would tolerate it.

NICHOLAS.

How did he ever get to Rome at all? He must have been conveyed by an angel, or have slipt on a sudden into a railroad train, purposely and for the nonce provided. There is a controversy at the present hour about his delegated authority, and it appears to be next to certain that he never was in the capital of the west. It is my interest to find it decided in the negative. Successor to the emperors of the east, who sanctioned and appointed the earliest popes, as the bishops of Rome are denominated, I may again at my own good time claim the privilege and prerogative. The cardinals and their subordinates are extending their claws in all directions: we must throw these crabs upon their backs again.

NESSELRODE.

Some among the Italians, and chiefly among the Romans, are venturing to express an opinion that there would be less of false religion, and more of true, if no priest of any description were left upon earth.

NICHOLAS.

Horrible! unless are exempted those of the venerable Greek church. All others worship graven images: we stick to pictures.

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NESSELRODE.

One scholar mentioned, not without an air of derision, that a picture had descended from heaven recently on the coast of Italy.

NICHOLAS.

Framed? varnisht? under glass? on pannel? on canvas? What like?

NESSELRODE.

The Virgin Mary, whatever made of.

NICHOLAS.

She must be ours then. She missed her road: she never would have taken her place among stocks and stones and blind worshipers. Easterly winds must have blown her toward a pestilential city, where at every street-corner is very significantly inscribed its true name at full length, *Immondezzaio*. But I hope I am guilty of no profaneness or infidelity when I express a doubt if every picture of the Blessed Virgin is sentient; most are; perhaps not every one. If they want her in England, as they seem to do, let them have her . . unless it is the one that rolls the eyes: in that case I must claim her: she is too precious by half for papist or tractarian. I must order immediately these matters. No reasonable doubt can be entertained that I am the visible head of Christ's church. Theologians may be consulted in regard to St. Peter, and may discover a manuscript at Novgorod, stating his martyrdom there, and proving his will and signature.

NESSELRODE.

Theologians may find perhaps in the *Revelations* some Beast foreshadowing your Majesty.

NICHOLAS.

How? sir! how?

NESSELRODE.

Emperors and kings, we are taught, are designated as great beasts in the Holy Scriptures. . . (*Aside*) . . and elsewhere.

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BERANGER AND LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

Passing by Tours, I could not resist the desire of presenting my respects to the greatest of our poets.

BERANGER.

Were I indeed so, I should be worthy to celebrate the heroism of the noble Roche-Jaquelins, husband and wife, your nearest relatives, who contended and suffered so heroically in La Vendèe. Poetry is envious of history, and feels her inadequacy to a like attempt. Painful as is the retrospect, there is glory to relieve it; can we say the same of the prospect now before us?

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

Let us hope we may, and that the narrow present is alone disgraceful. Loyalty may exist in all hearts, in all circumstances.

BERANGER.

I was taught in early youth that it is an error to pronounce the word *loyalty* as if it began with the letter *r*. Do not smile, M. le Marquis. I have always been a conservative.

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

Indeed!

BERANGER.

Yes, indeed and fundamentally. I have always been a conservative of *law*, from which *conservatism* takes the name of *loyalty*: have all our kings? all our rulers?

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

King Henry has been misguided in his attempt to cast aside many wholesome instructions, and to allow no other than suited his own *good pleasure*.

BERANGER.

We know, by sad experience, that the *good pleasure* of kings is often stimulated by the evil pleasure of their ministers; hence it is requisite that there should be some legitimate and temperate restraint.

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LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

We French require a vigilant eye and strong hand over us. Mirabeau himself, the ablest man among us since the administration of Richelieu, was unable to regulate the tempest he had excited.

Do you, M. de Beranger, who are a consistent and staunch republican, think the present order of things at all better than the last or the preceding?

BERANGER.

Order of things! What order of things, M. le Marquis, can you expect in France? We change perpetually from the grub to the butterfly, from the butterfly to the grub. This is our order of things, and this order is invariable.

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

Perspicacity like yours discerned long beforehand the inevitable result of our late commotions, and prudence led you into retirement. The wisest and the happiest lead studious and almost solitary lives.

BERANGER.

This is the reflection of the ambitious, when Ambition has jilted them. There are extremely few so wise as to know where are the haunts of Happiness. Never have I been acquainted with any man who would not prefer the tumult of high office to the tranquility of domestic peace. I know an Englishman to whom a Lord Chancellor said,

"You have made the best choice."

And the reply was:

"You would rather be the highest subject than the happiest."

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

You are safe.

BERANGER.

So are you, M. le Marquis. "The Powers that be," are clear-sighted Powers. They see me and overlook my principles; you they treat with high consideration, however they may hate you. They behold in you a lofty stem, a strong deep-rooted trunk, solitary and august in the ancient forests of Brittainy. They would be appalled, as Lucan describes the soldiers of Cæsar in the sacred grove near Massilia, at

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cutting down the most eminent, if not the last, relic of true nobility, of inflexible honor, on the soil of France. Unhesitatingly and safely could they send into exile, or into the hulks, a gang of vociferating lawyers and vulgar generals: but a stroke on a La Roche-Jaquelin would sound and reverberate among your druidical stones with awful and appalling omen to them.

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

I neither fear nor respect such people.

BERANGER.

Pardon me, M. le Marquis; but it appears to me that you have no reason to be very well affected either to the occupant or the claimant.

The king of Frohsdorff,

Teres atque rotundus

in body, is endowed with a mind of similar conformation.

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

You compliment him highly.

BERANGER.

Unwarily then have I slipt into flattery. My meaning is, that, puffed up by vanity, he is only fit to be what he is . . . the football of fortune.

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

Do not be severe on him. If you must be severe, be at least impartial. The possessor of supreme and arbitrary power, in Paris, deserves surely as much acerbity as the prince who, having dismissed his few faithful servants, sits stript of power, shuddering and crouching at Frohsdorff.

BERANGER.

There is not a drop of bitterness in me for either. No boatman on our beautiful Loire, no laundress on its sands below the bridge, is less important to me than those two. Petulance and arrogance are the king's characteristics; ambition the president's. One has done, the other would have done, what you approve, and what my intellect and heart alike denounce.

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LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

Indeed! what can that be?

BERANGER.

The restoration of darkness; the striking out of three hundred years from the chronology of mind; the resuscitation of Popery, as she sat at Avignon when she was expelled from Rome. Sovrans will bitterly repent of such a step backward: she will fall heavily on them ere long.

I heard it reported in this city that when the French general landed at Cività Vecchia, with a lie in his mouth thrust into it by the president, an English gentleman sent back the work on artillery which the president had given to him. This gentleman was in the habitude of meeting the prince at Lady Blessington's, under whose roof a greater number of remarkable and illustrious men assembled from all nations, than under any other since roofs took the place of caverns. When he returned to London from his captivity at Ham, he was greeted by Lady Blessington's friend, "*as having escaped the two heaviest of misfortunes, a prison and a throne.*"

"Whichever of the two may befall me," said the prince, "I hope I shall see you."

"If a prison," said the other, "the thing is possible; if a throne, not."

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

Let him beware of visiting Paris.

BERANGER.

Fifty years ago he spent some time there; some ten later he resided in this city; and he went into Italy after the Restoration.

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

Ah, M. de Beranger! I imagine he would much prefer Italy or Touraine to Cayenne or Algeria.

BERANGER.

I do not believe he is likely, so late in life, to try the experiment.

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

Pardon me: I have been trespassing too far on your time.

BERANGER.

Quite the contrary: you have made it valuable.

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LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

Surely as I entered I saw you suddenly lay down your hat. If you were about to walk, not to visit, I should beg permission to accompany you.

BERANGER.

Gladly will I attend you, M. le Marquis. You will travel down the Loire on your road homeward: by way of variety shall our promenade be toward the Cher?

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

By all means: it runs close to the town.

BERANGER.

Here we are. The beautiful plain has lately been enclosed. A few years ago it was as nature formed it.

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

Aye: just as when Charles Martell discomfited and drove out the Saracens.

BERANGER.

May we never have to curse the memory of Charles Martell.

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

God forbid!

BERANGER.

Yet how flourishing was Spain under the Saracens during great part of a millenium! What pleasure and politeness, what chivalry and poetry, what arts and sciences, in her cities! what architecture within her walls, and round about! what bridges! what fountains! what irrigation! Look at her now under her Bourbons. Look off from her, look toward Italy. Who, tell me, who, M. le Marquis, hath held down men unimproved, unprogressive, motionless? no, not motionless . . . nor was the wheel of Ixion.

LA ROCHE-JAQUELIN.

Bravo! M. de Beranger!

But seriously now, do you attribute all our civilization, all our enlightenment, all our arts and sciences, to these Saracens?

BERANGER.

M. le Marquis! if there is a gentleman in France, it is

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because the Saracens were here or in the neighbourhood, or because his ancestors encountered them under the walls of Ascalon and Acca. However, I do not attribute *all* our civilization, *all* our enlightenment, *all* our arts and sciences, to them. No; far from it. In their vesture, which is among the earlier signs of civilization, they never wore, or made their slaves wear, conical caps emblazoned with fiery serpents, surmounted as a crest with spiral flames; they never wore, or made their slaves wear, robes ornamented with open-mouthed dogs and grinning devils. Fanciful as they were in architectural decorations, they did not clear the market-place to erect scaffolds in it, surrounded by stakes and faggots for the concremation of human victims, the virgin, the matron, the bride, the nursing mother. Inventive as they were in mechanics, they did not invent the thumbscrew, the pulley, and many other such elegant articles of furniture. Studious as they were of medicine, adepts as they were in chemistry, it was left for more sagacious heads and for more pious hands to invent and to apply the Acqua Toffana. The only people now that appear to open their eyes, are the people of canvas and marble.

KING CARLO-ALBERTO AND PRINCESS BELGIOIOSO.*

KING.

PERMIT me, Princess, to offer you my compliment on your entering a new career of conquest. When ladies of such rank and accomplishments condescend to lead the brave volunteers of Lombardy, good fortune must follow.

PRINCESS.

Excuse me, sir, it is far from condescension in me: on the contrary, I feel it to be an act of self-elevation; I hope a pardonable one. I was never proud until now; for never was I so well aware of my duties, and so resolved to perform them.

KING.

Flattery, wealth, station, beauty, were in a conspiracy against you: surely it was a difficult matter to resist their united forces.

* Printed first for the benefit of the sufferers at Messina.

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PRINCESS.

Each of these contingencies has many disadvantages, which its parallel advantages make us too often overlook. The best of men and women have to fill up certain gaps or discontinuities in their character: here is a field for it.

KING.

I enter it willingly.

PRINCESS.

Italy, sir, had always her eyes on you: she once abased them in deep sorrow: her confidence now returns. Only one man upon earth enjoys power equal to yours: behold how he employs it... the calm, the prudent, the beneficent, the energetic, Pio Nono. At your suggestion all the potentates of Italy would engage in their service a proportionate force of Swiss. Your Majesty and the King of Naples could each afford to subsidize twelve thousand for a single year, a second will not be necessary for the expulsion of the Austrians. It is better to accomplish the great work without the intervention of France, which would create much jealousy in Germany and in England.

KING.

I would rather not see the French again in Piedemont. Already the apprehension of such an event has induced Lord Palmerston to make me a strong remonstrance.

PRINCESS.

Sir, Lord Palmerston has lately been very much in the habit of making strong remonstrances; and strong ridicule has always rebounded to the racket. It was only this week that he made one of his strong remonstrances to the Government of Spain; which strong remonstrance was thrown back in his teeth (if he has any left) with derision and defiance. Narvaez stood aloof with folded arms, and left him to be buffetted and beaten down by poor old Sottomayor. His conduct in regard to Portugal has alienated from England all . . . liberals.

KING.

Are there many of them in that country? and are they persons of consideration and respectability?

PRINCESS.

Many of the clergy, both lower and higher; nearly all the

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principal merchants; and not only the best informed, but also the larger part of the nobility; just as they are in ours.

KING.

I wonder what could have induced his lordship to abandon his policy and principles?

PRINCESS.

Sir, he abandoned no policy, no principles; his lordship is a whig; these whigs have neither: protestations serve instead.

KING.

It must be conceded that, in the multiplicity of parties and interests, and in the conciliation and management of the two Houses, an English minister is placed in circumstances of great difficulty, and where strict integrity is quite impossible.

PRINCESS.

What is to be thought of that man's wisdom or prudence who walks deliberately, and with his eyes open, into those circumstances?

KING.

Simpler governments have produced honester ministers than the complex. England has never seen her Colbert, her Turgot, her Necker, her Roland. In the course of the last eighty years, her only minister on whom there was the slightest suspicion of sound principles, was the Marquis of Rockingham, patron of the celebrated Burke. The King never spoke with cordiality to him, excepting on the day of his dismissal. If Lord Palmerston miscarries, it will not be for incompliancy to the wishes of the Court: he has obtained a firm footing there by trampling on Portugal. But as Austria is no fief of Saxony, he might permit me to regulate my own concerns, and not attempt to trip me up in crossing the frontier.

PRINCESS.

Your Majesty is defending your own country in defending Italy, and you do not cross the frontier until you cross the Alps. It may be necessary; for certain I am that the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia are awaiting with earnest anxiety to meet the advance of the Russian armies.

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KING.

They would ruin Hungary and the Baltic provinces.

PRINCESS.

The more welcome for that. By such devastation the power of resistance would be annihilated in the refractory. Posen has already been treated like Oporto.

KING.

You appear to doubt the Prussian king's sincerity.

PRINCESS.

If his Majesty is an honest man, it is a great deal more than his father and his grandfather were; and indeed to find any such character in the archives of Hohenzollern would require an antiquary the most zealous and the most acute. Certainly in the last reign the heir to the throne was considered to be more anti-democratic than the possessor: and since his accession what he has conceded to the people came from him as an emanation of power and wisdom on indigence and imbecility. There are professors in Germany who declare that the kings and upper classes must be taught a purer language, not without an infusion of neology, tho most of these teachers are involved in their own smoke and can see no further than the library.

KING.

Princess! you must acknowledge that kings, at the present day, are placed in an embarrassing situation; I among the rest.

PRINCESS.

Then extricate yourself, sir, speedily. Unless it is speedily, it will never be. You may recover all you have lost of popularity and renown, by valour and determination. Your countryman Alfieri was correct in his assertion that the Italians, both in mental and corporeal power, are superior to all the nations round about. They want only good examples and liberal institutions.

KING.

I am afraid, Princess, you want a Napoleon and a republick.

PRINCESS.

If I desired the existence of the one, I must desire the

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extinction of the other. Napoleon would permit no other freedom than his own personal. Never did any sovran, not Louis Philippe himself, so belie his protestations: never did any one enact so many laws restrictive of freedom in so many of its attributes. The most arbitrary of despots never issued so great a quantity of edicts against the press. Not only was it a crime to call in question any of his actions, but it also was one to omit the praise of them. Madame de Stael was exiled for it, and an impression of her work on Germany seized by the police, condemning her thereby to a loss of twenty thousand francs. Military men, especially those who believe that all honor lies in the field of battle, may admire him; but they who abhor selfishness, malice, and (what we women think a crime) vulgarity, abhor Napoleon. He did, however, good service to Italy, be the motive what it may, in extirpating the Bourbons, sticking in again only one weak twig which never could take root.

KING.

You see then with satisfaction the difficulties which beset the King of Naples?

PRINCESS.

Certainly; and so does your Majesty. It is necessary to expel that family from the nations it has humiliated, from the thrones it has disgraced. The Sicilians, the best of our Italian races, have decreed it.

KING.

Kings must not place it in the power of the people to decide on their destiny.

PRINCESS.

Kings do not place it in their power, but GOD does. Kings themselves begin the work of delving under their palaces and preparing the combustibles for explosion. They never know where they are, until they find themselves blown into some foren land. The head grows cooler when the crown is off: yet they would run again after it, as a little girl after her bonnet which a breeze is rolling in the dust.

KING.

I am half persuaded that the little girl's loss is the gravest, and that she is the wiser of the two runners.

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PRINCESS.

Your Majesty has inspired me with confidence to proceed in speaking out plainly. You are now in my country, and you can save it. Unless you do, you will lead an unhappy life; if you do, a happy one. Security of dominion is desirable, not extent. There are those who whisper, what I never can believe, that your Majesty is ambitious of being the King of Lombardy. Supposing it practicable, do you imagine that the people of Turin will be contented to see the seat of government transferred to Milan, or that the rich and noble and ancient families of Milan will submit to become the footstools of the Turinese? Never, sir, never.

KING.

Would you have the whole world republican?

PRINCESS.

In due time: at the present, few nations are prepared for it: the best prepared is the Italian. Every one of our cities shows the deep traces of its *carroccio*, and many still retain their municipality and their *podestà*. I see no reason why they should not all be restored to their pristine state and vigour, all equally subject to one strict confederation. The causes of their dissidence and decline exist no longer. The Emperor is a powerless creature, tied by the leg to a worm-eaten throne. The Pope, reposing on the bosom of GOD, inspires the purest devotion, the sublimest virtue. He reigns in the hearts of the most irreligious, and exerts over the most obstinate the authority of paternal love. I have seen proud scoffers lower their heads at the mention of his name: I have heard cold philosophers say, with the hand upon the breast, *This man is truly* GOD'S *vicegerent*. Pio Nono is with Italy. One shake of the hand-bell on his table would arouse fifty millions of our co-religionists.*

KING.

Our family hath always looked up with reverence to the Popes: and without the countenance of Pio Nono toward my people I should perhaps have been slower in approval of their demonstrations.

PRINCESS.

The English ministry sent over a worthy man to warn the

* He soon began to calculate the probable duration of a Pope's life who resists the *Sacred College*. God had inspired him with all but wisdom, truth, and courage.

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Pope of his danger in giving so much encouragement to the liberals. Pio smiled with his usual benignity. He felt that it was not in man to order the sun to stop or the stars to slacken their courses. The plenipotentiary, in the plenitude of his potentiality, could do nothing at Rome; and he struggled with like ill success in the straits of Scylla and Carybdis.

KING.

It is piteous to observe with how little wisdom and probity the affairs of England are conducted. She hath utterly lost all her influence in Europe. She can not hold her nearest dependencies: her remoter drop off one after another, and grow stronger from that moment. The preservation of her territories in the two Indies, extensive, fertile, wealthy as they are, brings only debt upon her.

PRINCESS.

Pardon me, sir, it does much more than that: it not only exhausts her treasures, but, between the West Indies and Africa, it consumes several thousands of soldiers and sailors yearly.

KING.

Yet England enjoys a free constitution and wise laws.

PRINCESS.

So it is said by the framers, whose families are cloathed and fed by them: I can only judge by facts. Mythologists tell us that stones were turned into men: perhaps the same metamorphosis may, after a while, be enacted in England.

KING.

It was even less probable at Vienna.

PRINCESS.

The blow of the hammer which struck out the kindling spark was given here in Italy.

KING.

Events may come too suddenly.

PRINCESS.

Knowing this, we should be as well prepared as we can be. I myself am a witness to the suddenness of events. One day

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I was walking on a wide waste in the *maremma* of Tuscany: the next, by enterprise and industry, were excavated the magnificent structures of ancient days. Thus suddenly hath all Italy come forth from sterility to within sight of her glorious institutions.

KING.

Ah princess! you make me smile. Those tombs which you mention did indeed open again; but it was only to show the semblances of kings.

PRINCESS.

Sir! in one moment they had been visible and had disappeared; in one moment the crown was on their heads and off again; it was lifted up, and only dust was under: but the works of art, of genius, shone down on them bright as ever. It is lamentable that kings should be less powerful than artificers; they might be greatly more so, and without the exertion of labour or the expenditure of apprenticeship.

KING.

Lamentable it may be; but is it not equally that people who call themselves liberals should carp at the first shadow of liberalism in princes? A celebrated man of the Whig party in England, and (by virtue of the office he once held) a member of the peerage, tried to be at once an Englishman and a Frenchman, a tory and a republican.

PRINCESS.

The French minister made him understand his duties; no minister or man will ever make him perform them. A shallow scholar, an inelegant writer, an awkward orator, he throws himself into the middle of every road where there is the most passing, fond of heat and sunshine as a viper or a flea. In the gazettes he announced his own death, not indeed to excite commiseration, which, if he cared about it, would be hopeless, but curiosity. It is said that foxes, found in places where they had no means of escape, have simulated death: he has had the advantage of being thrown out after detection, and lives to yelp and purloin. Among the whigs themselves there is nowhere to be found so whipt a deserter, so branded an impostor. There is no party which he has not flattered and cajoled, espoused and abandoned. Possessing a variety of

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talents, without the ability to make a single one available, the learned Lord Stowel said of him on his elevation to office, *He knows a little of everything excepting law.* His lordship might have added, if he had thought such qualities of any importance in his profession, veracity and decorum. He declared it as his opinion that it is the duty of a barrister to defend a client at any expense of truth, even if the crime were shifted off the shoulders of the guilty on the innocent. His opinion was taken by a man as unscrupulous as himself, to screen a murderer. Two virtuous women were inculpated; one was only ruined, the other was driven mad. The same turbulent and malicious man insulted the Italian people in the House of Lords, and condemned the interference of your Majesty.

KING.

I am little surprised at it, and feel less the indignity of this brawler than the insolence of the minister who replied. He said, and it was true although he said it, that he would have prevented my step if he could. Italy, now resolved on free institutions, must look in another direction than toward England.

PRINCESS.

She calls upon you, sir, in this crisis of her sufferings. In the old heroic ages one man alone slew many wild beasts: it were strange if, in an age far more heroic, many men should be insufficient to quell a single tame one, with his back broken by a mass of rubbish falling down on him in the den.

KING.

We must not only think of Austria, but also of the other German potentates. The King of Prussia, fond of managing and intermeddling, and having his own way and walking by the light of his own wisdom, has been forced into liberalism. If his people are prudent, they will not allow him to march, as he proposes, at the head of his army into Poland. He might play the same game as the late king of Naples played, when his parliament gave him permission to leave his metropolis for Vienna. He has clever men about him, men of pliant principles and lanky purses, unreluctant to leave sour-crout for French cookery, and to exchange a horn snuff-box for a diamond one with an emperor on the lid. We

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want experienced diplomatists capable of coping with their sagacity and wariness.

PRINCESS.

The less intelligent sometimes baffle them by firmness and integrity. I have seen slender girls support an incredible weight on their heads, because they stood quite upright and walked steddily. The ministers of kings would persuade the world of their wisdom by vacillation and obliquity: one false step, and they are fallen.

KING.

I see many things to disquiet, and some to endanger me.

PRINCESS.

The hearts of great men neither collapse in the hour of personal danger nor ossify in that of public distress. It is not to be dissembled that falsehood in the cause of freedom may be apprehended on the side of Prussia: and it is far from impossible that the Prussian king and the Austrian emperor are waiting with impatience to embrace the Tzar. The massacre of the nobles in Gallicia was organized and rewarded at Vienna: the persecution of all classes in Posen is countenanced and commanded at Berlin. Czartoryski, the humane, the charitable, the moderate, the just, the patriotic, writes thus to the prime minister of that country: *I quit Berlin with a heavy heart. Whatever be the cause, it is a fact, that up to this day not one of the promises made to the inhabitants of the grand-duchy of Posen, by the Prussian government, has been fulfilled.* To what part of its people has that government been true? Stript and scourged by Bonaparte, tear after tear fell through the king's white eyelashes, and promise after promise from his quivering lips. His nation picked him up, dragged him out of the mire, cloaked him anew, and set him on his horse again. Generals are now sent by him into Posen, with conflicting authorities, to sow dissension, and to exasperate the German invader against his generous host. The Prussian is not contented to occupy the house and the land he hath seized on; he is not contented with an equal share in the administration of laws and taxes; he would split into shreds the country he already has broken into splinters, and would abolish its nationality.

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KING.

Uncertainty in respect to Prussia, you must acknowledge, is enough to make me cautious and deliberate.

PRINCESS.

An English poet says that *the woman who deliberates is lost*; it may sometimes be said with equal truth of the general and of the prince. Behold, sir, this beautiful city of Vicenza! Even so small a place, being so lovely, is worth risking life for; what then our grand and glorious Italy! Look down only on the portals of the palaces before us. In Paris and London we creep through a crevice in the wall: here a cavalier finds no difficulty in placing his hand under a lady's elbow, at due distance, and in leading her without bruize or contusion through the crowded hall, to the wide and light staircase, where Heroes and Gods and Graces stand forth to welcome them as they ascend. The inanimate world here outvalues the animated elsewhere. It is worth all that remains of life to have lived one year in Italy. No wonder I am enthusiastic: I have lived here many.

KING.

Many? you? the Princess Belgioioso here beside me? The Graces you speak of seem to contradict you.

PRINCESS.

I would rather trust the Heroes, as being nearer at hand.

KING.

It is a relief to change the subject a little from politics and battles. No subject can support a long-continued conversation, excepting love.

PRINCESS.

Love also is the fresher for a short excursion. Seldom do I read a dialogue, even by the cleverest author, without a sense of weariness. Sentences cut up into question and answer on grave subjects, into repartee on lighter, are intolerable. Such is the worst method of instructing a child, or of attracting a man or woman. And there is something very absurd in the supposition that any abstruse question, or matter of deep thought, can be shuffled backward and forward in this off-hand

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manner. Even where the discourse is upon a subject the most easy and tractable, we are fond of departing from the strait level walk to some narrower alley that diverges out of it: and we always feel the cooler and pleasanter in passing out of one room into another. But the Austrians in Vienna will not allow me to linger here among the orange-trees and myrtles and oleanders of Vicenza, within view of the white uniform. We will revert, sir (with permission) to the serious and substantial.

KING.

Of the serious I find quite enough; the substantial, I trust, is somewhere in reserve. My old ministers have perplexed me almost as much as my old allies.

PRINCESS.

It is certain that every man in power thinks himself wiser than every man out of power; and the getting into it seems a sort of warrantry for the surmise. Yet it may so happen that these who look over the chairs, and have no seat themselves, shall see somewhat more of the game and of its chances than the gamesters can. Others may be cooler and more disinterested, who do not climb the ladder with the hod upon their heads, but stand at the bottom of the building, and look up and round.

KING.

If only a few ladies like you would go into Austria and Hungary, you could dissuade and detain the leaders of those nations from the desire of invading ours.

PRINCESS.

What does any gain by it? All must contribute money and men to hold the conquest in subjection. Kings themselves are none the happier or the more powerful for it. A few noble families are enriched, and rendered thereby in a higher condition to dictate to their master.

KING.

There is something in that.

PRINCESS.

The greatest victory, the greatest conquest, never brought more pleasure to the winner than a game of chess or whist.

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Yet what crimes, what miseries, what mortal anguish, not only in the field of battle, but in the far-off home! what curses! what misgivings of a watchful, a just, and a protecting Providence! The Austrians are little better than meal-magots: but surely the brave Hungarians will espouse our cause, instead of denouncing it. They themselves have been contending for the same, and have won it; not against us, but against the very same enemy. Hungary, Switzerland, Tyrol, are the natural allies of Italy: she wants no other.

KING.

I am happy to find you delivering this opinion. You have lived much among the French, and perhaps may entertain toward the nation the sentiments of esteem due only to the best societies. You seem to take it little to heart or to consideration, that, if you stand too near the focus of democracy, the flounces and feathers of nobility may be caught and shriveled.

PRINCESS.

In France the titles of nobility are abolished. Important or unimportant, I do not believe the lower orders in Italy will discard the use of them. They address one another as we address your Majesty, by the title of *Signore*. It comprehends alike the lowest and the highest. If a marquis has twenty sons, they are all marquises. Many, indeed most of them, are sadly poor: it is a comfort, no doubt, to receive the whole of the patrimonial title where there is only a fraction of the estate. Already one Italian is on a parity with another. They are the least invidious of mankind, and unite the most of courtesy and cordiality. The scientific and learned, the patriotic and eloquent, are treated in our societies with much higher distinction than persons of birth and title. The French, who have learnt so much from us, have learnt this also; later indeed, but not less perfectly. It will penetrate to Germany and England. In Germany the nobility is ignorant and ancient: in England it is well-informed and new. There are few families in the peerage whose name, even as knight's or gentleman's, existed on the accession of the Tudors. False shame, trying to support and strengthen the sufferer with a stiff and defiant carriage, snaps asunder the titled new nobility from the untitled old. In our country no clever advocate is caught up by a patron, and seated first in the lower house, presently in

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the higher. Ancient services to the state, ancient benefits to the people, are the only true and recognised titles of our nobility: those are neither to be taken away nor to be conferred, by a less active hand, a less energetic intellect. I should be what I am whether I were called so or not; the same when my *camariera* has taken off my gown as when she put it on; the insertion or the removal of a pin makes all the difference.

KING.

This is talking more philosophically than, by what I comprehend of it, men talk generally.

PRINCESS.

Few men are ashamed of mounting upon stilts, in order to raise their heads above the multitude. They are most supported when they are most unsteddy, and are most listened to when they speak in a feigned voice through masks.

KING.

But where there are ladies there should be courts, distinctions, and festivals.

PRINCESS.

We ladies of Milan can do extremely well without them. Happy in our circles, in our conversations, in our music, ready to receive instruction and grateful to our instructors, many of us seldom leave the city but for the vintage-season, or leave it for no further an excursion than to the lake of Como or Varese.

KING.

Tranquil is the scene and beautiful round Varese; redundant in the profusion of gifts and exalted in the graces of majesty is the Lario; but eminent over your Lago Maggiore we behold the awful benignity of Saint Carlo Borrommeo. At his prayers and before his omnipresence, Famine and Pestilence fled from Milano; and Gustavus Adolphus, conqueror of Germany, recalled his advancing and irresistible army from the marshes of Gravedona.

PRINCESS.

Sir! his descendant is worthy of his name and his protection. Unless the bravery of my friend and the intercession of our

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patron saint be efficient, we may perhaps ere long be seen pitching our tents in Piedemont.

KING.

It is a comfort to believe that you prefer us to our neighbours, and that France is not about to win you from us. I do confess to you, princess, that the remembrance of what happened in the first revolution disquieted me a little at the early rumours of the last.

PRINCESS.

The first French revolution was a very vile *preface* to a very noble volume. Opening the *introduction* of the second, we may augur better, but with fear at the side of hope, for its continuation.

KING.

It is remarkable that the sober-minded Germans should have committed much greater excesses and much more glaring injustice: and it is not only in these countries of ours, but equally in their own, and along the whole extent of the Baltic. It is seldom or never that hounds worry one another while the prey is before them and the huntsmen are sounding the horn. Really and truly I wish you would compose a *manifesto*, which I may address to the Austrians and Hungarians.

PRINCESS.

Perhaps in some places there might be an objectionable word.

KING.

You must be less inflammatory than Lord Palmerston.

PRINCESS.

I could neither be more hasty nor more inefficient. Touchwood makes but an indifferent torch.

KING.

Give us a specimen of appeal.

PRINCESS.

It would be like this; "Austrians and Hungarians; why do you wish to impose on others a yoke which you yourselves have shaken off! If they whom you persist in your endeavours

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of reducing to servitude, had attempted the same against *you*, then indeed resentment might warrant you, and retributive justice would be certainly on your side. It may gratify the vanity of a family to exercise dominion over distant states: and the directors of court-pageants may be loth to drop the fruits of patronage. These fruits are paid for with your blood. Of what advantage is it to any citizen of Buda or Vienna to equip an arch-duke and trumpet him forth to Milan? Extent of territory never made a nation the happier, unless on its own natal soil, giving it room for enterprise and industry. On the contrary, it always hath helped its ruler to become more arbitrary. Supposing you were governed by the wisest, instead of the weakest, in the universe, could he render you more prosperous by sending you from your peaceful homes to scare away order from others? Hungarians! is not Hungary wide enough for you? Austrians! hath Heaven appointed you to control much greater, much more numerous, much more warlike nations than you ever were; Hungary for instance, and Lombardy? Be contented to enjoy a closer union with Moravia and (if she will listen to it) with Bohemia. Leave to Hungary what she will take, whether you will or no, Stiria, Illyria, and Croatia. You are not a maritime power, and you never can be, for you are without a sea-board; but Hungarian generosity will open to you the Adriatic as freely as the Danube. Be moderate while moderation can profit you, and you will soon cease to smart under the wounds of war, and to struggle under the burden of debt."

KING.

This appeal is very impressive, because it terminates at the proper place. Taxation is more intolerable than cruelty and injustice. The purse is a nation's panoply; and when you strike through it, you wound a vital part. Refusal to reduce taxation by the abolition of inutilities, may shake the broad and solid edifice of the English constitution, which the socialist and chartist have assailed in vain. The debts of Italy are light.

PRINCESS.

The lands and palaces of the king of Naples would pay off the heaviest: the remainder is barely sufficient to serve as a keystone to consolidate our interests. There are far-sighted

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men in England who would not gladly see the great debt of that country very much diminished.

KING.

Part of ours will disappear now we are no longer to give out rations to the hordes of Austria. I hope they may be convinced that they can be happier and safer in their own houses than in the houses of other men.

PRINCESS.

If they believe, as it seems they do, that they are incapable of governing themselves, and that an idiot is their proper head, let them continue to enjoy the poppy crown, but leave the iron one behind at Monza. Nothing more will be required of them than cöoperation with the other states of Germany against Russia. A force no greater than the peace-establishment will secure the independence and integrity of Poland. Nay, if Germany sends only 150,000 men, Hungary 40,000, Italy 40,000, France 50,000, Russia will break down under them, and Moscow be again her capital. Great states are great curses, both to others and to themselves. One such, however, is necessary to the equipoise of the political world. Poland is the natural barrier of civilisation against barbarism, of freedom against despotism. No potentate able to coerce the progress of nations must anywhere exist. All that ever was Poland must again be Poland, and much more. Power, predominant power, is necessary to her for the advantage of Europe. She must be looked up to as an impregnable outwork protecting the nascent liberties of the world.

KING.

Russia is rich and warlike and hard to manage.

PRINCESS.

Her Cossacks and Tartars, of various denominations, might nearly all be detacht from her by other means than arms. Her empire will split and splinter into the infinitesimals of which its vast shapeless body is composed. The south breathes against it and it dissolves.

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GARIBALDI AND MAZZINI.

MAZZINI.

It was in vain that I represented to you, Garibaldi, the imprudence of letting the French army debark unopposed at Civita Vecchia.

GARIBALDI.

I now acknowledge the imprudence of it: but I believed at the time that the French soldiers were animated by a love of freedom, the French officers by a sentiment of honour and veracity; and I doubted not that they came for our support. Do you laugh at me, Mazzini? Can there be a laugh or a smile in any Italian at the present hour, when after our citizens had driven from our walls, and rolled on the plain, the most courageous and confident of the hostile army, we experience in turn grave disasters every day, from the superiority of their weapons and the advantages of their experience? Every day their rifles strike down from our cannon on the walls our best artillerymen. True, there are ardent youths who supply their places instantly: but how long can this last?

MAZZINI.

Believe me, brave and generous Garibaldi, I did not laugh at any thing but what all Europe laughs at; French honour, French veracity. Is this the first time they have deceived us? is this the first time our youth have paid the price of their blood for their credulity? Never more can they deceive, never more can they conciliate us. Italy henceforth is divided from France by a stronger and loftier barrier than the Alps.

GARIBALDI.

Ingratitude is more flagitious in them even than perfidy. Look into our hospitals: three-fourths of the wounded are French soldiers. They were abandoned by their officers and comrades on their ignominious field of battle, partly from indifference toward those who had served and could serve no longer; partly on the calculation of our humanity and the knowledge of our deficiency in provisions.

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MAZZINI.

Even the wildest of the beasts are calculators: the serpent, the tiger, make no spring without a calculation; but neither makes it wantonly; the one must be offended or frightened, the other must be in search of food.

GARIBALDI.

The ambition of one man is the fountain-head of our calamity. Fallen we may be; but never so fallen as the French themselves: we resisted; they succumbed. Can any one doubt the ulterior views of this impostor?

MAZZINI.

He will not rest here: he will claim the kingdom of Rome and the empire of France. He has proved his legitimacy by his contempt of law; in this alone he bears a resemblance to Napoleon. Napoleon, upon several occasions, showed the obtuser part of his triangular hat, but never until he had shown the pointed. The hatter at Strasburg would have taken back at small discount the imitation of it, which he forwarded to his customer for the expedition toward Paris. Already his emissaries have persuaded the poor ignorant population of the provinces that he is the Emperor Napoleon just escaped from an English prison.

GARIBALDI.

Presently, I repeat it, he will assume the title. The Dutch are more likely than the French to hold it in derision. They know that his mother did not cohabit with her husband; and they might have expected one much honester from the Admiralty than they received from it.

MAZZINI.

Garibaldi! we have other occupations than reference to paternities, to similitudes, and verisimilitudes. The French are at the gates of our city: fire no longer from the walls: let them enter: let Rome be a Saragoza: within the ramparts we have defensible positions, none upon them: all weapons are equal, or nearly so, hand to hand. Roman women have displayed the same courage and devotion as Saragozan: Roman artizans are as resolute as Numantian.

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GARIBALDI.

Neither in Numantia nor in Saragoza was there any woman who, coming from afar, incited by admiration of freedom and valour, abandoned a luxurious home, the society of the learned, the homage of the chivalrous, to spend her days and nights in administering comfort to the wounded, in tasting the bitter medicine that the feverish lip might not reject it, in swathing with delicate hand the broken and festered limb, in smoothing the pallet that agony had made uneven and hard. Man's courage is of earth, however high; woman's angelic, and of heaven.

A Suetonius and a Tacitus may tell the world hereafter what are our pontifical princesses; a Belgioiso stands before us, and shows by her magnanimity and beneficence what is a Milanese.

Learned men! inquisitorial professors! cold sceptics! violators of the tomb! stumblers on the bones and ashes ye would kick aside! ye who doubt the realities of our ancient glory, of our ancient self-devotion, come hither, bathe your weak eyes and strengthen your wavering belief.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI AND GENERAL GEMEAU.

FIRST CONVERSATION.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

GENERAL! on the eve of your departure . .

GENERAL GEMEAU (*aside*).

Sacré! what does the man mean?

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

. . in the name of the Holiness of our Lord, of the Sacred College, of the bishops, of the clergy at large. . .

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Eminence! come, if you please, to the point. What the devil is implied in this superfine tissue of verbiage and fanfaronade?

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CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

. . it is incumbent on me (and never was any duty more gratifying to my heart) to declare to your Excellency the satisfaction of his Holiness at the assistance you have rendered his Holiness, in upholding, under the banner of the Church, and under the Pontifical blessing, the rights and authority of the Holy See.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Parbleu! well may you thank us; but if you take it into your head that we are going, your thanks, supposing them final, my brave Eminence, are somewhat premature.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

. . And I am commanded by his Beatitude to place at your disposal one thousand medals and one thousand crosses, decorated with appropriate ribbands, that your Excellency may distribute them among those officers and soldiers most distinguished for their devotion to our true religion.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

If your Eminence talks of sending off your deliverers in this manner, they will throw your ribbands and crosses to the Jews and to the smelting-pot.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

I speak from authority, and with the voice of a prophet, in declaring to your Excellency that such a sacrilege would be most detrimental to the perpetrators. But out of evil cometh good: such invariably is the order of Divine Providence. The laws of nature in this instance will bend before it, and a miracle will be the result, to the edification of the believer, and the conversion or the confusion of the unbeliever.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Eminence! you gentlemen are always quite enough of prophets to foresee a miracle. Favor me with a vision of that which is now impending, that I may either keep the soldiers in the barracks or order them to take up a position, according to the exigency.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

If such a profanation were offered to those crosses and medals which have received a benediction from the Holiness

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of our Lord, the fire over which they should be placed in the crucible would totally change their properties, and the metal would be only base metal.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Name of God! I thought as much. But every metal is base metal which turns a citizen into a satellite, the defender of his freedom into the subverter of another's. Eminence! we were not born to be Mamelukes, we were not educated to be Janisaries. Shall those orders of men which are abolished in Turkey and Egypt be maintained in France, for the benefit of Rome?

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

General! with due submission, this language is novel and unintelligible to me.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Plainly then; you and your master are ungrateful. We have endured your clerical insolence and your Roman climate long enough.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

His Holiness is quite of your opinion, and therefor would graciously bestow on you, in the hour of your departure, his benediction and valediction.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

His Holiness, it seems to me, reckons without his host.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

We are most sensible of the great benefits the French government and the French army have conferred upon us.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Truly so it seems! We do not want more of this sensibility; we will grant you gratuitously more of these benefits. Have we not sacrificed to you our oaths as citizens, our honour as soldiers? Did we not swear that we entered the Roman States to defend the liberty of the Roman people? And did we not, without delay, bombard the city?

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

To the danger of the palaces and of the churches.

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GENERAL GEMEAU.

Which of the princes, which of the cardinals, ever once entered the hospitals where our wounded, to the number of above a thousand, lay dying? The Roman ladies, old and young, attended them, drest their wounds, sat at the side of their couches day and night, administered their medicines, assuaged their thirst, and frequently, from heat and inanition, fainted on the floor. Often have the tears of our brave soldiers fallen on their inanimate nurses. Nature was exhausted, beneficence flowed on.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

In Austria they would have been severely whipt for it, and imprisoned among the prostitutes: our government is clement. We are deeply indebted to your President for his succour and support. But we can not dissemble . .

GENERAL GEMEAU (*aside*).

Odd enough that!

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

. . we can not dissemble from ourselves that we greatly owe his interference to a pressure from without.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Eminence! be pleased to explain.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

The President was anxious to conciliate the *Powers that be*. He was the head of his nation, and naturally leaned to the heads of other nations, irrespective alike of Roman and of Frenchman. If instead of sending eighteen thousand men to chastise a rebellious city, which his wisdom has ensnared, he had sent only half the number to encourage and protect it, all Europe, long before the present hour, had been cursed with constitutions. Heaven had showered down no more miracles, no saintly eyes compassionately rolling from the painted canvas, but had abandoned the sinful world to its own devices. America will soon be left alone to the popular will: Europe is well-nigh freed from it.

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GENERAL GEMEAU.

A spoke is shattered in the wheel of the Revolution: we must substitute another and stronger: we must swear again, and keep our oaths better.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

In the opinion of many (God forbid that I should entertain it) the climate of the French heart is too hot and intemperate for anything to keep sweet and sound in it. According to them, your honor is quite satisfied by bloodshed; to be proved a liar is no disgrace; to be called one is inexpiable.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Pardon me, Eminence, pardon me: the offender's blood expiates it. The pain of being caught in a lie, take my word for it, is bad enough; it shows such clumsiness and stupidity; but to be called a liar in consequence of it . . bah! and without a moral power of shot or sabre to rebutt the charge . . bah! a Mediterranean of blood is insufficient to staunch the wound.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Christianity teaches us . .

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Don't tell me what Christianity teaches us. Christianity holds the book in her hand, but can neither thrust it nor conjure it into men's heads. Christianity says that her first officers shall not call themselves *lords:* yet even those who pretend to purity and reformation take the title. Christianity commands them to forbear from lucre: yet I read in the English journals that several English bishops, judges in their own cause, adjudicators of their own claims, are convicted of seizing what they had voluntarily renounced in behalf of their poorer brethren. Robbers of the industrious and necessitous, prevaricators and swindlers, as they are proved to be in Parliament, there is nobody at hand to knock the marrow-bone out of their jaws, and to drive them back to kennel. The High-priest of Jerusalem scoffed at Christ, but he would have scorned to filch a farthing from under the rags of Lazarus.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

We shall be indebted to these abuses for a large accession

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to our holy church. What man would pay a dollar to hear a hurdy-gurdy who may hear the finest chorus for a soldo? Again, let me repeat, sir, the expression of the Supreme Pontiff's benevolence for the services you and your army have rendered to our Holy Faith. At present his Majesty the king of Naples and his Majesty the emperor of Austria are sufficiently able and disposed to aid us against the rebels and infidels of Italy.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

It was only that they might have no such duty to perform we entered the papal states. It vexes me to be reminded not only of the reverses we endured under your walls, but also of the equal ignominy of having marched against them. Dishonored for ever are the names of several generals whose fathers were signalised under the republick and under the emperor. Our soldiers have fallen unprofitably; but never, sir, be persuaded that they have been garnering the harvest for the benefit of Austrians and Neapolitans.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Your Excellency will recollect that the Austrian and Neapolitan sovrans have territories and allies in Italy: the French have none. These potentates have an unquestionable right to secure their own thrones in this country; the French have no throne and no allies to defend in it, no people which calls or which in future will ever call to them for aid.

GENERAL GEMEAU (*aside*).

Pardie! priest as he is, he speaks the truth. A pretty game hath our President been playing! The chair is an unlucky one; yet there are those behind who are ready enough to cut for it.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

I AM charmed to find your Excellency in so much better health than I expected.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Many thanks to your Eminence. I have taken no medicine

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since my arrival in Rome, and I brought my cook with me from Paris.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

We also have excellent cooks in Rome.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Sometimes they deal too largely with the chemist and druggist. Even the wine at the altar, and administered by prelates, has been found sometimes to disagree with the stomach. Stories therfor have been buzzed into the ears of the studious and inquisitive, and have been related by grave historians, of secret doors discovered, which opened from the church into the laboratory, and of strong prescriptions under the hand and seal . .

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

False, Sir, false altogether. No pope . .

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Did I name any?

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Permit me to express my confidence that your Excellency means nothing more than what your words in their simplest and most obvious form convey.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Nothing more, nothing more whatever.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

With equal simplicity and with equal truth, I will now interpret what the Holiness of our Lord in his benignity hath deigned to impart. Apprehensive that some malady, and hoping that nothing worse than a slight indisposition, had detained your Excellency, at this unhealthy season of the year, within the walls of Rome . .

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Eminence! you may at your own good time return and inform the Holiness of our Lord that his Beatitude ought to lie no longer under any such apprehension. Assure him that, whatever he had reason to believe, you found me perfectly

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hale and hearty: that my apartments are well ventilated, my cellar well filled with french wines, which agree with me much better than the italian might do, and that, out of reverence to Holy Church, I present to my chaplain his cup of coffee in the evening, and of chocolate in the morning, before I drink a drop. Indeed it is thought dangerous to remain in Rome during the heats of July and August: but there is nothing which I would not endure in the service of his Holiness.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Neighbouring potentates are quite willing to relieve your Excellency from so incommodious and dangerous a service.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

It would be unpolite and unfriendly to impose on a neighbour any incommodity or danger which we ourselves decline.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

His Holiness is very anxious to calm animosities and obviate collisions.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

The sword best calms animosities, best obviates collisions.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Your Excellency means assuredly the sword of the spirit.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Eminence! the spirit of theologians and religionists is shown clearly, though unconsciously, by their customary phraseology. You borrow our swords, practically and efficiently, when your own daggers are too short; but, metaphorically and virtually, every word you utter is drawn from our military vocabulary. *Shield, buckler, standard, conflict, blood, spurning, rebuffing, repulsing, overthrowing, trampling down under foot, rising victorious*, all these expressions and more such, echo from church to church, and mingle somewhat inharmoniously, methinks, with prayers and exhortations. Good Christians have a greater variety of them, and utter them with greater intensity, than the wildest Cherokee or Australian.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

We are calm and considerate while we employ them.

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GENERAL GEMEAU.

Considerate too and calm is the Thug of India while he murders or excites to murder; he also is religious and devout.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Sir, I did not expect this language from a general who, if I mistake not, hath served in Africa.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Perhaps your Eminence may have mistaken; but, whether or no, every French officer is bound in honor to maintain the character of every other. We are consistent: what one is all are; what one says all say; what one does all do.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

I am too well aware of the fact for any dispute or disceptation on any part of it. But, General, to avoid the possibility of irritating or displeasing you, with my natural frankness and well-known sincerity I will lay open to you the whole heart of his Holiness. It is wounded profoundly at the dissensions of his sons.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

If the question be not indiscreet, how many has he, poor man?

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

More than ever, now your glorious President hath taken to his bosom the Society of Jesus.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

I thought they never quarrelled. Wolves never do while they hunt in packs; and foxes at all times know how little is to be got by fighting.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Your Excellency has misunderstood me. Austria and Naples look with an evil eye upon your arms in Italy.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Then let them stand farther off and look another way.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Impossible to persuade them.

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GENERAL GEMEAU.

We Frenchmen have often used such arguments as convinced them perfectly. Austria sacrificed at another Tauris another Iphigenia; Saint Januarius found us so true believers that he sweated blood for us, and Cristo Bianco and Cristo Nero* paraded the streets to our Marseillese hymn.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Happily those days are over.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

I am not so sure of that. I would advise the Saint to sweat while he has any blood in his veins. We Frenchmen know how to treat him; but among the Italians there are many who would use him to roast their chesnuts, or would stir their polenta over him.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Alas! too true. But the pious spirit which animates the French soldier will render him ever obedient to the commands of the Holy Father.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

The French soldier is possest by another spirit beside the pious one, the spirit of obedience to his commander. The Holiness of our Lord may command in the Vatican, but, Eminence! I command here. The Castle of St. Angelo is nigh enough to the Vatican for me to hear any cry of distress from His Beatitude: the Austrians and Neapolitans are more distant.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

They may approach.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Let them, if they dare. At their advance I seize upon certain hostages of the highest rank and office.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

It would be sacrilege.

* Two idols carried in opposition about the streets of Naples, the devout often beating the head of one against the head of the other.

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GENERAL GEMEAU.

The Pope will be close at hand to absolve me from it. He holds the keys of Heaven and Hell; I hold those of Castel-Sant-Angelo.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

The Holiness of our Lord might forbid any resistance.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

In such an event, I would deliver him from fresh ignominy, such as what his Holiness bore, casting off his slipper for jack-boots, his triple crown for jockey-cap, and arrayed in the dress livery of the French embassador, fain to take up a position at a pretty good distance from the Cross of Christ, mindless of his promises and of his flock, and shouting aloud to King Bomba for help.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

He flew to the faithful.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

And, seeing his urgency, they delivered up to him all the faith they had about them.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Excellency! Really I distrust my senses; never will I believe that in a French general I have found a scoffer.

GENERAL GEMEAU.

Eminence! I yield; I give up the point; you have beaten me fairly at dissembling. I kept my countenance and my temper as long as I could. I ought only to have laught at the threat of being superseded, by the only king existing who has been (in the field at least) convicted of cowardice, and moreover at the instigation of the only Pope in modern times who has been caught blowing bubbles to the populace, and exerting his agility at a maskerade.

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LOUIS BONAPARTE AND COUNT MOLÉ.

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

M. DE MOLÉ! I have often been desirous of profiting by your wisdom and experience; let me hope that the hour is arrived.

COUNT MOLÉ.

Experience, M. le Président, is baffled, trampled, trodden down, and run over, by the rapid succession and blind conflict of events: its utility is lost, is annihilated. Wisdom has had no share in the creation of them, and can hope to exercise but little control in their management.

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

We must now appeal to French courage and French honor.

COUNT MOLÉ.

We must sound the bell to silence the courage: on the other hand, we must call a huissier with the loudest voice to read an appeal to the honor. Are there twenty men of high station in France who are unforsworn? are there among her representatives half the number who have not violated three oaths in the last three months?

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

But honor is left at the bottom of the heart.

COUNT MOLÉ.

If not there, yet under it, on the same side. The scabbard holds it: and quite sufficiently capacious for the whole of it would be a much narrower receptacle. Call a man a liar, and out it flies upon you. He proves the contrary by a clear . . I was about to say *demonstration* . . the word is *detonation*. For one who enters a picture-gallery, fifty enter a pistol-gallery: for one who has learnt the rudiments of grammar, fifty have learnt the rudiments of gunnery. I should never have made these remarks, M. le Président, if you had not invited me to converse with you upon the state of the nation,

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upon what led to it, and upon what may, under Providence, lead it again to security and peace. These are never to be attained while no man holds sacred his own word, or believes in any other's.

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

I am entirely of your opinion, M. de Molé; so was my uncle the Emperor. For which reason he restored to the Pope his primitive authority, and lighted anew the candles on our altars. This was the first step he took after his recall of the emigrants. I have brought around me not only six or seven of the old nobility, but even such names as Fénélon and Turgot.

COUNT MOLÉ.

Easily done. Poverty, sir, is no phantom: she is the most importunate of the Furies, and has the appetite of a Harpy. She looks for her larder through the windows of the Treasury, and, if she sees only empty dishes there, she screams and flies away to another quarter. Be pleased, sir, to consider that I cast a reflection on nobody.

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

I am aware of it, M. de Molé. If in any slight degree I differ from you in opinion, it is in my general estimate of French honor: it appears to me large and catholic.

COUNT MOLÉ.

Very large indeed, and truly catholic: I only wish we could limit and define it, bringing it back within its ancient boundary. M. le Président knows that a fortification is the stronger for a wide extent of rotten ground about it. Cardinal de Richelieu, the wisest of politicians, knew it likewise. Therfor he drew into Paris, by offices and preferments, the ancient nobility of the realm. The poorer he enriched by giving them places: the richer he impoverished by leading them through their vanity to a vast expenditure. He took especial care that the ladies, from the hour they left the convent, should be taught the secrets of gaming. And what chevalier, worthy of his spurs, could decline the acknowledgment of their smiles at the tournay of green cloth? Luxury, by which I mean good cookery and good wine, seldom hurts the bodily frame. Late hours, and the mortification of loss, cast down corporeal and

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mental power alike. At the close of these days, and at the commencement of our own, external commerce had begun to ramify widely; and commerce will always introduce cosmopolite opinions. Turgot fostered it, and could not exclude the sequel. He died too early for the prosperity of France. No minister who united such integrity with such intellect is recorded in the annals of any nation. Perhaps he was fortunate in living while the government was simply monarchal, thus having the fewer men to converse with and deceive. In fact, he never deceived any one. Had he lived under a constitutional system, he must have given up half his principles or all his power.

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

These, M. de Molé, are serious considerations. We ought to take good care how men may keep their principles. You will assist me in this arduous undertaking, I am confident.

COUNT MOLÉ.

To the best of my poor abilities.

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

By this promise the uttermost scope of my ambition is attained. I am resolved to extinguish the flame that would consume all that is venerable in Rome, giving my solemn word to citizen and soldier that I come frankly and loyally to their assistance. The high clergy, with few exceptions in this country, and fewer in Italy, are unanimous in recommending it.

COUNT MOLÉ.

In recommending, sir, a breach of promise? a falsehood?

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

M. de Molé! the head of a state can commit no falsehood. The preamble to all decrees runs . . "*After hearing the Council of Ministers,*" the President, or whatever may be the title of the executive, *decrees*, &c. Beside which, it is acknowledged by every true catholic that on emergencies a word, or oath, or contract, may be broken and cast aside. In courts the ties of consanguinity are relaxt; uncles and nieces, aunts and nephews, intermarry, not simply with the consent, but also with the benediction, of the Church. Shall not we,

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her sons, ever called the most Christian, be grateful to the Holy Father for granting such indulgences, and lay every snare to entrap the vermin that would undermine them? M. de Montalembert, a most religious man, together with every member of the Society of Jesus, approves of my decision. The Holy Father himself, when he bestowed on his people from the balcony of the Quirinal his constitution and benediction, lowered his head, and in the same breath, with his hand upon his heart, called the Virgin to witness that he would revoke all his promises. He who can take from his girdle and turn round the keys of heaven, can surely turn round as easily a light and empty word. He has done it. We surely can never err in following the course of Infallibility. Incest is no incest, if he says it is none; and oath, if he wills it, is no oath.

COUNT MOLÉ.

There may indeed be some danger of Roman republicanism flying across the Alps. The flame of a burning candle leans toward the smoke of a candle half extinguisht, and relumes it. This consideration has greater weight with me than casuistry. In France within a few months nothing will be left of republick but the name: yet the name, if we hear it too frequently, or too near, may evoke the spirit. M. de Montalembert would not let the Romans burn their fetiches, and would rather burn the Romans: I would rather let them alone if we could but keep them quiet.

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

Precisely: that is all I wish. I would moderate the intemperate zeal of conflicting parties; in which service to humanity, M. de Molé, I entreat your counsel and co-operation.

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POPE PIO NONO AND CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

PIO NONO.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI! Cardinal Antonelli! I begin to fear we shall be convicted of lying by the unbeliever.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Holiness! we have lied: but it was for the glory of God and of His Blessed Mother, and for the exaltation of the Church. Need I recapitulate to your Beatitude the number of learned casuists who have inculcated the duty of so doing? Need I bring before you the princes of the present day who have broken their promises and oaths to their subjects? If we were bound to them, *we* should be the subjects, and not *they*.

PIO NONO.

Nevertheless, I have had certain qualms of conscience from time to time: insomuch as to have humiliated myself before my confessor.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

And what said he?

PIO NONO.

I am ashamed to repeat what he said, he almost said it approached to sin. But, as in duty bound, he absolved me; on condition of eating a tench for supper, an isinglass jelly, and two apricot tarts, preceded by a basin of almond soup, and followed by a demi-flask of Orvieto. I begged hard against the tench, and pleaded for a mullet.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Indignity! was the beast so stupid as to be unaware that your Holiness, who can absolve fifty nations at the erection of a finger, could absolve yourself?

PIO NONO.

But it is easier and more commodious to procure another to scratch our back and shoulder when they itch.

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CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

True, most true. But the business which has brought me this evening into the presence of your Beatitude is somewhat worse than itching. The French Emperor is peremptory that your Beatitude should crown him.

PIO NONO.

I promised it.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Indefinitely; with evasions. And has not the French Emperor done somewhat more than evade his promises? Has he not broken them over and over again?

PIO NONO.

I must not play tight and loose with him: I must not turn suddenly from hot to cold.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

The armourer, who makes a strong sword-blade, turns it first in fire, then plunges it in water.

PIO NONO.

He might do me harm.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

The Austrians are always at hand to prevent it.

PIO NONO.

I am advised that twenty thousand more French with a hundred thousand stand of arms for the malcontents, could sweep Italy clear of the Austrians in six weeks, from Livorno to Mantua. Louis Napoleon is wiser and warier than his uncle. Europe has never seen a prince more capable of ruling, more resolved to be obeyed.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

He has given great offence to Austria by the Declaration he made preparatory to his marriage.

PIO NONO.

Doubtless: but what can Austria do against him? Her

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fleet in the Adriatic could not preserve Dalmatia to her. Hungary would lie open: Piedemont and Switzerland would rise simultaneously, and revenge the wrongs and insults they daily are receiving. The Austrian empire would dissolve ere autumn.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Russia would step forward again.

PIO NONO.

So much the worse for Austria. The Russians would bring Famine with the sword. A Russian army of eighty thousand men, I am credibly informed by a sound strategist, would perish from inanition. Two hundred thousand Hungarians, one hundred thousand Italians, and (say only) three hundred thousand French, in addition to an Austrian army, of perhaps a hundred thousand, after the desertion of Hungarians, Italians, and Bohemians, would find but scanty provisions for three months. All the rich country of Lombardy and Austria would be overrun by the enemy; and Prussia would take Bohemia and Moravia under her protection.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

So long as your Holiness defers the coronation, Louis Napoleon will be moderate.

PIO NONO.

I am aware of it. Between ourselves, there is nothing I so much admire in him as his choice of a consort. His uncle was ruined by the Austrian alliance. History, close at hand, in vain admonished him. The unfortunate Maria Antoinette, the most amiable of her family and the best, was hated by the French, not only for her extravagance, but for her country.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Louis Napoleon's misalliance tends little to conciliate them.

PIO NONO.

Gently, my good Cardinal! The house of Guzman is as ancient and noble as the house of Hapsburg. I have half a mind to start directly and to pronounce my benediction on the crown in Nôtre-Dame.

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MARTIN AND JACK.

[Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack, brought the people much about them in a disturbance long ago. Lord Peter, the proudest, most intolerant, most exclusive, of his order, suddenly grew condescending and bland. Martin had little confidence in this demonstration; so little indeed that he ordered the locksmith to alter the locks of his cellar and larder, well knowing that, however different in stature and features, there was a marvellous family-likeness in appetite and quickness of digestion. Jack, whose house was smaller, was contented with a cellar of proportionate dimensions; and, if you only sent him a simple calf's head toward the close of January, cared little for any other delicacy of the larder. When Peter spoke to him, which was seldom, he pretended that he was ignorant of his language, and avowed that neither father nor mother had taught it to any of their children. Martin had caught a few words of it from Peter, and was somewhat fond of displaying his acquisition. Jack, who kept aloof from both brothers, was more scandalised at Martin. At last, taciturn as was his nature, he zealously burst forth in this brotherly expostulation.]

JACK.

Brother Martin, friends we have met, whatever were our feuds formerly, and friends, in God's name, let us part. We have been somewhat too much given to the holding forth of long discourses; and perhaps I, in this particular, have been the more censurable of the two. Let me now come to the point and have done with it. I always knew that Peter was an impostor and a bastard: I always knew he was neither our father's son nor our mother's son. Had he been, would he ever have attempted to strangle us in our cradles? Would he not rather have helped us in our sickness and infirmity? would he not rather have fed us with pure fresh milk and unfermented bread in it? would he not rather have taken us by the hand, and guided our tottering steps, patiently and cautiously? Instead of which, he blew out the rush-light, because it was *only* a rush-light; he set fire to our cribs, and burnt us cruelly.

MARTIN.

I have heard all this story from our nurse; but, Jack! Jack! thou wert always a froward child.

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JACK.

Too true, brother! but age hath sobered and softened me: I trust it continues to render me, day by day, a little more like our father. If this aspiration be too high, if this expression be too presumptuous, permit me to correct it, and only to say that, as I advance in life, I do heartily hope, I do anxiously desire, that my steps be more prone and more direct toward him.

MARTIN.

Give me thy hand, brother Jack! This is manly; this is true-hearted.

JACK.

Can you then bear questioning and reproof, brother?

MARTIN.

Not very well, as you know, my old boy. But come; let me try; out with it; out at once.

JACK.

Martin! Martin! the hottest air taints and corrupts our viands no more certainly, nor more intimately, nor more perniciously, than the lukewarm. So is it, my brother, with the sustenance of the spirit. I have lived where the flocks are scattered and healthy, and where the life of the shepherd is innocent and laborious. You have been spending your days where there is no true shepherd at all, and where the crowded fold is a sad congestion of ordure, scab, and foot-rot. You are grown angry, I hear, at certain new impertinences of the proud bastard whom you never have ventured to disclaim as brother. Shall I reveal to you the secret of this anger?

MARTIN (*yawning*).

With all my heart.

JACK.

Indifferent as usual! Well then; continue this indifference until the close of our conversation. The audacious bastard, who dared to spit in our father's face when he forbade any to call him *lord*, sees many of his spawn grown recently, from wriggling black little tadpoles, into party-coloured, puffy, croaking frogs; and he claims the whole fat marsh for his own property. The neighbouring lords assumed the livery of our Lord Peter, and imitated his voice and bearing. But no

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sooner had he laid claim to the whole fat marsh, and had driven into it their cattle for his own use, than they raised an outcry throughout the land.

MARTIN.

Methinks it was time, brother Jack.

JACK.

Brother Martin! it was time long before. The dissolute old bastard collected those spies and assassins who had, even when nations were thought to be less civilized, been driven forth from every kingdom. He now stocks every kingdom with them again, and mounts every throne with them vicariously. Well do I remember the time, my brother, when I reproved you for a tendency to what is called philosophy. It is true, you laught in my face: certainly you will never laugh in it again for any similar reproof. If priests there must be, let them keep their proper station: let the king have his palace, not the priest. When you have assigned to the endowment of schools the many millions which pamper your hierarchs, those burly bellies, swaying some one way, some another, then, Martin, we shall meet in brotherly love, and shall say (what I wish we could say sooner, instead of the contrary), "This is verily God's work, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

MARTIN.

There is only one set of men in Europe who are avowedly adverse to the propagation of knowledge, aware that the propagation of knowledge is adverse to their dominion. My friends, I am sorry to say it, are almost as much given to lying as these are. Both parties call themselves *catholic*, which neither is. Nor indeed, my dear Jack, between ourselves, is it desirable that either should be. Every sect is a moral check on its neighbour. Competition is as wholesome in religion as in commerce. We must bid high for heaven; we must surrender much; we must strive much, we must suffer much; we must make way for others, in order that in our turn we may succeed. There is but one guide: we know him by the gentleness of his voice, by the serenity of his countenance, by the wounded in spirit who are clinging to his knees, by the children whom he hath called to him, and by the disciples in whose poverty he hath shared.

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ARCHDEACON HARE AND WALTER LANDOR.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

In some of your later writings, I perceive, you have not strictly followed the line you formerly laid down for spelling.

WALTER LANDOR.

I found it inexpedient; since whatever the pains I took, there was, in every sheet almost, some deviation on the side of the compositor. Inconsistency was forced on me against all my struggles and reclamations. At last nothing is left for me but to enter my protest, and to take the smooth path instead of the broken-up highway.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

It is chiefly in the preterites and participles that I have followed you perseveringly. We are rich in having two for many of our verbs, and unwise in corrupting the spelling, and thereby rendering the pronunciation difficult. We pronounce "astonisht;" we write astonished or astonish'd; an unnecessary harshness. Never was spoken dropp*ed*, or lopp*ed*, or hopp*ed*, or propp*ed*; but dropt, &c.; yet with the choice before us, we invariably take the wrong. I do not resign a right to "astonish*ed*" or "diminish*ed*." They may, with many like them, be useful in poetry; and several such terminations add dignity and solemnity to what we read in our church, the sanctuary at once of our faith and of our language.

WALTER LANDOR.

In more essential things than preterites and participles I ought rather to have been your follower than you mine. No language is purer or clearer than yours. Vigorous streams from the mountain do not mingle at once with the turbid lake, but retain their force and their colour in the midst of it. We are sapt by an influx of putridity.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Come, come; again to our spelling-book.

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WALTER LANDOR.

Well then, we differ on the spelling of *honour, favour,* &c. You would retain the u: I would eject it, for the sake of consistency. We have dropt it in *author, emperor, ambassador.* Here again, for consistency and compliancy, I write "embassador," because I write, as all do, "embassy." I write theat*er,* sepulch*er,* met*er,* in their english form rather than the french. The best authors have done it; all write "hexamet*er*" and "pentamet*er.*"

ARCHDEACON HARE.

It is well to simplify and systematize wherever we can do it conveniently.

WALTER LANDOR.

And without violence to *vested rights;* which words have here some meaning. Why "*a*mend," if "*e*mendation?" Why not "pont*if,*" if "cait*if.*"

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Why then should grand*eur* be left in solitary state? The Englishman less easily protrudes his nether jaw than the Frenchman, as "grand*eur*" seems to require. Grand*our* (or grand*or,* if you will have it so) sounds better.

WALTER LANDOR.

I *will* have it so; and so will you and others at last.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Meanwhile, let us untie this last knot of Norman bondage on the common-law of language in our land.

WALTER LANDOR.

Set about it: no authority is higher than yours: I will run by the side of you, or be your herald, or (what better becomes me) your pursuivant.

There is an affectation of scholarship in compilers of spelling-books, and in the authors they follow for examples, when they bring forward *phenomena* and the like. They might as well bring forward *mysteria.* We have no right to tear greek and latin declensions out of their grammars: we need no *vortices* when we have *vortexes* before us; and while we have *memorandums, factotums, ultimatums,* let our shepherd-dogs

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bring back to us by the ear such as have wandered from the flock.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

We have "stimul*ant*;" why "stimul*us*?" why "stimul*i*?" Why "recip*e*?" why "rece*ipt*?" we might as reasonably write "dece*ipt*" and "conce*ipt*." I believe we are the only people who keep the *Dramatis Personæ* on the stage, or announce their going off by "*exeunt*:" "*exit*" for *departure*, is endurable, and kept in countenance by *transit*: let us deprecate the danger of hearing of a friend's *obit*, which seems imminent: a "*post-obit*" is bad enough: an *item* I would confine to the ledger. I have no mind for *animus*.

WALTER LANDOR.

Beside these there are two expressions either of which is quite enough to bring down curses and mortality on the poet. "*Stand confest*" (even if not written "conf*ess'd*") is one: "*unbidden tears*" the other. I can imagine no such nonsense as *unbidden tears*. Why do we not write the verb control with an e at the end, and the substantive with *u* as *soul*? we might as reasonably write *whol* for whole: very unreasonably do we write *wholly* with a double l; *wholy* and *soly* might follow the type of *holy*. We see printed, *befal* with one l, but never *fal*, and yet in the monosyllable we should not be doubtful of the accentuation. It is but of late that we contro*l*, reca*l*, appa*l*, we do not yet rol. Will any one tell me who put such a lazy beast to our *munition*-train, and spelt on the front of the carriage *am*munition. We write *enter* and *inter* equally with a single final r: surely the latter wants another.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

What is quite as censurable, while we reject the good of our own countrymen, we adopt the bad of the forener. We are much in the habit of using the word *flibustier*. Surely we might let the French take and torture our *freebooter*. In our fondness for making verbs out of substantives, we even go to the excess of *flibustering*. And now from coarse vulgarity let us turn our eyes toward inconsiderate refinement. When I was a boy every girl among the poets was a *nymph*, whether in country or town. Johnson countenanced them, and, arm-in-arm with Pope, followed them even into Jerusalem. "Ye nymphs of Solyma, &c."

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WALTER LANDOR.

Pity they ever found their way back!

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Few even now object to Muse and Bard.

WALTER LANDOR.

Nor would I in their proper places: the Muse in Greece and Italy; the Bard on our side of the Alps, up almost as far as Scandinavia, quite as far as the Cimbrian Chersonese. But the Bard looks better at nine or ten centuries off than among gentlemen in roquelaures or paletots. Johnson, a great reprehender, might fairly and justly have reprehended him in the streets of London, whatever were his own excesses among the "Nymphs of Solyma." In the midst of his gravity he was not quite impartial, and, extraordinary as were his intellectual powers, he knew about as much of poetry as of geography. In one of his letters he talks of Guadaloupe as being in another hemisphere. Speaking of that iland, his very words are these: "Whether you return hither or stay in another hemisphere." At the commencement of his Satire on the *Vanity of Human wishes* (a noble specimen of declamation), he places China nearer to us than Peru.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

The negligences of Johnson may easily be forgiven, in consideration of the many benefits he has conferred on literature. A small poet, no great critic, he was a strenuous and lofty moralist. Your pursuers are of another breed, another race. They will soon tire themselves, hang out their tongues, and drop along the road. Time is not at all misapplied by you in the analysis and valuation of Southey's and Wordsworth's poetry, which never has been done scrupulously and correctly. But surely gravel may be carted and shot down on the highway without the measure of a Winchester bushel. Consider if what you have taken in hand is worthy of your workmanship.

WALTER LANDOR.

The most beautiful tapestry is workt on extremely coarse canvas. Open a volume of *Bayle's Biographical Dictionary;* and how many just and memorable observations will you find on people of no "note or likelihood."

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ARCHDEACON HARE.

Unhappily for us, we are insensible of the corruptions that creep yearly into our language. At Cambridge or Oxford (I am ignorant which of them claims the glory of the invention) some undergraduate was so facetious as to say, "Well, while you are *discussing* the question, I will *discuss* my wine." The gracefulness of this witticism was so captivating, that it took possession not only of both universities, but seized also on "men about town." Even the ladies, the vestals who preserve the purity of language, caught up the expression from those who were libertines in it.

WALTER LANDOR.

Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, who are among the most refined of our senators, have at present no more authority in language than in dress. By what we see, we might imagine that the one article is to be cast aside after as short a wear as the other. It occurs to me at this moment, that, when we have assumed the habiliments of the vulgar, we are in danger of contracting their coarseness of language and demeanour.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Certainly the Romans were *togati* in their tongue, as well as in their wardrobe. Purity and gravity of style were left uncontaminated and unshaken by the breath of Tiberius and his successor. The Antonines spoke better latin than the Triumvir Antonius; and Marcus Aurelius, altho on some occasions he preferred the greek, was studious to maintain his own idiom strong and healthy. When the tongue is paralyzed, the limbs soon follow. No nation hath long survived the decrepitude of its language.

There is perpetually an accession of slang to our vernacular, which is usually biennial or triennial.

WALTER LANDOR.

I have been either a fortunate or a prudent man to have escaped for so many years together to be "pitched into" among "*giant* trees," "*monster* meetings," "*glorious* fruit," "*splendid* cigars, dogs, horses, and *bricks*," "*palmy* days," "*rich* oddities;" to owe nobody a farthing for any other fashionable habits of rude device and demi-saison texture; and above all, to have never come in at the "*eleventh hour*," which has been

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sounding all day long the whole year. They do me a little injustice who say that such a good fortune is attributable to my residence in Italy. The fact is, I am too cautious and too aged to catch disorders, and I walk fearlessly through these epidemics.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Simply to *open* is insufficient: we "open *up*" and "open *out*. A gentleman *indues* a coat; it will be difficult to *exue* if he tries; he must lie down and sleep in it.

"*Foolery*" was thought of old sufficiently expressive: nothing short of *tom*foolery will do now. To *repudiate* was formerly to put away what disgraced us: it now signifies (in America at least) to reject the claims of justice and honour. We hear people *re-read*, and see them *re-write*; and are invited to a *spread*, where we formerly went to a dinner or collation. We cut down *barracks* to a single *barrack*; but we leave the "stocks" in good repair. We are among *ambitions*, and among *peoples*, until Sternhold and Hopkins call us into a quieter place, and we hear once again

"All people that on earth do dwell."

Shall we never have done with "*rule and exception*," "*ever and anon*," "*many a time and oft?*"

WALTER LANDOR.

It is to be regretted that Horne Tooke and Bishop Lowth were placed so far apart, by many impediments and obstructions, that they never could unite in order to preserve the finials and pinnacles of our venerable fabric, to stop the innovations and to diminish the anomalies of our language. Southey, altho in his youth during their time, might have assisted them; for early in life he had studied as sedulously the best of our old authors as they had, and his judgement was as mature at twenty-five as theirs at fifty. He agreed with me that *mind, find, kind, blind, behind*, should have a final *e*, in order to signify the sound, and that the verb *wind* should likewise for the same reason. I brought Fairfax's "Tasso" with me, and showed him that Fairfax had done it, and had spelt many other words better than our contemporaries, or even than the most-part of his own.

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ARCHDEACON HARE.

There are two expressions of frequent occurrence, equally wrong: "incorrect *orthography*" and "vernacular *idiom*." Distempers in language, as in body, which rise from the crowded lane, creep up sometimes to where the mansions are higher and better ventilated. I think you once remarkt to me that you would just as properly write pill*an*ger for pillager, as mess*en*ger for messager. The more excusable vulgar add to these dainties their *sausenger*. Have you found anything more to notice where you have inserted those slips of paper in your Fairfax?

WALTER LANDOR.

Much: to run over all would be tedious. He writes with perfect propriety *dismaid, applie, chefe, hart, wisht, husht, spred*. Southey was entirely of my opinion that if *lead* in the present is *led* in the preterite, *read* should be *red*. There is no danger of mistaking the adjective for the verb by it. He ridiculed the spelling of Byron *redde;* which is quite as ridiculous as the conceit of that antiquarian society which calls itself the "Roxburgh*e* Club;" *e* was never added to *burgh*.

Howell, a very careful writer, an excellent authority, writes *forren, frend, Mahometism, toung, extemporal, shipwrack, cole, onely, sutable, plaid, askt, begger, apparance, brest, yeer, plaid, lanch, peece, tresure, scepter, incertain, kinde, perle*.

Drayton and Daniel may be associated with Howell. Drayton in his prose wrote *red*, and there is no purer or more considerate author. He writes also ransack*t*, distinguish*t*, dispers*t*, worship*t*, admonish*t*, tax*t*, deck*t*, wrack*t*, profes*t*, extol*d*, purchas*t*. He writes *fained, tuck, yeers, onely, dore*.

Sir Thomas More writes *lerned, clereness, preste* (priest), *sholde, wolde, leve, yere, harte, mynde, here* (hear), *herer*, (hearer), *appere, speker, seke, grevous, fynde, doute, wherof, seme, dede, nede, tethe* (teeth), *precher, peple, sene* (seen), *eres* (ears), *toke, therfor, mete* (meat), *frend, therin, fere* (fear), a *wever, rede* (read). A host of these words only show that the best authors avoided the double vowel.

Spenser, in consecutive verses, writes *were* (wear), and *bere* (bear), and *heven* and *foule*.

"Upon her thombe or in her purse to bere."

"There is no foule that flieth under heaven."

Camden writes *forraine* and *iland*.

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It was late before *ea* was employed in place of the simple vowel *e*. Chaucer writes "*eny pecock.*" *Shal* and *wil*, so written by him, are more proper than *shall* and *will*, by avoiding the form of substantives. Caxton writes, as many of his time, *werk* not "work." Tyndal, long after, writes *doo* for *do*. Spenser writes *dore* instead of *door*. Sackville writes *pearst*. Dryden is less accurate than Cowley, and Waller, and Sprat. Speaking of Cowley, he says "he never could forgive a conceit," meaning *forego*. In our own age many, Burke among the rest, say "By *this* means." It would be affectation to say By this *mean*, in the singular; but the proper expression is "By these means."

ARCHDEACON HARE.

In regard to terminations, it is difficult to account for the letter *e* when we say "by and by*e*. There is none in accounting for it in "Good *bye*," which is the most comprehensive of all contractions: it is "Good be with ye!" or "God be with ye!" which in effect is the same. Formerly *ye* was more universal than *you*. Ignorant critics reprehend it wrongly in such a position as "I would not hurt *ye*." But it is equally good english as "*Ye* would not hurt me." No word is more thoroughly vernacular, from of old to this present day, among the people throughout the land. We should keep our homely well-seasoned words, and never use the grave for light purposes.

Among the many we misapply is the word *destiny*. We hear of a man controling the destiny of another. Nothing on earth can controle the *destined*, whether the term be applied strictly or laxly. *Element* is another, meaning only a *constituent*. Graver stil is *incarnation*. We hear about the *mission* of fellows whose highest could be only to put a letter into the post-office.

We usually set ' before *'neath:* improperly: the better spelling is *nethe*, whence *nether*. We also prefix the same ' to *'fore*. We say (at least those who swear do) "*'fore* God;" never "*be*fore God." *Cause* in like manner is a word of itself, no less than "*be*cause." But this form is properer for poetry.

Chaucer writes *peple*, as we pronounce it.

Skelton writes *sault* and *mault*, also in accordance with the pronunciation, and there is exactly the same reason for it as in

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fault. It would not be going far out of our way to bring them back again, and then cry *hault,* which we do only with the pen in hand.

We are in the habitude of writing onward*s*, backward*s*, toward*s*, afterward*s;* he more gracefully drops the final *s*. We write strip*t*, whip*t*, yet hesitate at trip*t* and worship*t*. We possess in many cases two for one of the preterites, and, to show our impartiality and fairness, we pronounce the one and write the other. We write *said* and *laid,* but never *staid* or *plaid.* We write offic*i*al; why not influenc*i*al, circumstanc*i*al, differenc*i*al? We write *entrance* the substantive like *entrànce* the verb. Shakspeare wisely wrote

"That sounds the fatal enterance of Duncan." &c.

Wond*e*rous is a finer word than *wondrous.*

It is not every good scholar, or every fair poet, who possesses the copiousness and exhibits the discrimination of Shakspeare. Even when we take the hand he offers us, we are accused of innovating.

WALTER LANDOR.

So far from innovating, the words I propose are brought to their former and legitimate station; you have sanctioned the greater part, and have thought the remainder worth your notice. Every intelligent and unprejudiced man will agree with you. I prefer high authorities to lower, analogy to fashion, a *Restoration* to a *Usurpation.* Innovators, and worse than innovators, were those Reformers called, who disturbed the market-place of manorial Theology, and went back to Religion where she stood alone in her original purity. We English were the last people to adopt the reformed style in the kalendar, and we seem determined to be likewise the last in that of language. We are ordered to please the public; we are forbidden to instruct it. Not only publishers and booksellers are against us, but authors too; and even some of them who are not regularly in the service of those masters. The outcry is, "*We* have not ventured to alter what we find in use, and why should *he?*"

ARCHDEACON HARE.

If the most learned and intelligent, in that age which has been thought by many the most glorious in our literature, were desirous that the language should be settled and fixt,

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how much more desirable is it that its accretion of corruptions should be now removed! It may be difficult; and stil more difficult to restore the authority of the ancient dynasty.

WALTER LANDOR.

We never have attempted it. But there are certain of their laws and usages which we would not willingly call obsolete. Often in the morning I have lookt among your books for them, and I deposit in your hands the first fruits of my research. It is only for such purposes that I sit hours together in a library. Either in the sunshine or under the shade of trees, I must think, meditate, and compose.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Thoughts may be born in a room above-stairs or below, but they are stronger and healthier for early exercise in the open air. It is not only the conspirator to whom is appropriate the "modo citus modo tardus incessus;" it is equally his who follows fancy, and his also who searches after truth.

WALTER LANDOR.

The treasures of your library have sometimes tempted me away from your pictures; and I have ceast for a moment to regret that by Selections and Compendiums we had lost a large portion of the most noble works, when I find so accurate a selection, so weighty a compendium, carried about with him who is now walking at my side.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

I would have strangled such a compliment ere it had attained its full growth: however, now it is not only full-grown but over-grown, let me offer you in return not a compliment, but a congratulation, on your courage in using the plural compendi*ums*" where another would have pronounced "compendia."

WALTER LANDOR.

Would that other, whoever he may be, have said musea? All I require of people is consistency, and rather in the right than in the wrong. When we have admitted a greek, or latin, or french word, we ought to allow it the right of citizenship, and induce it to comply and harmonize with the rest of the vocular community. "Pindari*que*" went away with

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Cowley, and died in the same ditch with him; but "obli*que*" is inflexible, and stands its ground. He would do well who should shove it away, or push it into the ranks of the new militia. "Anti*que*" is the worst portion of Gray's heritage. His former friend, Horace Walpole, had many *antiques*, and other trifles at Strawberry-hill, but none so worthless as this. In honest truth, we neither have, nor had then, a better and purer writer than he, although he lived in the time of the purest and best, Goldsmith, Sterne, Fielding, and Inchbald. He gave up his fashionable french for a richer benefice. He would not use "*rouge*" but "*red*;" very different from the ladies and gentlemen of the present day, who bring in entremets, and lardès, casting now and then upon the lukewarm hearth a log of latin, and in the sleeping-room they have prepared for us, spread out as counterpane a remnant of etruscan from under a courier's saddlebag.

Chaucer, who had resided long in France, and much among courtiers, made english his style. Have you patience to read a list of the words he spelt better than we do? and not he only but his remote successors.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

I have patience, and more than patience, to read, or hear, or see, whatever is better than ourselves. Such investigations have always interested me, you know of old.

WALTER LANDOR.

Rare quality! I scarcely know where to find another who possesses it, or whose anger would not obtain the mastery over his conscience at the imputation.

Let your eyes run down this catalogue. Here are *swete* and *swote*, *finde*, *ther*, *wel*, *herken*, *herk*, *gilt* (guilt), *shal*, *don* (done), *werks* (works), *weping*, *clene*, *defaulte*, *therof*, *speking*, *erthe*, *bereth* (beareth), *seate*, *mete* (meat), *shuld* (should), *hevy*, *hevn*, *grevous*, *grete*, *hete*, *yere*, *fode* (food); we stil say *fodder*, not fooder; *ete* (eat), *lede*, *throt*, *wel*, *drede*, *shal*, *gess* (guess), *ful*, *wheras*, *trespas*, *betwene*, *repe*, *slepe*, *shete*, *frend*, *dedly*, *delites*, *teres*, *hering*, *clereness*, *juge*, *plese*, *speke*, *wold* (would), *ded*, *tred*, *bereve*, *thred*, *peple*, *dore*, *dreme*, *deme*, *reson*, *indede*, *meke*, *feble*, *wede*, *nede*, *fele*, *cese*, *pece*, *dedly*, *deme*, *resonable*, *slepe*, *titel*, *refrein*, *preeste*.

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ARCHDEACON HARE.

In adding the vowel, he makes it available for verse. *Covetise*, how much better than *covetiousness!* Among the words which might be brought back again to adorn our poetical diction is *beforne*, before. Here is *distemperament* (for inclemency of season); *forlet*, forgive, another good word; so is *wanhope*, despair. Has no poet the courage to step forth and to rescue these maidens of speech, unprotected beneath the very castle-walls of Chaucer?

WALTER LANDOR.

If they are resolved to stitch up his rich old tapestry with muslin, they would better let it stay where it is.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Several more words are remaining in which a single vowel is employed where we reduplicate. *Sheres, appere, speche, wele, bereth, reson, mening, pleasance, stele, coles, mekeness, reve* (bereave), *rore, tong, corageous, forbere, kepe, othe* (oath), *cese, shepe, dreme, werse* (worse), *reken* (reckon). Certainly this old spelling is more proper than its substitute. To reken is to *look over* an account before casting it up. Here are *grevance, lerne, bete, seke, speke, freze* (freeze), *chese, clense, tretise, meke.* Here I find *axe* (ask), which is now a vulgarism, though we use *tax* for *task.* With great propriety he writes *persever;* we, with great impropriety, *persevere.* He uses the word *spiced* for *overnice,* which in common use is *gingerly.* I think you would not be a stickler for the best of these, whichever it may be.

WALTER LANDOR.

No indeed: but there are in Chaucer, as there are in other of our old, yet somewhat later writers, things which with regret I see cast aside for worse. I wish every editor of an author, whether in poetry or prose, would at least add a glossary of his words as he spelt and wrote them, without which attention the history of a language must be incomplete. Heine in his Virgil, Wakefield in his Lucretius, have preserved the text itself as entire as possible. Greek words do not appear in their spelling to have been subject to the same vicissitudes as latin.

I have not been engaged in composing a grammar or

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vocabulary, nor is a conversation a treatise; so with your usual kindness you will receive a confused collection of words, bearing my mark on them and worthy of yours. They are somewhat like an italian pastry, of heads and necks and feet and gizzards off a variety of birds of all sorts and sizes. If my simily is undignified, let me go back into the Sistine Chapel, where Michel Angiolo displays the same thing more gravely and grandly in his *Last Judgment*.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Do not dissemble your admiration of this illustrious man, nor turn into ridicule what you reverence. Among the hardy and false things caught from mouth to mouth is the apothegm that "there is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." There was indeed but a step from Bonaparte's.

WALTER LANDOR.

I perceive you accept the saying as his. It was uttered long before his birth, and so far back as the age of Louis the Fourteenth. Another is attributed to him, which was spoken by Barrère in the Convention. He there called the English "cette nation *boutiquière*."

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Well, now empty out your sack of words, and never mind which comes first.

WALTER LANDOR.

Probably there are several of them which we have noticed before. Here are a few things which I have markt with my pencil from time to time; others are obliterated, others lost.

There is a very good reason why *ravel* and *travel* should be spelt with a single *l*, pronunciation requires it; equally does pronunciation require a double l in befell, expell, compell, rebell.

We often find *kneeled* instead of *knelt*, yet I do not remember *feeled* for *felt*. Shaftesbury, and the best writers of his age and later, wrote *cou'd*, *shou'd*, *wou'd*: we do not, although in speaking we never insert the *l*. Hurd writes, "*Under* the *circumstances*." Circumstances are *about* us, not *above* us.

"Master of the situation," is the only expression we have borrowed lately of the Spanish, and it is not worth having.

I have observed *rent* as preterite of *rend*: improper: as *ment* would be of *mend*.

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All too well, &c., the word *all* used needlessly. *All* the greater, &c. These expressions are among the many which have latterly been swept out of the servants' hall, who often say (no doubt), "I am all the better for my dinner."

Daresay is now written as one word.

Egotist should be *egoist:* to *doze* should not be written *dose*, as it often is.

I once was present when a scholar used the words *vexed question*: he was not laughed at, altho he was thought a pedant for it; many would willingly be thought pedants who never can be; but they can more cheaply be thought affected, as they would be if they assumed this latinism. In our english sense, many a question vexes, none is vext. The sea is *vexatum* when it is tost hither and thither, to and fro; but a question, however unsettled, has never been so called in good english.

"*Sought* his bedchamber;" improper, because he knew where it was. To *seek* is to go after what may or may not be found. *Firstly* is no English. To *gather* a rose is improper. To gather *two* roses would be proper. Better to *cull*, which may be said of choosing one out of several; *cull* is from the italian *cogliere*, originally in latin *colligare*. But to us in our vernacular, the root is invisible: not so to *gather*, of which we are reminded by "*together*."

There is a bull of the largest Irish breed in nearly the most beautiful of Wordsworth's poems.

> "I lived upon what casual bounty yields,
> Now coldly given, *now utterly refused.*"

The Irish need not cry out for their potatoes, if they can live upon what they can not get.

> "The child is father of the man,"

says Wordsworth, well and truly. The verse animadverted on must have been written before the boy had begotten his parent.

What can be sillier than those verses of his which many have quoted with unsuspicious admiration?

> "A maid whom there was none to praise,
> And very few to love."

He might have written more properly if the rhyme and meter had allowed it,

> "A maid whom there were none to love,
> And very few to praise."

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For surely the few who loved her would praise her. Here he makes love subordinate to praise: there were some who loved her, none (even of these) who praised her. Readers of poetry hear the bells, and seldom mind what they are ringing for. Where there is laxity there is inexactness.

Frequently there are solid knolls in the midst of Wordsworth's morass, but never did I expect to find so much animation, such vigour, such succinctness, as in the paragraph beginning with

"All degrees and shapes of spurious form,"

and ending with

"Left to herself, unheard of and unknown."

Here indeed the waggoner's frock drops off, and shows to our surprise the imperial purple underneath it. Here is the brevity and boldness of Cowper; here is heart and soul; here is the εικων βασιλικη of Poetry.

I believe there are few, if any, who enjoy more heartily than I do, the best poetry of my contemporaries, or who have commended them both in private and in public with less parsimony and reserve. Several of them, as you know, are personally my friends, altho we seldom meet. Perhaps in some I may desiderate the pure ideal of what is simply great. If we must not always look up at Theseus and the Amazons, we may however catch more frequent glimpses of the Graces, with their zones on, and their zones only. Amplification and diffuseness are the principal faults of those who are now standing the most prominent. Dilution does not always make a thing the clearer; it may even cause turbidity.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Stifness is as bad as laxness. Pindar and Horace, Milton and Shakspeare, never caught the cramp in their mountain-streams: their movements are as easy as they are vigorous.

WALTER LANDOR.

The strongest are the least subject to stifness. Diffuseness is often the weakness of vanity. The vain poet is of opinion that nothing of his can be too much: he sends to you basketful after basketful of juiceless fruit covered with scentless flowers.

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ARCHDEACON HARE.

Many an unlucky one is like the big and bouncing foot-ball, which is blown up in its cover by unseemly puffing, and serves only for the game of the day. I am half-inclined to take you to task, my dear friend, feeling confident and certain that I should do it without offence.

WALTER LANDOR.

Without offence, but not without instruction. Here I am ready at the desk, with both hands down.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

To be serious. Are you quite satisfied that you never have sought a pleasure in detecting and exposing the faults of authors, even good ones?

WALTER LANDOR.

I have here and there sought that pleasure, and found it. To discover a truth and to separate it from a falsehood, is surely an occupation worthy of the best intellect, and not at all unworthy of the best heart. Consider how few of our countrymen have done it, or attempted it, on works of criticism: how few of them have analyzed and compared. Without these two processes there can be no sound judgement on any production of genius. We are accustomed to see the beadel limp up into the judge's chair; to hear him begin with mock gravity, and to find him soon dropping it for his natural banter. He condemns with the black cap on, but we discover through its many holes and dissutures the uncombed wig. Southey is the first and almost the only one of our critics who moves between his intellect and his conscience, close to each.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

How much better would it be if our reviewers and magazine-men would analyze, in this manner, to the extent of their abilities, and would weigh evidence before they pass sentence. But they appear to think that unless they hazard much they can win little; while in fact they hazard and lose a great deal more than there is any possibility of their recovering. One rash decision ruins the judge's credit, which twenty correcter never can restore. Animosity, or perhaps something more ignoble, usually stimulates rampant inferiority against high desert.

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I have never found you disconcerted by any injustice toward yourself; not even by the assailants of this our Reformation.

WALTER LANDOR.

If we know a minor, whose guardians and trustees have been robbing him of his patrimony, or misapplying it, or wearing out the land by bad tillage, would we not attempt to recover for him whatever we could; and especially if we were intimate with the family, if we had enjoyed the shade of its venerable woods, the refreshing breezes from its winding streams, and had in our early days taken our walks among them for study, and in our stil earlier gone into the depths of its forests for our recreation?

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Next in criminality to him who violates the laws of his country, is he who violates the language. In this he is a true patriot, and somewhat beside,

"Qui consulta patrum qui leges juraque servat."

Byron is among the defaulters. On Napoleon he says "Like *he* of Babylon." "The *annal* of Gibbon." "I have *eat*," &c. There is a passage in Tacitus on a vain poet, Luterius, remarkably applicable to our lately fashionable one. "Studia illa, ut plena vecordiæ, ita inania et fluxa sunt: nec quidquam grave ac serium ex eo metuas qui, suorum ipse flagitiorum proditor, non virorum animis sed muliercularum adrepit."

WALTER LANDOR.

It suits him perfectly. I would however pardon him some false grammar and some false sentiment, for his vigorous application of the scourge to the two monsters of dissimilar configuration who degraded and disgraced, at the same period, the two most illustrious nations in the world. The Ode against Napoleon is full of animation: against the other there is less of it; for animation is incompatible with nausea. Byron had good action, but he tired by fretting, and tossing his head, and rearing.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Let reflections for a moment give way to recollections. In the morning we were interrupted in some observations on the aspirate.

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WALTER LANDOR.

Either I said, or was about to say, that the aspirate, wherever it is written, should be pronounced. If we say "*a* house," why not say "*a* hour?" if "*a* horse," why not "*a* honour?" Nobody says "*an* heavy load," "*an* heavenly joy," "*an* holy man," "*an* hermit," "*an* high place," "*an* huge monster," "*an* holly-bough," "*an* happy day." Let the minority yield here to the majority. Our capriciousness in admitting or rejecting the service of the aspirate was contracted from the French. The Italians, not wanting it, sent it off, and called it back merely for a mark discriminatory, for instance in the verb *Ho, hai, ha.*

ARCHDEACON HARE.

You have been accused of *phonetic* spelling.

WALTER LANDOR.

Inconsiderately, and with even less foundation than falsehood has usually under it. Nothing seems to me more grossly absurd, or more injurious to an ancient family, the stem of our words and thoughts. Such a scheme, about fourscore years ago, was propounded by Elphinstone: it has lately been reproduced, only to wither and die down again.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

I always knew, and from yourself, that you are a "good hater" of innovation, and that your efforts were made strenuously on the opposite side, attempting to recover in our blurred palimpsests what was written there of old. We have dropt a great deal of what is good, as you just now have shown, and we have taken into our employment servants without a character, or with a worthless one. We adorn our new curtains with faded fringe, and embellish stout buckskin with point-lace.

WALTER LANDOR.

After this conversation, if it ever should reach the public ear, I may be taken up for a brawl in the street, more serious than an attack on the new grammar-school.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

What can you mean? Taken up? For a brawl?

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WALTER LANDOR.

Little are you aware that I have lately been accused of a graver offence, and one committed in the dark.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

And in the dark you leave me. Pray explain.

WALTER LANDOR.

I am indited for perpetrating an *Epic*.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Indeed! I am glad to hear the announcement. And when does the cause come into court? And who is the accuser? And what are his grounds?

WALTER LANDOR.

Longer ago by some years than half a century, I wrote *Gebir*. The cause and circumstances I have detailed elsewhere.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Is this the epic?

WALTER LANDOR.

It appears so.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Already you look triumphant from that ancient car.

WALTER LANDOR.

No truly; I am too idle for a triumph: and the enemy's forces were so small that none could legitimately be decreed.

"Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor
Qui face barbaricos calamoque sequare colonos."

"Surely shall some one come, alert and kind,
With torch and quill to guide the blundering hind."

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Glowns and boys and other idlers, if they see a head above a garden-wall, are apt to throw a pebble at it, which mischief they abstain from doing when the head is on their level and near.

WALTER LANDOR.

Nobody reads this poem, I am told; and nothing more likely.

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ARCHDEACON HARE.

Be that as it may. The most disappointed of its readers would be the reader who expected to find an epic in it. To the *epic* not only its certain spirit, but its certain form, is requisite; and not only in the main body, but likewise in the minute articulations. I do not call *epic* that which is in lyric meter, nor indeed in any species of rhyme. The cap and bells should never surmount the helmet and breastplate; Ariosto and Tasso are lyrical romancers. Your poem, which Southey tells us he took for a model, is in blank verse.

WALTER LANDOR.

Southey, whom I never had known or corresponded with, hailed it loudly in the *Critical Review*, on its first appearance. He recommended it to Charles Wynne, Charles Wynne to the Hebers; they to your uncle Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph's. Southey's splendid criticism, whatever may be the defects and deficiencies of the poem, must have attracted at the time some other readers; yet I believe (tho I never heard or inquired) that they were not numerous. Frere, Canning, and Bobus Smith were among them. Enough for me.

Within these few months, a wholesale dealer in the brittle crockery of market criticism has pickt up some shards of it, and stuck them in his shelves. Among them is my *Sea-shell*, which Wordsworth clapt into his pouch. There it became incrusted with a compost of mucus and shingle; there it lost its "pearly hue within," and its memory of where it had abided.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

But Wordsworth had the industry and skill to turn everything to some account.

WALTER LANDOR.

Perfectly true. And he is indebted to me for more than the value of twenty *Shells*: he is indebted to me for praise, if not more profuse, yet surely more discriminating, than of those critics who were collected at wakes and hired by Party. Such hospital-nurses kill some children by starving, and others by pampering with unwholesome food.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

I have often heard you express your admiration of Wordsworth; and I never heard you complain, or notice, that he owed any thing to you.

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WALTER LANDOR.

Truly he owes me little. My shell may be among the prettiest on his mantelpiece, but a trifle it is at best. I often wish, in his longest poem, he had obtained an Inclosure-act, and subdivided it. What a number of delightful Idyls it would have afforded! It is pity that a vapour of metaphysics should overhang and chill any portion of so beautiful a plain; of which, however, the turf would be finer and the glebe solider for a moderate expenditure in draining and top-dressing.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Your predilections led you to rank Southey higher.

WALTER LANDOR.

Wordsworth has not written three poems so excellent as *Thalaba*, the *Curse of Kehama*, and *Roderic*; nor indeed any poem exhibiting so great a variety of powers. Southey had abundance of wit and humour, of which Wordsworth, like greater men, such for instance as Göthe and Milton, was destitute. The present age will easily pardon me for placing here the German and the Englishman together: the future, I sadly fear, would, without some apology, be inexorable. If Wordsworth wants the diversity and invention of Southey, no less than the humour, he wants also the same geniality belonging in the same degree to Cowper, with terseness and succinctness.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

You have often extolled, and in the presence of many, the beauty of his rural scenes and the truth of his rural characters.

WALTER LANDOR.

And never will I forego an opportunity. In the delineation of such scenes and characters, far, infinitely far beneath him are Virgil and Theocritus. Yet surely it is an act of grievous cruelty, however unintentional, in those who thrust him into the same rank and file with Milton. He wants muscle, breadth of shoulder, and highth.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Sometimes he may be prosaic.

WALTER LANDOR.

He slithers on the soft mud, and can not stop himself until

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he comes down. In his poetry there is as much of prose as there is of poetry in the prose of Milton. But prose on certain occasions can bear a great deal of poetry: on the other hand, poetry sinks and swoons under a moderate weight of prose; and neither fan nor burnt feather can bring her to herself again.

It is becoming and decorous that due honours be paid to Wordsworth; undue have injured him. Discriminating praise mingled with calm censure is more beneficial than lavish praise without it. Respect him; reverence him; abstain from worshiping him. Remember, no ashes are lighter than those of incence, and few things burn out sooner.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

It appears that you yourself, of late, have not suffered materially by the wafting of the thurible.

WALTER LANDOR.

Faith! I had quite forgotten what we were speaking about last. It was about myself, I suspect, and the worthy at Edinburgh who *reviews* me. According to him, it appears that only two had read *Gebir*, namely, Southey and Mr. De Quincey. I have mentioned a few others; I might have added Coleridge, to whom Southey lent it, and who praised it even more enthusiastically, until he once found Southey reciting a part of it in company: after which, I am told, he never mentioned it, or slightly. In the year of its publication Carey, translator of Dante, had praised it. His opinion of it I keep to myself, as one among the few which I value. This was long before Mr. De Quincey knew Southey. It is marvelous that a man of so retentive a memory, as Southey, should have forgotten a thing to which he himself had given its importance: it is less so that Mr. De Quincey imagined it, under the influence of that narcotic the effects of which he so ingenuously and so well described, before he exhibited this illustration.

He had another *imaginary conversation* with Southey, in which they agree that *Gebir* very much resembled the *Argonautics* of Valerius Flaccus. Hearing of this, about a twelvemonth ago, I attempted to read that poem, but was unsuccessful. Long before, and when my will was stronger, I foundered in the midst of Statius. Happily in my school-days, I had mastered Lucan and Juvenal.

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ARCHDEACON HARE.

They are grandly declamatory: but declamation overlays and strangles poetry, and disfigures even satire.

WALTER LANDOR.

Reserving the two mentioned, and Martial, I doubt whether the most speculative magazine-man would hazard five pounds for the same quantity of *english* poetry (rightly called *letter-press*) as all the other post-Ovidian poets have left behind. After the banishment of Ovid hardly a breath of pure poetry breathed over the *Campagna di Roma*. Declamation was spouted in floodgate verse: Juvenal and Lucan are high in that school, in which, at the close of the poetical day, was heard the street cow-horn of Statius.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Even for the company of such as these, I think I would have left the Reeker in *Auld Reekie*. Flies are only the more troublesome and importunate for being driven off, and they will keep up with your horse, however hard you ride, without any speed or potency of their own.

WALTER LANDOR.

True: but people who sell unsound wares, and use false scales and measures, ought to be pointed out and put down, altho we ourselves may be rich enough to lose an ounce or two by their filching.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

No one ever falls among a crowd of literary men without repenting of it sooner or later. You may encounter a single hound outside the kennel, but there is danger if you enter in among them, even with a kind intention and a bland countenance.

WALTER LANDOR.

It must be a dog in the distemper that raises up his spine at me. I have spoken favorably of many an author, undeservedly of none: therfor both at home and abroad I have received honorary visits from my countrymen and from foreners.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Possibly there may be some of them incontinent of the acrimonious humour pricking them in the paroxism of wit. I

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know not whether there be any indication of it in the soil under your shovel. Grains of wit, however, may sometimes be found in petulance, as grains of gold in quartz; but petulance is not wit, nor quartz gold.

Are you aware how much thought you have here been throwing away?

WALTER LANDOR.

My dear friend! thought is never thrown away: wherever it falls, or runs, or rests, it fertilizes. I speak not of that thought which has evil in it, or which tends to evil, but of that which is the exercise of intellect on the elevated and healthy training-ground of truth. We descend; and as we descend, we may strike off the head of a thistle, or blow away the wandering seed of a dandelion which comes against the face, but, in a moment forgetting them totally, we carry home with us freshness and strength.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

I have never known you, at any former time, take much trouble about your literary concerns.

WALTER LANDOR.

Never have I descended to repell an attack, and never will; but I must defend the understanding and consistency of a wiser and better man in Southey. Never have I feared that a little and loose petard would burst or unhinge the gates of my fortress, or that a light culverine at a vast distance below would dismantle or reach the battlements.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

It is dangerous to break into a park where the paling is high, for it may be difficult to find the way out again, or to escape the penalty of transgression. You never before spoke a syllable about your *Shell*.

WALTER LANDOR.

The swallow builds her nest under a Doric architrave, but does not build it of the same materials.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

It is amusing to observe the off-hand facility and intrepid assurance with which small writers attack the greater, as small

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birds do, pursuing them the more vociferously the higher the flight. Milton stoopt and struck down two or three of these obstreperous chatterers, of which the feathers he scattered are all that remains; and these are curiosities.

It is moroseness to scowl at the levity of impudence; it is affability, not without wisdom, to be amused by it. Graver men, critics of note, have seen very indistinctly, where the sun has been too bright for them. Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, who was often so grave that ordinary people took him for judicious, thought wit the better part of Shakespeare, and in which alone he was superior to his contemporaries. Another finds him sadly deficient in his female characters. Johnson's ear was insensible to Milton's diapason; and in his Life of Somervile he says,

"If blank verse be not tumid and gorgeous, it is crippled prose."

WALTER LANDOR.

Johnson had somewhat of the medlar in his nature; one side hard and austere, the other side unsound. We call him *affected* for his turgidity: this was not affected; it was the most natural part of him. He hated both affectation and tameness.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Two things intolerable, whether in prose or poetry. Wordsworth is guiltless at least of affectation.

WALTER LANDOR.

True; but he often is as tame as an abbess's cat, which in kittenhood has undergone the same operation as the Holy Father's choristers.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Sometimes indeed he might be more succinct. A belt is good for the breath, and without it we fail in the long run. And yet a man will always be more lookt at whose dress flutters in the air than he whose dress sits tight upon him: but he will soon be left on the roadside. Wherever there is a word beyond what is requisite to express the meaning, that word must be peculiarly beautiful in itself or strikingly harmonious; either of which qualities may be of some service in fixing the attention and enforcing the sentiment. But the proper word in the proper place seldom leaves anything to be

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desiderated on the score of harmony. The beauty of health and strength is more attractive and impressive than any beauty conferred by ornament. I know the delight you feel, not only in Milton's immortal verse, but (altho less) in Wordsworth's.

WALTER LANDOR.

A Mozart to a Handel! But who is not charmed by the melody of Mozart? Critics have their favorites; and, like the same rank of people at elections, they chair one candidate and pelt another.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

A smaller object may be so placed before a greater as to intercept the view of it in its just proportions. This is the favorite manœuvre in the Review-field. Fierce malignity is growing out of date. Nothing but fairness is spoken of; regret at the exposure of faults, real or imaginary, has taken place of derision, sarcasm, and arrogant condemnation. Nothing was wanting to Byron's consistency when he had exprest his contempt of Shakspeare.

WALTER LANDOR.

Giffords, who sniffed at the unsavory skirts of Juvenal, and took delight in paddling among the bubbles of azote, no longer ply the trade of critics to the same advantage. Generosity, in truth or semblance, is expected and required. Chattertons may die in poverty and despair; but Keatses are exposed no longer to a lingering death under that poison which paralyzes the heart, contempt.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

In youth the appetite for fame is strongest. It is cruel and inhuman to withold the sustenance which is necessary to the growth, if not the existence, of genius; sympathy, encouragement, commendation. Praise is not fame; but the praise of the intelligent is its precursor. *Vaticide* is no crime in the statute-book; but a crime, and a heavy crime, it is: and the rescue of a poet from a murderous enemy, altho there is no oaken crown decreed for it, is among the higher virtues.

WALTER LANDOR.

Many will pass by; many will take the other side; many will cherish the less deserving; but some one, considerate and

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compassionate, will raise up the neglected: and, where a strong hand does it, several less strong will presently be ready to help. Alas! not always. There is nothing in the ruins of Rome which throws so chilling a shadow over the heart as the monument of Keats.

Our field of poetry at the present time is both wider and better cultivated than it has ever been. But if the tyrant of old who walked into the growing corn, to inculcate a lesson of *order* by striking off the heads of the higher poppies, were to enter ours, he would lay aside his stick, so nearly on a level is the crop. Every year there is more good poetry written now, in this our country, than was written between the *Metamorphoses* and the *Divina Commedia*. We walk no longer in the cast-off clothes of the ancients, often ill sewn at first, and now ill fitting. We have pulpier flesh, stouter limbs, we take longer walks, explore wider fields, and surmount more craggy and more lofty eminences. From these let us take a leisurely look at Fancy and Imagination. Your friend Wordsworth was induced to divide his minor Poems under the separate heads of these two; probably at the suggestion of Coleridge, who persuaded him, as he himself told me, to adopt the name of *Lyrical Ballads*. He was sorry, he said, that he took the advice. And well he might be; for *lyre* and *ballad* belong not to the same age or the same people. It would have puzzled Coleridge to have drawn a strait boundary-line between the domains of Fancy and those of Imagination, on a careful survey of these pieces; or perhaps to have given a satisfactory definition of their qualities.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Do you believe you yourself can?

WALTER LANDOR.

I doubt it. The face is not the same, but the resemblance is sisterly; and, even by the oldest friends and intimates of the family, one is often taken for the other, so nearly are they alike. Fancy is Imagination in her youth and adolescence. Fancy is always excursive; Imagination, not seldom, is sedate. It is the business of Imagination, in her maturity, to create and animate such Beings as are worthy of her plastic hand; certainly not by invisible wires to put marionettes in motion, nor to pin butterflies on blotting-paper. Vigorous thought,

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elevated sentiment, just expression, developement of character, power to bring man out from the secret haunts of his soul and to place him in strong outline against the sky, belong to Imagination. Fancy is thought to dwell among the Faeries and their congeners; and they frequently lead the weak and ductile poet far astray. He is fond of playing at *little-go* among them; and, when he grows bolder, he acts among the Witches and other such creatures; but his hankering after the Faeries stil continues. Their tiny rings, in which the intelligent see only the growth of fungusses, are no arena for action and passion. It was not in these circles that Homer and Æschylus and Dante strove.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

But Shakspeare sometimes entered them, who, with infinitely greater power, moulded his composite and consistent Man, breathing into him an immortality never to be forfeited.

WALTER LANDOR.

Shakspeare's full strength and activity were exerted on Macbeth and Othello: he trifled with Ariel and Titania; he played with Caliban: but no other would have thought of playing with him, any more than of playing with Cerberus. Shakspeare and Milton and Chaucer have more imagination than any of those to whom the quality is peculiarly attributed. It is not inconsistent with vigour and gravity. There may be a large and effuse light without

"the motes that people the sunbeams."

Imagination follows the steps of Homer throughout the Troad, from the ships on the strand to Priam and Helen on the city-wall: Imagination played with the baby Astyanax at the departure of Hector from Andromache, and was present at the noblest scene of the Iliad, where, to repeat a verse of Cowper's on Achilles, more beautiful than Homer's own,

"his hand he placed
On the old man's hand, *and pusht it gently away.*"

No less potently does Imagination urge Æschylus on, from the range of beacons to the bath of Agamemnon; nor expand less potently the vulture's wing over the lacerated bosom on the rocks of Caucasus. With the earliest flowers of the freshly created earth Imagination strewed the nuptial couch of Eve.

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Not Ariel, nor Caliban, nor Witches who ruled the elements, but Eve, and Satan, and Prometheus, are the most wonderous and the most glorious of her works. Imagination takes the weaker hand of Virgil out of Dante's who grasps it, and guides the Florentine exile thro the triple world.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Whatever be your enthusiasm for the great old masters, you must often feel, if less of so strong an impulse, yet a cordial self-congratulation in having bestowed so many eulogies on poetical contemporaries, and on others whose genius is apart from poetry.

WALTER LANDOR.

Indeed I do. Every meed of Justice is delivered out of her own full scale. The poets, and others who may rank with them, indeed all the great men, have borne toward me somewhat more than civility. The few rudenesses I have ever heard of, are from such as neither I nor you ever meet in society, and such as warm their fingers and stomachs round less ornamental hearths.

When they to whom we have been unknown, or indifferent, begin to speak a little well of us, we are sure to find some honest old friend ready to trim the balance. I have had occasion to smile at this.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

We sometimes stumble upon sly invidiousness and smouldering malignity, quite unexpectedly, and in places which we should have believed were above the influence of such malaria. When Prosperity pays to Wisdom her visit in state, would we not, rather than halloo the yard-dog against her, clear the way for her, and adorn the door with garlands? How fond are people in general of clinging to a great man's foibles! they can climb no higher. It is not the solid, it is the carious, that grubs feed upon.

WALTER LANDOR.

The practice of barring out the master is stil continued in the world's great schoolroom. Our sturdy boys do not fear a flogging; they fear only a book or a lecture.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Authors are like cattle going to a fair; those of the same field can never move on without butting one another.

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WALTER LANDOR.

It has been my fortune and felicity, from my earliest days, to have avoided all competitions. My tutor at Oxford could never persuade me to write a piece of latin poetry for the Prize, earnest as he was that his pupil should be a winner at the forth-coming *Encœnia*. Poetry was always my amusement, prose my study and business. I have publisht five volumes of *Imaginary Conversations:* cut the worst of them thro the middle, and there will remain in this decimal fraction quite enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the diningroom will be well lighted, the guests few and select.

In this age of discovery it may haply be discovered, who first among our Cisalpine nations led Greek to converse like Greek, Roman like Roman, in poetry or prose. Gentlemen of fashion have patronized them occasionally, have taken them under the arm, have recommended their own tailor, their own perfumer, and have lighted a cigar for them from their own at the door of the *Traveler's* or *Athenæum:* there they parted.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Before we go into the house again, let me revert to what you seem to have forgotten, the hasty and inaccurate remarks on *Gebir*.

WALTER LANDOR.

It is hardly worth our while. Evidently they were written by a very young person, who with a little encouragement, and induced to place his confidence in somewhat safer investment than himself, may presently do better things.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Southey too, I remember, calls the poem in some parts obscure.

WALTER LANDOR.

It must be, if Southey found it so. I never thought of asking him where lies the obscurity: I would have attempted to correct whatever he disapproved.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

He himself, the clearest of writers, professes that he imitated your versification: and the style of his *Colloquies* is in some degree modified by yours.

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WALTER LANDOR.

Little cause had he for preferring any other to his own.

Perhaps the *indictum ore alio* is my obscurity. Göthe is acknowledged by his highest admirers to be obscure in several places; which he thinks a poet may and should be occasionally. I differ from him, and would avoid it everywhere: he could see in the dark. This great poet carries it with him so far as into *Epigram*. I now regret that I profited so little by the calm acuteness of Southey. In what poet of the last nineteen centuries, who has written so much, is there less intermixture of prose, or less contamination of conceit? in what critic, who has criticized so many, less of severity or assumption?

I would never fly for shelter under the strongest wing; but you know that commentators, age after age, have found obscurities in Pindar, in Dante, and in Shakspeare.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

And it is not in every place the effect of time. You have been accused, I hear, either by this writer or some such another, of *turgidity*.

WALTER LANDOR.

Certainly by this: do not imagine there is anywhere such another.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Without a compliment, no poet of ours is less turgid. Guests may dispense with potage and puff-paste, with radishes and water-cresses, with salad and cream-cheese, who "implentur veteris bacchi pinguisque ferinæ."

WALTER LANDOR.

Encouraged by your commendation, let me read to you (for I think I placed it this evening in my pocket) what was transcribed for me as a curiosity out of the same *Article*. Yes; here it is.

"His great defect is a certain crudeness of the judgment, implied in the selection of the subject matter, and a further want of skill and perspicuity in the treatment. Except in a few passages, it has none of those peculiar graces of style and sentiment which render the writings of our more prominent modern authors so generally delightful."

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ARCHDEACON HARE.

Opinion on most matters, but chiefly on literary, and above all on poetical, seems to me like an empty eggshell in a duck-pond, turned on its stagnant water by the slightest breath of air; at one moment the crackt side nearer to sight, at another the sounder, but the emptiness at all times visible.

Is your detractor a brother poet?

WALTER LANDOR.

An incipient one he may be. Poets in that stage of existence, subject to sad maladies, kick hard for life and scratch the nurse's face. Like some trees, fir trees for instance, they must attain a certain highth and girth before they are serviceable or sightly.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

The weakest wines fall soonest into the acetous fermentation; the more generous retain their sweetness with their strength. Somewhat of this diversity is observable in smaller wits and greater, more especially in the warm climate where poetry is the cultivation.

WALTER LANDOR.

The ancients often hung their trophies on obtruncated and rotten trees: we may do the like at present, leaving our enemies for sepulture.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Envy of pre-eminence is universal and everlasting. Little men, whenever they find an opportunity, follow the steps of greater in this dark declivity. The apple of Discord was full-grown soon after the Creation. It fell between the two first brothers in the garden of Eden: it fell between two later on the plain of Thebes. Narrow was the interval, when again it gleamed portentously on the short grass of Ida. It rolled into the palace of Pella, dividing Philip and "Philip's godlike son:" it followed that insatiable youth to the extremities of his conquests, and even to his sepulcher; then it broke the invincible phalanx and scattered the captains wide apart. It lay in the gates of Carthage, so that they could not close against the enemy: it lay between the generous and agnate families of Scipio and Gracchus. Marius and Sulla, Julius and Pompeius, Octavius and Antonius, were not the last who experienced its fatal malignity. King imprisoned king, emperor

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stabbed emperor, pope poisoned pope, contending for God's vicegerency. The rollcall of their names, with a cross against each, is rotting in the lumber-room of History. Do not wonder then if one of the rabble runs after you from the hustings, and, committing no worse mischief, snatches at the colours in your hatband.

WALTER LANDOR.

Others have snatcht more. My quarry lies upon a high common a good way from the public road, and everybody takes out of it what he pleases "with privy paw, and nothing said" beyond "*a curse on the old fellow! how hard his granite is, one can never make it fit.*" This is all I get of quitrent or acknowledgment. I know of a poacher who noosed a rabbit on my warren, and I am told he made such a fricassee of it that there was no taste of rabbit or sauce. I never had him taken up: he is at large, drest in new clothes, and worth money.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Your manors are extensive, comprehending

"Prata, arva, ingentes sylvas, saltusque paludesque
Usque ad oceanum."

WALTER LANDOR.

I never drive the poor away if they come after dry sticks only, but they must not with impunity lop or burn my plantations.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

I regret that your correspondent was sickened or tired of transcribing.

WALTER LANDOR.

Here is another slip from the same crabtree. It is objected that most of my poems are occasional.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

In number they may be, but in quantity of material I doubt whether they constitute a seventh. We will look presently, and we shall find perhaps that the gentleman is unlucky at his game of hazard.

WALTER LANDOR.

Certainly his play is not deep. We who are sober dare not

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sit down at a table where a character may be lost at a cast: they alone are so courageous who have nothing to be seized on.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

The gentleman sweeps the cloth with little caution and less calculation. Of your poems the smaller alone are occasional: now not only are the smaller, but the best, of Catullus and Horace, and all of Pindar. Were not the speeches of Lysias, Æschines, Demosthenes, occasional? Draw nearer home. What but occasional were the *Letters of Junius?* Materiem superabat opus.

WALTER LANDOR.

True. The ministers and their king are now mould and worms; they were little better when above-ground; but the bag-wig and point-lace of *Junius* are suspended aloft upon a golden peg for curiosity and admiration.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Regarding the occasional in poetry; is there less merit in taking and treating what is before us, than in seeking and wandering through an open field as we would for mushrooms?

WALTER LANDOR.

I stand out a rude rock in the middle of a river, with no exotic or parasitical plant on it, and few others. Eddies and dimples and froth and bubbles pass rapidly by, without shaking me. Here indeed is little room for pic-nic and polka.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

Praise and censure are received by you with nearly the same indifference.

WALTER LANDOR.

Not yours. Praise on poetry, said to be the most exhilarating of all, affects my brain but little. Certainly I never attempted to snatch "the peculiar graces so generally delightful." My rusticity has at least thus much of modesty in it.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

The richest flowers have not most honey-cells.
You seldom find the bee about the rose,
Oftener the beetle eating into it.
The violet less attracts the noisy hum
Than the minute and poisonous bloom of box.

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Poets know this; Nature's invited guests
Draw near and note it down and ponder it;
The idler sees it, sees unheedingly,
Unheedingly the rifler of the hive."

Is your critic wiser, more experienced, and of a more poetical mind than Southey? Utri horum creditis, Quirites?

Vanity and presumption are not always the worst parts of the man they take possession of, altho they are usually the most prominent. Malignity sticks as closely to him, and keeps more cautiously out of sight. Sorry I have often been to see a fellow Christian, one of much intellect and much worth, one charitable to the poor, one attendant on the sick, one compassionate with the sufferer, one who never is excited to anger but by another's wrongs, enjoying a secret pleasure in saying unpleasant things at no call of duty; inflicting wounds which may be long before they heal; and not only to those who are unfriendly or unknown, but likewise to the nearest and the friendliest. Meanwhile those who perhaps are less observant of our ritual, not only abstain from so sinful an indulgence, but appear to be guided in their demeanour by the less imperative and less authoritative dictate of Philosophy. I need not exhort or advise you, who have always done it, to disregard the insignificant and obscure, so distant from you, so incapable of approaching you. Only look before you at this instant; and receive a lesson from Nature, who is able and ready at all times to teach us, and to teach men wiser than we are. Unwholesome exhalations creep over the low marshes of Pevensey, but they ascend not to Beachy-head nor to Hurstmonceaux.

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NICHOLAS AND NESSELRODE.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

NICHOLAS.

It seems, Count Nesselrode, that you have not a word to say.

NESSELRODE.

Your Majesty had not spoken.

NICHOLAS.

Indeed! I thought I had.

NESSELRODE.

Your Majesty seemed preoccupied.

NICHOLAS.

No wonder. These cursed Turks, Medjid at the head of them, affront me. I did believe the young man was effeminate.

NESSELRODE.

The effeminate are sometimes unwieldy, the weak intractable.

NICHOLAS.

I did believe that the concessions he had already surrendered to me in favour of my protectorate, or rather my headship of the Greek Church, would have alienated from him all devout Mahometans. Instead of which, tolerant and generous as they always are wherever the Government is concerned, the miscreants applaud him for his exercise of these virtues, and are rabid against me for demanding more and greater concessions.

NESSELRODE.

Certainly they are roused, and even exasperated.

NICHOLAS.

That would be nothing; I might indeed have desired it; but the voice of Europe is encouraging them in their obstinacy.

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NESSELRODE.

Too true.

NICHOLAS.

Too true! is that all? Has a minister of state, a prime minister, to say nothing but *too true?*

NESSELRODE.

May it please your Majesty, it seldom has happened that Ministers have been censured for the objectionable *too true.*

NICHOLAS.

I do believe thou hast by nature a grain or two of wit in the vortexes of thy brain. The smallest of these quantities is enough to undo a politician. Speak seriously; for matters and times are serious.

NESSELRODE.

Sire! it is in such matters and times that a single thought of less gravity than the rest is a godsend.

NICHOLAS.

Worse and worse! First a witticism, now a reflection! Nesselrode! I can well believe that you are growing old, but not in a court.

What is to be done?

No, I do not ask you what is to be done, but how to do it. I am resolved to execute my design, to continue my operations. Consistency and firmness have always been among my attributes; never must I lose them in the eyes of my people and of the world.

NESSELRODE.

It would indeed be disgraceful, and, what is worse than disgraceful, it would be difficult and detrimental to retract.

NICHOLAS.

If France had been silent and quiet about the *Holy Places,* I might have been too.

NESSELRODE.

Louis Napoleon wanted to conciliate the pope, and to bring him for his coronation to Paris round by Jerusalem. Louis Napoleon is long-sighted, and never puts out an arm without

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an object which he is certain he can seize. If the pope refuses him now, he will bring His Holiness by the ear into Nôtre-Dame.

NICHOLAS.

I admire the man's resolute character, and only wish I may never have to deal with it. I ought to have entertained a suspicion that he would, directly or indirectly, thwart me in my steps against the Ottoman empire.

NESSELRODE.

Sire! It might have been seen easily and clearly. I was not encouraged by your Majesty to deliver my opinion at full length upon this subject; military men, and nobles of ancient family, your Majesty deigned to assure me, had set their hearts upon it.

NICHOLAS.

Scarcely was there a courtier who had not fixt upon the site of palace and villa and garden round Constantinople.

NESSELRODE.

This I knew; but I likewise knew that those hearts, whether light ones or heavy ones, must be cast down from the pleasant places they were set upon, and that the Turks will continue to lie along them at full length, or with legs crost under them, for some time yet.

NICHOLAS.

This is vexatious to think of. It may not be. Rather would I hazard a war with half Europe.

NESSELRODE.

Perhaps your Majesty might encounter more than half Europe in this enterprize.

NICHOLAS.

Impossible. Austria is under my thumb.

NESSELRODE.

Under the soft part of it, may it please your Majesty. Austria is greatly more interested to prevent the absorption or the partition of Turkey than any other Power is. The Danube

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rolls indolently now along her dominions; it might swell into formidable activity against her under the steam and the fortresses of your Majesty.

NICHOLAS.

France has always turned her eyes toward the East: England will counteract her interference.

NESSELRODE.

England has even a greater interest in maintaining the Ottoman empire than France has. England will never be so insane as to take an active part in hostilities on this question: but the Catholic Powers and the conterminary Powers will unite, if necessary, in active opposition to your Majesty's progress.

NICHOLAS.

Has France forgotten that we once spared her? Has Austria that we lately saved her?

NESSELRODE.

No, sire, and neither of them ever will forget or forgive it.

NICHOLAS.

I am not the man to eat my words; and my threats are the least indigestible of any.

NESSELRODE.

We may so masticate our words, and remove so much, by a dexterous use of the fingers, of what is gristle or husk, that the operation is far from difficult or unpleasant.

NICHOLAS.

France and England can never act together.

NESSELRODE.

They did at Navarino.

NICHOLAS.

It was but for the day. You are grown over-cautious and somewhat timid; I would not willingly say conscientious; I would not hint at incapacity in a minister who has served me so long and faithfully. You seem almost to apprehend a coalition against me.

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NESSELRODE.

God forbid! Luckily for us, there is only one vigorous mind among the arbiters of human affairs.

NICHOLAS.

Nesselrode! Nesselrode! no flattery! What makes you start?

NESSELRODE.

Sire, my incomplete meaning was, that at present there is only one vigorous mind among all the Powers of Europe which could inspire the fear of our humiliation. Certainly, too certainly, the time is advancing when the chief continental Powers will unite in that confederacy. Already there is not a single one of them which does not see distinctly that Russia is too formidable for Europe: Persia has long seen it. While the kings of Christendom bring Greek and Latin close together, Persia and Turkey will unite their sects in one common cause, chaunting "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

NICHOLAS.

You shall never be mine. You are capable of managing the weak ministers of Potentates round about me, but not me. Constantinople is already in flames before me.

NESSELRODE.

The Greeks deprecate the degradation of their Church in its transfer to Moscow or Petersburg; and the Muscovite nobility, in the city of their ancestors, are happier round the *Kremlin* than they ever will be round the *Seven Towers*.

Those fires of Constantinople will crack and split your empire.

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ARCHBISHOP OF FLORENCE AND FRANCESCO MADIAI.

ARCHBISHOP.

It grieves my heart, O unfortunate man! to find you reduced to this condition.

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

Pity it is, my lord, that so generous a heart should be grieved by anything.

ARCHBISHOP.

Spoken like a Christian! There are then some remains of faith and charity left within you?

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

Of faith, my lord, there are only the roots, such as have often penetrated ere now the prison-floor. Charity too is among those plants which, altho they thrive best under the genial warmth of heaven, do not wither and weaken and die down deprived of air and sunshine. I might never have thought seriously of praying for my enemies, had it not been the will of a merciful and all-wise God to cast me into the midst of them.

ARCHBISHOP.

From these, whom you rashly call enemies, you possess the power of delivering yourself. Confess your crime.

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

I know the accusation, not the crime.

ARCHBISHOP.

Disobedience to the doctrines of the Church.

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

I am so ignorant, my lord, as never to have known a tenth or twentieth part of its doctrines. But by God's grace I know and understand the few and simple ones which His blessed Son taught us.

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ARCHBISHOP.

Ignorant as you acknowledge yourself to be, do you presume that you are able to interpret them?

FRANCESCO MADIAL.

No, my lord. He has done that Himself, and intelligibly to all mankind.

ARCHBISHOP.

By whose authority did you read and expound the Bible?

FRANCESCO MADIAL.

By His.

ARCHBISHOP.

By His? To Thee?

FRANCESCO MADIAL.

What He commanded the Apostles to do, and what they did, surely is no impiety.

ARCHBISHOP.

It may be.

FRANCESCO MADIAL.

Our Lord commanded his Apostles to go forth and preach the Gospel to all nations.

ARCHBISHOP.

Are you an Apostle, vain foolish man?

FRANCESCO MADIAL.

Alas! my lord! how far, how very far, from the least of them! But surely I may follow where they lead; and I am more likely to follow them in the right road if I listen to no directions from others far behind.

ARCHBISHOP.

Go on, go on, self-willed creature! doomed to perdition.

FRANCESCO MADIAL.

I have ventured to repeat the ordinances of Christ and the Apostles; no more; I have nothing to add, nothing to interpret.

ARCHBISHOP.

I shall look into the matter; I doubt whether He ever gave

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them such an ordinance..I mean in such a sense..for I remember a passage which may lead astray the unwary. Anything more?

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

My lord, there is also another.

ARCHBISHOP.

What is that?

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

"Seek truth, and ensue it."

ARCHBISHOP.

There is only one who can tell us, of a surety, what truth is, namely our Holy Father.

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

Yes, my lord, of this I am convinced.

ARCHBISHOP.

Avow it then openly and you are free at once.

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

Openly, most openly, do I, and have I, and ever will I avow it. Permit me, my lord archbishop, to repeat the blessed words which have fallen from your lordship. "*There is only one who can tell us of a certainty what truth is:*" "our Holy Father," our Father which is in Heaven.

ARCHBISHOP.

Scoffer! heretic! infidel! No, I am not angry; not in the least; but I am hurt, wounded, wounded deeply. It becomes not me to hold a longer conference with one so obstinate and obdurate. A lower order in the priesthood has this duty to perform.

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

My lord, you have conferred, I must acknowledge, an unmerited distinction upon one so humble and so abject as I am. Well am I aware that men of a lower order are the most proper men to instruct me. They have taken that trouble, with *me* and thousands more.

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ARCHBISHOP.

Indeed! indeed! so many? His Imperial Highness, well-informed, as we thought, of what passes in every house, from the cellar to the bedchamber, had no intelligence or notion of this. Denounce the culpable, and merit his pardon, his protection, his favour. Do not beat your breast, but clear it. Give me at once the names of these teachers, these listeners; I will intercede in their behalf.

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

The name of the first and highest was written on the cross in Calvary; poor fishermen were others on the sea of Galilee. I could not enumerate the listeners; but the foremost rest, some venerated, some forgotten, in the catacombs of Rome.

ARCHBISHOP.

Francesco Madiai! there are yet remaining in you certain faint traces of the Church in her state of tribulation, of the blessed saints and martyrs in the catacombs. But, coming near home, Madiai, you have a wife, aged and infirm; would not you help her?

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

God will; I am forbidden.

ARCHBISHOP.

It is more profitable to strive than to sigh. I pity your distress; let me carry to her an order for her liberation.

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

Your lordship can.

ARCHBISHOP.

Not without your signature.

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

The cock may crow ten times, ten mornings, ten years, before I deny my Christ. O wife of my early love, persevere, persevere.

ARCHBISHOP.

This to me?

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

No, my lord! but to a martyr; from one unworthy of that

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glory; in the presence of Him who was merciful and found no mercy, my crucified Redeemer.

ARCHBISHOP.

After such perverseness, I declare to you, with all the frankness of my character, there is no prospect of your liberation.

FRANCESCO MADIAI.

Adieu, adieu, O Rosa! Light and enlivener of my earlier days, solace and support of my declining! We must now love God alone, from God alone hope succour. We are chastened but to heal our infirmities; we are separated but to meet inseparably. To the constant and resigned there is always an Angel that opens the prison-door; we wrong him when we call him Death.

POPERY: BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

"Maxima Taurus Victima." VIRG.

CHAPTER I.

SOMEWHAT more than a century ago, a dignitary of the Anglican Church published a clever and facetious book, entitled *A Tale of a Tub*. Outcries were raised against it as irreverent and profane. Irreverent it certainly was toward the Church of Rome and the Church of Geneva; not profane however. Our gracious Queen's ministers, I mean her parliamentary, omitting her ecclesiastical, have profited by the hint of this title, and have lately thrown out a tub to the mighty occupant of the northern and southern seas, which he now is tossing over and over, and certainly will never swallow.

Lord John Russell, in a letter both undignified and unwise, addressed to the Prince-bishop of Durham, protests his indignation against the audacity of the Pope's encroachments. Does any man believe his lordship feels the slightest? Does any man doubt that he is heartily glad at seeing public attention turned toward the Vatican, and aside from his relative at Ceylon, from the torturer and murderer of the Cephalonians he retains and protects in Corfu, and from the jesuit he enthroned at

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Malta? At any other period of our history, from the accession of the fourth Henry to the abdication of the last James, upright men would have been found in parliament to impeach these satraps of high crimes and misdemeanors. Even in the parliament now about to sit, surely the dignity of the nation will somewhat stimulate the slumbering and supine. Our justice ought to be visible to all; our religion is safe in our own bosoms, and the healthier for quiescency and repose. But agitation is necessary, it seems, in a distant quarter; and ministers are of opinion that it is better the wind should blow off shore. Patronage else would be in danger of diminution by the reclamations of the people against domestic popery; a great and grievous anomaly in the English constitution. Charles II. and his brother James cherished it fondly and consistently. It was a prodigious engine of power in their hands; it was desirable to their patron the French king; it was more desirable to the Roman pontif. No doubt was entertained by them that the English stray sheep could be whistled or barked into the fold again; and proof sufficient had already been afforded that bishops are readier to change their faith than lose their benefices. The Prince of Orange, no friend to the order, deemed it politic to tolerate and maintain it. His ministers bribed their adherents from the spoils of the Roman altar: Queen Victoria's do the same. The smoke of this altar is now partially blown away: cardinals' shallow hats are flapping on one side of it, succincter shovels curl up on the other. People are surprised at the resemblance of the features underneath, and will discover when they have stripped them (which they soon will do) that in what lies out of sight they are stil more similar.

CHAPTER II.

THE wisest and most important letter that has yet been written on the Popish Question is Sir Benjamin Hall's. Reasonably may we hope and entreat that he will follow up the Archbishop of Canterbury into parliament. In which belief and confidence I beg permission to offer him a few suggestions. Let me ask,

1. Whether a great body, both of the laity and the clergy, have not lost much of their faith and trust in their Episcopal Guides, by the Ecclesiastical Commission, which these Episcopal Guides mainly influenced?

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2. Whether, since the establishment of Christianity in England, there is any other instance of such fraudulence, effrontery, and rapacity, as theirs?

3. Whether the Queen's ministers did not countenance and support them throughout?

4. Whether, under these Reformers, the Bishop of London has not received from his diocese (being himself a principal one among the said Reformers) much nearer a million than half a million within the last twenty years, after all deductions?

5. Whether the Cardinals of Rome, one with another, receive from their Church one *quarter* of that money?

6. Whether the hierarchs of the Reformed Church in England ought to be endowed, as they are, with *tenfold* the property of what is granted to the hierarchs of any other Reformed Church in Christendom?

7. Whether Parliament has not the same right to diminish the pay of any prelate *now*, as it had lately, when it divided one see into two, and when it diminished it in some others which were not divided?

These questions come home to the breasts and (what lie very near the breasts) the pockets of Englishmen. Leaving to English and Irish bishops a *third* more than is enjoyed by the bishops of France, where religion would sit in sad plight without splendour, from the church-lands which belong to the State, and of which the State always has disposed at its good pleasure, enough would remain for the establishment of parochial schools throughout both countries. I disagree with Sir Benjamin Hall, that every clergyman should receive two hundred pounds a-year. In Wales the most efficient preachers have often much less than one: the same in Scotland: but my opinion is, that whoever keeps a curate should be obliged, under forfeiture of his living, to give him at least two hundred, and never less than a third of the benefice, whatever be its amount. In every part of Europe the richest clergymen are usually the least influential over their congregations. On the contrary, there is neither schism nor dissatisfaction where the pastor stands not high above the sympathies. There are no ferments, because there is no leaven, in Protestant Germany, in Protestant Switzerland, in Protestant Denmark, in Protestant Sweden, in Protestant Scotland. Men throughout these

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countries mind alike their teacher and their business. Exactly in proportion to its distance from popery is a nation industrious, free, and moral.

CHAPTER III.

NAPOLEON said that the Papacy was worth fifty thousand men to him: it was so: he might have ruled the world with it: but he never could rest in a soft bed: he grew delirious, threw himself out upon the floor, and could not find his way back again. His nephew, a warier man, stifled under the triple crown the last gasps of Italy, Hungary, and Austria. And now was the time to try the experiment whether any blood or breath was left in the body of England.

Methodism had reclaimed from turbulence and crime the most profligate of the people. The gentle and virtuous Wesley brought about him as great multitudes as ever surrounded the earlier apostles, and worked as great marvels in their hearts. The beneficed clergy set their faces against him; and angry faces they were; partly from old prejudices and partly from old port. The nation was divided into high church and low church: the church of Christ is neither: few clergymen know that; none preach it. In the present day the Papists call themselves *Catholics:* the Protestants in England call themselves the same. Both lie; and both know they lie; yet neither will give up the point. If there is a schism, as the Papists insist there is, that very schism is a fraction broken off something: the Protestants, being in a minority, are less Catholic, if *Catholic* means *universal.* Would it not be wiser and better to simplify the matter? The Protestant may fairly claim to be a member of the church established by Christ, if *church* it can be called; a member of that community in which were his disciples and apostles. But there indeed none was greater than another; so it would not do now. We are off-shoots from the fruit-tree transplanted to Rome;

"Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma."

The older the tree the smaller the fruit. The nations which separated themselves from Popery protested against the pontif, but did not pronounce for Christ. Small communities, and only *very* small ones, did; principally the Moravians. It was much however to protest against the sale of indulgences, the

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dominion over consciences, the permission of falsehood, and the duty of torturing or of slaying for dissent. Plain enough it appeared that such authority was not of God. Theologians, occupied in their own peculiar studies, had little time or inclination for historical research. There did arise however some few who fancied they perceived a very close affinity between papal and pagan Rome. A learned language veiled their investigation from the people. In another * place I have cited the authors out of which Dr. Conyers Middleton compiled his celebrated letter. Neither he nor Gibbon, neither Voltaire nor Bayle, have enlarged on the prime question. There is the strongest circumstantial evidence that the claims of the Bishop of Rome are founded on forgery and falsehood; that St. Peter was never bishop there, and never saw the city. I will render these pages valuable, by transcribing into them what is contained on this subject in the *Examiner* of December 28, 1850.

ST. PETER NEVER AT ROME.

Sir, The Pope is the supreme head or governor in spirituals of a large number of our fellow-subjects, who are taught to believe that their condition in a future state is dependent upon their obedience to his behests in this. In pursuance, he says, of his duty to consult for their future bliss, he has done a thing which is most insulting to the feelings of the majority of her Majesty's subjects; and thus his influence over the minds of our Catholic brethren becomes the source of dissension between them and ourselves, a thing which neither they nor we desire. Although there seems to be some difficulty in fixing on the course which it will be best to take in this conjuncture, yet there is one thing which certainly ought to be done. The Queen, acting for the community at large, and peculiarly for her Catholic subjects, is called upon to place before them the state of the facts, on the alleged reality of which the Pope claims from them that obedience which constitutes the strength that he employs to do that which must draw them and ourselves into a quarrel. Now their attention has never been authoritatively called to the facts to which I am about to refer; and such is their character when examined, that it is highly probable the Catholics will clearly perceive that it does not justify him in claiming from them that obedience which he demands and perverts. At all events, as subjects, from whom a divided allegiance is now claimed by a foreign potentate on what he calls spiritual grounds, they are entitled to the most indulgent consideration from their natural sovereign, and

* Imag. Convers. Middleton and Magliabecchi.

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to receive every aid from her in the embarrassing situation in which their spiritual sovereign has placed them, towards her and their fellow-subjects. No aid promises to be more useful to them than that which I now suggest. One of the facts,—and this the most important of all, as being that on which the validity of all the other associated facts, were they realities, would depend—on which the Pope grounds his claim to the obedience he has so arrogantly demanded from the English Catholics, can easily be shown to be wholly fictitious. The fact I mean is the affirmed presence at any time whatever of Simon Peter at Rome. There is not a particle of evidence to prove that he was ever there, while there is very strong evidence indeed to prove that he never was there.

The Popes assert that he resided there twenty-five years as bishop, that he had certain peculiar prerogatives—*Regalia*—which he transmitted to his successors, and that they are his successors, The Pope—albeit, one of us poor weak miserable human worms—claims to be, as the successor of Simon Peter, the vicegerent of the Supreme of Beings—the vicar of the Creator of innumerable suns with their planets—the lieutenant of this immeasurable Being—and to be, like Him, infallible. As to this world in particular, we learn from the Council of Lateran, that he is the prince of it—*Orbis Princeps*—that he is *Rex Regum et Orbis terrarum Monarcha*—the king of all kings, and the monarch of the whole globe: and as to the next world, he is denominated "*Virum in quo erat potestas supra omnes potestates tam cœli quam terræ*," the being whose power is above all other powers, whether of heaven or earth. He possesses the power of determining the bliss or torment of his fellow-creatures in the next world: he holds the keys of heaven.

The foundation ought indeed to be sure on which is raised such an immense superstructure as this. Now the keystone of the arch of all this horrible blasphemy is the alleged fact, "that Simon Peter was Bishop of Rome." I do not propose to invite the Catholics to any polemical or theological controversy, but I do propose that under the authority of a commission from the Queen to some of our greatest lawyers, and two or three historians, like Mr. Grote, Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Hallam, and the Bishop of St. David's, the whole of the evidence touching the fact of Simon Peter's alleged presence at Rome, and the counter-evidence, should be collected, analysed, and reported. It will turn out that, while there is just as much evidence to show that St. Peter was at Delhi, Pekin, or Nishni Novgorod, as at Rome—that is to say, just none at all—there is really no evidence to show that he might not have been at any one of the three first cities I have named, although there is very strong evidence to show that he never could have been at Rome. When this report shall be made to her Majesty, it will become her part to lay it particularly before her Catholic subjects, with an exhorta-

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tion to them not to suffer one whom they must clearly perceive to be a gross impostor to lead them into a quarrel with their fellow-subjects. Her proclamation would draw a clear line between the theology of the Catholics and their actions as members of our community. Her Majesty might say, that under her sceptre all men are permitted to adopt what theological views they like, and that she should not think it a duty on her part to inquire into the reasons why the Catholics believe in transubstantiation, practise Maryolatry, &c., &c., &c.; and that it is by no means her intention now to disturb their belief in, or practice of, those or any other of the distinctive points of their faith or their customs; but that, finding that the head of their religion by means of the opinion which they entertain, that he is successor to Simon Peter in the bishopric of Rome, works upon them to disturb the civil harmony in which they are living with the rest of her subjects, she had thought it her duty, as their temporal Sovereign, to ascertain for their behoof how the facts stand regarding the successorship in question; that the investigation clearly shows that the successorship is a fiction, because the fact of Simon Peter's ever having been at Rome at all turns out to be a fiction. That under these circumstances, while they will continue to enjoy every protection in the belief and practice of their religion, they must abstain from supporting any action of an impostor like the Pope which shall interfere, nominally or really, with her prerogatives.

The course which I have proposed may at first sight appear to partake of what is ludicrous; and I confess that the idea, when it first suggested itself, made me smile myself. But it has repeatedly recurred to my mind; and each time it has appeared to be more and more susceptible of useful application. It is rather remarkable that the controversies to which the Reformation gave rise, turned entirely on what is called dogma—doctrine—interpretation, &c.; and that no one seems to have clearly perceived, on the Protestant side, that the actual presence of St. Peter at Rome was the key of the Papal position, that it was most easy to carry this position, and that, if that were done, the whole fabric of Papal usurpation and imposition would vanish like an enchanted palace in a fairy tale, when the knight to whom its overthrow is destined comes at last to deliver its long imprisoned and metamorphosed inmates. It is true that Frederick Spanheim denied it in a specific treatise; and others have denied it; but the controversy with the Papal power might far better have been placed on this one issue, when the eye of the world would have necessarily concentrated itself on this, the vital point. It is curious to see how Barrow, in his noble work on the Papal Supremacy, overlooks its importance, unconscious that, had he properly handled it, he might have spared himself the trouble of writing his learned and instructive volume. The truth I imagine

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to have been that men, when they first broke off from the Papacy, attended wholly to what they thought were its abuses. Laud and the high-Church party had, and continue to have, a tenderness for it; and the Puritans arose afterwards and identified it with "Antichrist;" their attention did not turn to the fact of its being a baseless unreality, as their theory rather led them to take its reality for granted. Hence this portion of the foundation of the Papal power has never yet been critically examined.

But the time has fortunately arrived when such an examination is demanded, and when there is strong ground for hoping that its results, authoritatively and irrefragably showing that the tale of St. Peter's ever being at Rome is a pure invention, will produce the most salutary effect throughout Christendom. The papal power is the most monstrous, and by far the most degrading, imposition that ever outraged and deformed the human intellect; it must, some day or other, in the order of a benevolent Providence, be destroyed; it has now provoked chastisement—the eye of the world, in breathless expectation, looks for the issue of the contest—and here, close at hand and challenging employment, lies the simple and hitherto neglected instrument which has power to terminate its evil existence. And the hand of her gracious Majesty would seem to be the one appointed to hurl the pebble that shall destroy the monster, for she is clearly called upon by the Pope's audacious assumption of regal authority in her dominions in virtue of his impostrous heirship of the royal prerogatives—the Regalia—of St. Peter, to cause the minds of her Catholic subjects to be enlightened as to the absolute nullity of that title on which he impiously claims their obedience. I hope, therefore, that her Majesty will be advised to appoint such a commission as I suggest; and I will venture to remark that, as the question "whether Simon Peter was ever in the city of Rome" is not a theological one, the investigation should not be submitted to clergymen, for their decision, as liable to the suspicion of partizanship, would command the less consideration. It should be entrusted to lawyers and men familiar with examinations of evidence and historical research. The question should be kept separate from every collateral point, and thoroughly exhausted; and the results should be laid before the world with that calmness and impartiality that ought to characterise all judicial investigations, without the slightest tinge of partiality and partizanship; and however the conclusions may be disputed by the Catholics in the heat and irritation of the moment, yet in a few years it will probably be difficult to find a Catholic, unless he should either be a priest or a brutified serf of that communion unable to read or to write, who shall believe that the Pope is a whit more the successor of St. Peter in the bishopric of Rome, than he is of Fo in the Foship of China. One word more. Our bishops, by complaining that the Pope

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"ignores their existence—disallows their Orders—pretends to take possession of England as a spiritual waste—is guilty of schism in the church, &c., &c., &c."—appear to me very much to strengthen in the eyes of the Catholics the position which he assumes, for this strain involves an admission that he has a general right of some sort in these matters. It tends no less to confuse the mind of the Protestant laity; and it is high time that an authority, superior to that of our bishops in ecclesiastical matters, should extend her protecting shield over the laity, while the Medusæan loveliness of the Truth which she will reveal shall look into eternal stone the wretched impostor who has so long deluded mankind.

ANGLICANUS.

Genius, in the form of Paxton, has erected an edifice of stupendous magnificence and unrivalled beauty, wherein all the nations of the world are invited to exhibit the products of their industry. Nothing so costly is required for a congress of learned men. Indeed no congress of them is necessary. Twelve or thirteen in England and Germany might be selected to inquire into the Pope's pretensions; and first into the authority he assumes as successor to St. Peter. If we only trim a few boughs, and prune off a branch or two, the sap will rise again the more vigorously and rankly into the same places; strike at the root, strike through it, and down falls the tree. But take heed you do not crush or maim the poor creatures that are basking under it: they are asleep; wake them, and gently.

CHAPTER IV.

ANGLICANUS, in the last chapter, thinks it "curious to see how Barrow overlooks the importance" of the inquiry. Barrow feared that, had he touched the tiara, he might have stuck his finger at the same time through the apostolical succession. A little thorn may tear to rags a loose lawn sleeve. No bishop will ever venture to say all he knows or all he thinks on these matters. The simple-hearted Hooker was also cautious lest his foot offended. As in politics a fault has been called worse than a crime, so in religion is indiscretion held worse than a perjury. All bishops swear that they are unwilling to be bishops; their modesty at last is prevailed on to be frocked; to unfrock it, would make it shudder and scream: the one is courtship, the other is violation.

The most eloquent work in our language, or perhaps in

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any, is Milton's *Discourse on Prelaty*. Much as he hath said about it, he might have said much more; and probably he would, if the nation had not already been sickened by the smoking and rancid snuff of those candles which are now relighted. He might have walked straightforward up to Rome, and have emptied into the streets the satchel of forgeries stored in the Vatican. It must now be done by others. Although there is little chance that the world will ever hear again such eloquence, ever be warmed by such fervency, ever guided by such united zeal and wisdom, there are men in existence who will compensate for these deficiencies, by the steddiness of their steps and the clearness of their demonstrations. Let such men come forward, called or uncalled; the Hallams, the Macaulays, and the Grotes; Germany will for a while forget her humiliation in the exercise of her sagacity; the endurance of her own bondage in breaking the bondage of mankind.

CHAPTER V.

THE Church-of-England-man, at the present hour, is seen limping between two lame guides; one kicking him, the other leaning on him so heavily that he would rather be kicked than bear it. He remembers the cruelties of Popery, and how one bishop feasted his Christianity upon the stake that roasted another. Of these things he has only heard; but he has seen, with his own eyes, bishops, at the beck of Pitt, taking their seats in our House of Lords, opposite to Marat and Robespierre, on precisely the same level, and voting year after year for war. People will no longer let them sit upon those benches: gouty feet must find other remedies than blood-baths. Exercise among the needy and afflicted, visits to the hospital and the school, are more healthy, and may tend to prolong their days.

Ferocious as have been many sects of Protestants, they have all, after a while, relaxed their strife. Popery alone marks out and claims her victims: she alone is always the same, and boasts of it. The cities of Rome and Naples bear witness, at this hour, to the validity of her claim. Hundreds are imprisoned, and have been for all the last year, on suspicion of heterodoxy; some avowedly, others ostensibly, on different charges, but certainly for the same offences. Hundreds more have fled from those cities, knowing what would await them if

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they staid. At Rome the sun stil turns round the earth; whatever was, is; whatever is, must be. Civilization must for ever keep clear of the Holy Office. Both Papists and Protestants, among the ignorant and unreflecting, are persuaded that tortures and burnings are never more to be inflicted on heretics; and this conclusion they draw from the enlightenment and liberality of the age. What do they mean by enlightenment; by liberality; by the age? Those whom they call enlightened, admit no other light than what they themselves have placed upon the altar, to be kindled or extinguished, as they appoint. The men whom the fools call liberal forbid them imperatively to read those books on which the Christian faith is founded The age! In regard to learning, it has rolled far back. Learning was never so highly cultivated in Italy as when Muretus delivered an oration in praise of Catherine de' Medici, in celebration of the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day. Give the same priests the same power, and nothing will be wanting but latinity for the oration.

CHAPTER VI.

Let us have cheap bread, whether we have it from our own country or from abroad: let us have cheap religion, whether it comes from Lambeth or Geneva. The religion of Rome is found to contain more impurities in the barrel; but though it is apt to get into the head, it agrees very well with most stomachs. The great capitalist who sends it over has a prodigious number of customers; he gives long credit, and takes small interest, having a mortgage on every article in the house, from the baby's whistle to the mother's nightcap. His factors must be admitted at all hours, whether of the day or of the night, at the ringing of the bell; so that presently the wife is not the husband's, nor the husband the wife's, nor the children either's. If the flour is to be bolted at all, it must be bolted at such mills as he appoints; and a pretty good quantity of bran is thought to make it wholesomer. However, by paying more, you may be scoured less. At last, the factors in many places grew too numerous for the consumers, and so insolent that they partitioned the land among themselves, and assumed the names and titles of the landlords. The farmers cared not a straw who took the tithes, until it occurred to them that after one party had taken them, another

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might come and do the same. It had pleased them lately to see the children of their old curates made lords, and sitting in Parliament with black aprons over their knees, as decent and orderly as their good housewives at home. Ultimately they began to grow suspicious that somewhat was in the wind, when they found candlesticks and candles and artificial flowers on the communion-tables in their parish churches. Stroking their hair forward, and drawing one foot backward, they "made so bold" as to ask the reason of this fashion; and they were informed, by a priest at each end and another in the middle, that it was no communion-table, but an altar. At last a whole detachment in sable was landed upon the coast, and surveyors with long poles began their measurements. Then assembled all classes to consult together what was to be done. Some of the elders took up the *Book of Life*, and examined it attentively. It soon appeared to them, not only that nothing could be found in recommendation of bees-wax as a salve for the soul, or of stone altars to nail their faith to, or of another man's garment wherewithal to cover their nakedness and conceal their uncleanliness and unsoundness, but they also found a passage in which it is forbidden to make long prayers, and an ordinance by which only one prayer is sanctioned, and every word of it plainly written down. The ordinance is from the Son of God himself; the prayer is from his own dictation. They then met daily and said that prayer, after which they consulted the best educated, the most moral, the fittest to instruct them in regard to their interests, temporal and eternal. Ere long, the inquiry went so far as into the signification of *lords spiritual*. Again the *Book of Life* was opened; but its oracles here were mute. Nothing of the kind could be found in it from beginning to end; but sundry denunciations to shock the sincere believer, sadly troubled for those who, whether from unbelief or from indifference, took openly to themselves what had been so solemnly interdicted.

Suddenly there was a great tumult in the country. One body of lords spiritual was tearing to rags the habiliments of other lords spiritual. At this sight the quieter of the old men stood apart, and warned their sons and daughters from going too near the conflict. Some of them called off their dogs, lest they should contract a bad habit of barking inopportunely. When the fighters had torn off the clothes from one another's backs and loins, it was discovered that the linen of the last

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arrived was generally the finer; the skin of the native, here and there, the cleanlier. Contagious diseases had, however, been caught mutually; and it was deemed convenient to place the patients in separate wards of the general hospital.

CHAPTER VII.

Our century seems to have been split asunder; one half rolling forward, the other half backward: inquiry closed by icebergs; credulity carried to the torrid zone. Oxen no longer speak in the cow-market; but wooden images roll their eyes in the shrine. Even we Englishmen are the fools of fashion. Inigo Jones and Wren and Vanbrugh had built houses fit for gentlemen to inhabit. We could look out of the windows and see the country; we could look at the walls and see the paintings hung against them. Suddenly the plumber and glazier divide the panes equally, and we must mount upon chairs if we would see the other side. Old benches, old tables, old wainscoting, decorate the chambers; old missals and breviaries, opened for the miniatures, displace Voltaire and Montesquieu. Have these follies been quite without their consequences? I wish I could speak in the affirmative. Here again we find splitting and discrepancy; water-sprinklers and scourges, steam-vessels and railroads; engineers who would carry us rapidly across the globe, and mischievous and malignant idlers who would throw in their rubbish to obstruct the velocity of the train. We must keep the way clear; we must carefully watch the electric wire; we must preserve it unbroken in our country. Protestantism, the assertor no less of civil than of religious rights, has been rooted out from among the nations which first nurtured it. Had violence and perfidy been inactive against it, had the princes of Germany upheld it manfully, had their emperor and the French king never been taught by the ministers of their religion that oaths with heretics were invalid, and ought to be broken for the benefit of the faith, we may fairly calculate that forty millions of Protestants would be now existing where scarcely two millions have been left; such was their industry and prosperity, in France, Bohemia, Moravia, Hungary, Transylvania, and Poland. The world never sustained so grievous a loss as in Gustavus Adolphus, or so grievous a disgrace as in the empire of Napoleon. He established such schools as were suitable only

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to the darkest ages, and he restored such a religion as had caused their darkness. The same lust of domination, the same fraudulence and treachery, the same meekness of aspect in conflagrations and murders, as when the olive-yards and vine-yards of the Vaudois and Albigenses were insufficient to supply the faggots for burning the father, the mother, and the babe.

No Popish priest dares hesitate to execute the Pope's commands. The Pope declares in word and deed that his religion is now what it was always. Whoever is desirous of knowing more about it, may be referred to James's *Dark Scenes of History*, and may read the exploits of Simon de Montfort and of Wallenstein. If ever a pope casts his slipper over England, I trust we shall return it him with a full attendance of his own servants in their richest liveries. Christ says, "Ye can not serve two masters." The Pope says, "ye can;" he says more; he says, "whomsoever you serve, unless you serve me in preference, and obey my orders in despite of his: I, who have the power of doing it, will send you to the devil." In Piedemont a refractory bishop was sentenced to a mild punishment for open disobedience of the laws. The Pope threatened to throw the whole nation into disorder because the bishop was not allowed to be disorderly. The weak and dying were to be deprived of life's last comforts and hopes, unless an ovation, or indeed a triumph, were granted to a criminal and a rebel. Yet there are found among us men of learning who would permit their easy chairs to be wheeled round, and who would sit readily and unsuspiciously with any gentlemanly guest who claims relationship. So far no harm is done. But beware, old gentleman, of letting your guest's servants have possession of your servants' hall, make the men drunk, and pump many secrets out of the women, and some in.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is better to wear our own home-woven clothes than to throw over our shoulders those which others have left behind them, unventilated, moth-eaten, and soiled. And yet the wearing of these loose ill-fitting habiliments has made the fortune of many, by giving them a venerable air out of their very mustiness. Even in the works of some wise men there is little which is applicable to our present modes of life, much as there is which keeps us above these modes, and which holds us high and erect amid the conflict of creeds and passions. The

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brutal part of a man's nature (and there is a brutal part in most men) is usually the stronger for a time. It is exercised the first; it has most ground under it. The head of the Centaur is disproportionate to the body: but there may be in the elevation and aspect of this head so much comeliness and grandor that the inferior parts are overlooked.

The arts and sciences have made wonderful progress within our memory; has moral philosophy made any? Compare the writings, compare the conduct, of those who occupy the highest seats in the Christian synagogue, both at home and abroad, with the writings and conduct of Epictetus and Seneca and Plutarch and Marcus Antoninus. On which side lies Christianity? It lies invariably on the side of those who knew not Christ. No persecution, no strife, no intolerance, on their part; no cessation or remission on the opposite. Not contented with all the body and all the bones of contention which ultramontane bigotry and superstition had furnished, our pastors come to buffets with each other about a few drops of water; some insisting that an infant on whom they never have been sprinkled has no right or pretence to enter the kingdom of heaven, altho the omission of so momentous a duty be no fault of his: others would more kindly give the infant a free ticket, but insist that grown men should be soused over head and ears. Again, so angry are people at what they call innovations in their church, that

Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis *floribus* angit.

The Bishop of London thinks there may be a little too much of them at one time upon the altar: his lordship has no objection to a trim discreet posey, but he must look into it, and pick out here and there a constituent. Herb-of-grace, marjoram, fennel, sage, and other useful domestic condiments, may enter and remain. A *rose* bears too near an affinity to a *rosary:* in regard to *rosemary* there are serious doubts lest the multitude should mistake its derivation, and believe it denoted the mother of God. Therefor it is deemed prudent at the present juncture to suspend the rosemary. Similar hesitation I once remember at a dinner in Paris. A gentleman of ancient family, high rank, and distinguished services, was appointed by the lady of the house to superintend the salad. He felt at once the honor and the responsibility, which he avowed, but he manfully undertook the charge. After a

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coup d'œil and a short *reconnoissance*, he placed three plates before him, and then selected the *matériel*, which he threw forward in detachments. Everything went on smoothly and successfully, only there was one little herb that perplexed him, on which hung the key of the position, the success of the operation. He had already mixed up a small part of it in the bowl, another part much smaller was suspended between his thumb and finger: doubt hung over his brow: at last, with desperate resolution, after detaching a single leaf and tossing aside the residue, he committed that leaf irrevocably to its doom. His heart was now at ease; he had performed his duty.

In our country, where incense for the present is unused, a few sweet herbs may be innocently and advantageously indulged in. Abroad I have often been in the midst of a desperate conflict between gum and garlic, and have been constrained to fly for protection, as near as possible, to the priest and thurible. The "*dura messorum ilia*" imparted no strength to my stomach, but tried it cruelly. Historians have not recorded the exact time when the Romans and other Italians ceased to be fond of flowers. Probably it happened in the midst of some epidemic, when the nerves could ill support the odour. Many things are left off unseasonably, and many unseasonably continued. We deem it no sin to decorate our churches on the most festive day of the year, altho the decorations are druidical: surely the sin is no greater to decorate them all the year round, with beautiful and fresh and fragrant flowers, as was the custom of that milder paganism from which, with little change, we have received our rites and ceremonies, through our step-mother at Rome. Let the two kings on the Tiber and Thames, cognate as they are, smell at the same nosegay.

We already owe Popery too much: if we are induced to borrow more from her, be it rather what she never makes use of; what was bequeathed to her by her brave and frugal ancestors, and not what she holds in common with the brotherhood of the Thugs. If she comes to tickle our ears in order to cut our throats, beyond a doubt it is entirely for our good, and not for her aggrandisement: if she comes to pick our pockets, it is only that nothing may be left in them which could do us harm in falling. She finds in our purses snares fabricated by the devil, and she melts them into indulgences to give him a specimen how two can play at that game. She is

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loth to spill our blood, unless we are refractory and contumacious; and then it is purely and simply to show others, straying after us, what dangerous paths we misguided sinners have taken. Arminianism is popery, with a leaden thumbscrew instead of an iron one, and with seven wires to the cat instead of nine. Archbishop Laud was the most celebrated of its pontifs: Charles the Martyr was the only one canonised of its saints. He well merited this distinction, for the number of ears and noses with which he tesselated the pavement of Whitehall, and for the number of perjuries with which he consecrated the chapel of St. Stephen. For these the wisdom and virtue of a reformed parliament declared he should be evermore its patron: for these, and these only, he merged the inferior dignities of king and saint, assuming at one step the supreme command in the glorious army of martyrs; which command, as long as he could, he declined; and he acquired it only at the urgent intercession of Cromwell. *Laus Deo.*

CHAPTER IX.

THERE is a proverb which begins, "Between two stools." Our most gracious Queen, if this proverb hold good, may soon be somewhat worse off than merely *genibus minor*, with the thorough-bred Papist on one side of her, and the hybrid on the other.

The Holy Father sets a bad ensample to his children, legitimate and illegitimate. Beyond a question, the impudence of his Holiness exceeds the impudence of any other Holiness that ever wore the Babylonian scarlet. Has the Pope of Rome a better right to exercise authority in the British dominions, than the head of the Anglican church has to exercise it in the Roman? The Queen of England most graciously permits to every Papist the exercise of his religion, not only in private but in public, inasmuch as it interferes not with civic order; while the Pope not only prohibits it even in its last offices at the grave, but forbids in private houses the followers of Jesus Christ to introduce that Gospel which he commanded his apostles to preach openly in all lands. And this gentleman forsooth is delegated by the Prince of Apostles! Nay, he goes beyond, far beyond, this assumption. He not only is Christ's messager, but Christ's viceregent. Not only does he come forward under a false name, but

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he forges title-deeds to a vast estate; which estate never belonged to the pretended owner. St. Peter's patrimony is the name inscribed on the endorsement. Now St. Peter has never been proven, and never pretended, to have possessed an acre of land; no, nor even a bank of bulrushes on the sea of Galilee. Yet this gentleman lays claim, not only to so vast an estate as no other gentleman on earth possesses, but he pretends to show you the very seal under which it was signed and delivered. He calls it, probably in jest, the *Fisherman's Seal.* Unluckily for the joke, if he intends it as one, in the days of this fisherman no person of his quality and condition had a seal to seal with: none under the rank of knight enjoyed such privilege. This seal-ring is quite as miraculous as that of Gyges: it turns a fisherman into a prince; it can make visible what is invisible; it can make invisible what is clear as day. Children, and other than children, say, *let those laugh who win.* Whatever rights our fisherman may fail in establishing, he has established this. Surely he must have caught Proteus in his drag-net, and have learnt from him all his tricks. There must have been a prodigious shoal of *murices* taken at the same draught, enough of them to dye of the finest purple the dirtiest coats abroad. The fisherman now grown wealthy, altho he had not yet taken to the forgery of title-deeds, chose to change his mode of life a little for one easier and more comfortable, and became a shepherd. He soon grew very skillful in shearing, and not only in shearing, but equally in flaying; so that all the butchers round were ready to employ him. Whenever he wanted a piece of mutton for his table, he quarreled with his butcher, and kept the sheep for himself. There was nothing at last to which he would not turn his hand. Nowhere was there a rotten tree, for miles and miles round about, from which he failed to extract a pot of honey, after fumigating and paralysing the bees. Several swarms by natural instinct betook themselves elsewhere; but a part was allured back again by tin kettles, and other loud instruments, into their old hives. If anybody intercepted them, coming or going, it was at his peril. Some who attempted it were poisoned, others were stabbed; and the shepherd-fisherman was often heard to curse heartily the luckier ones he never could reach. He always had about him a great number of noisy fish-women in old-fashioned caps and blood-coloured stockings, who bandied

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curses and dealt blows wherever he directed them. For a time the constables only laughed; at last they grew serious, and thought it high time to repair the stocks. He has left a large number of natural sons behind him, to enjoy what is called *Peter's patrimony* even unto this day, together with the valuable receipts of innumerable medicaments, provocative and sedative, together with others for anointing swords and scenting gloves. In the present age, conjurors must have recourse to novelties in slight of hand, if they expect success. The swallowing of daggers and live coals, the catching of bullets on the rapier's point, are stale tricks: images of absent friends, in liquid ink in the palm of a boy's hand, are sought no longer. Gulls rise up before us, hatched in the slimy beds of the old shepherd-fisherman, a few miles up the Tiber. Our climate is uncongenial to that particular brood. Many people burst into loud outcries the moment they begin to settle on our shores; and certainly they will be pelted at their first pounce upon our soles and turbots. Already we have plenty, and more than plenty, of the same genus, though of a smaller species, whose maws are proportionally capacious. These however are little more than kingfishers in comparison; yet even these are so noisy and so voracious that we must clip their wings, confine them within walls, and make them feed simply on grubs, worms, and beetles.

CHAPTER X.

MINISTERS have brought upon the Queen and country the greater part, if not the whole, of the Pope's insolence. His priests have been acknowledged under the titles he conferred upon them. If our Protestant bishops had been divested of baronial dignities and seats, nothing of the kind would have been assumed in this country by the papal. There is no reason why either papal or protestant should be called other than *doctor*. Such is the ordinary style and title, and as such the professors of both creeds may be admitted into the presence of royalty. Nobody can suppose that the dignitaries of our religion will be permitted much longer to possess vast principalities. Prince Albert must know many princes in Germany whose revenues fall greatly short of our poorest bishopric. We have the same right to curtail them as we have to reduce our military to half-pay. Indeed it is more

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just that a bishop's salary should be reduced to a thousand a-year than an admiral's to three hundred. A captain in the army, who has bought his commission, may, after twenty years' service and suffering from infirmities and wounds, receive less than a seventieth part of a bishopric. Let it never more be objected that the property of the church was granted or bequeathed by pious benefactors, lest the Pope seize it; for these pious benefactors left it to his church. Parliament has acted repeatedly on wiser notions, dissolving some bishoprics, annexing others. It has done it anciently, it has done it lately, it will do it soon again. Ours is not much longer to continue the only unreformed church in Christendom, unreformed in its vital parts, in equity, moderation, and diffusion of knowledge. People are no longer to be blinded, or to have their eyes diverted, by the dust thrown into them through the riotous wrestling of overfed ecclesiastics. The patrons of prelaty and pluralities do not affect, as they do most things, indignation at the Pope's audacity. Lord J. Russell, in his letter to the Prince-bishop of Durham, says that anger predominates over all his other feelings on this forener's most insolent encroachment. Reasonably in part we may believe him; for his patronage is in jeopardy when an old church is turned into an extinguisher on a newer, which seems moulded on purpose to receive it. Infallibility comes forward with great advantage while our bishops are scuffling in the market-place, and, where dead infants are lying before their feet, are debating which of the poor innocents are to be buried as children, and which as dogs. She sprinkles with salt water those she favors, and straightway they mount into heaven. It is painful to think, with Infallibility, that the others are at best in limbo; and worse to believe, with Infallibility's twin-brother and claimant of her estate, that very probably they are even worse off. Between these two we shall never live peaceably, and perhaps if either should be left alone to have his own way, it would nowise mend the matter.

A strong man was troubled with two fierce mastifs quarreling daily in his court-yard. His own being the stronger and quieter, he looked on with indifference at first, and indeed until the strange dog took to the kitchen and larder. His own only growled at this intrusion: but when the adversary leaped up against the stable-door and seized a horse's hind-quarter, patience was exhausted, the combat was renewed, and

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more resolutely than ever before. The master had more confidence in his dog's fierceness than in his fidelity, and began to surmise that he fought only to fill his belly: so, when they were both exhausted, and their tongues were a span-length out of their mouths, he plucked up courage, took each together by the scuff of the neck, and threw them into the stone-quarry from which the mansion was built. Incredible how quiet was the house, how orderly the domestics, after these two quarrelsome beasts were gone. Until then they could never say their prayers without the one barking and the other howling; and the maids as they knelt fancied the strange dog perpetually at their heels.

CHAPTER XI.

THE new dignitary who comes under orders from the papal court, to supersede the Hierarchy of England, has been graciously pleased to offer the shelter of his wing to the Dissenters.

"We are accustomed," says a Dissenter in reply, "we are accustomed to read the Gospels; and there we find the blessed Founder of our religion forbidding those around him to call him *Lord*, although the acknowledged Son of God. Among the many reasons which have compelled us to separate ourselves from the main body of our fellow Christians, is the violation of this positive and oral ordinance." But it now appears that to be a *lord*, is to be too little: we must have a *prince* to lead us Godward; and such a prince as pushes aside all others, even the royal. Our kingdom is minished into parts and parcels smaller than our heptarchies; but greater men than the heptarchs are come among us from over-sea; stouter and bolder men than Danish and Saxon kings; men invested with authority by superhuman hands. Cardinals are not only far superior to these chieftains, but distance the Apostles. Festus would not have been with them "most noble Festus;" and Cæsar himself, instead of receiving tribute, would have been called upon to pay it.

Emperors and kings are servants of *the* servant. The attendants and disciples of our Saviour were poor fishermen: they would have stared at any gentleman leaping into their boat in a lappeted cap and flounced petticoat; no preface of "with your leave, or by your leave;" first taking the helm,

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then seizing and dragging the net, simply and solely for his own emolument. They were plain, honest, peaceable men; but one or other might have had his choler stirred thereby; and peradventure the intruder might have been fain to find his way back again by fairly swimming for it.

It is not to be dissembled that there are many who rejoice in the conflict of prelate with prelate; that there are many who think them well matched; and there are many who care little whether the rat kills the weazel, or the weazel kills the rat; for in that light they hold them. But as an Englishman, I must declare my opinion that the thieves should be driven out of the house, before we look to see what is missing or damaged. In this inquiry, we may presently find that our own head-servants have wasted much of our substance, and that one or other has left the door open for the depredators. We must have them up, in open court, before those who administer justice.

I hear from several of my neighbours who have travelled in foren parts, that Popery is injurious to industry; that among the Germans and Switzers the naked eye readily distinguishes the line of demarcation between the Papist and the Protestant; that no country is so ill cultivated, no people so immoral, as where dominates the gentleman who styles himself "God's vicegerent."

There are causes for everything. Now, what and whence are the causes why an intemperate religion, long ago repudiated by the manlier and calmer nations of Europe, for caprices, immoralities, and violences; for cheating, and swearing, and blaspheming; for housebreaking, and arson, and assassination; all clearly proven against it . . should be brought home again triumphantly through the streets of our metropolis? There is a reason; there are many reasons: all of them ought to have been, and might have been, removed. But from the Church of England, as from the mistress of Horace,

"Fugit juventus et verecundus color."

It is painful to find the bishops simmering and seething so long over the coals. The fault is entirely their own: they might have crept out of the hot water while it was somewhat less hot: they now begin to turn red, and some of them are slipping their shells.

The conduct of the prelates on one side, and of the people

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on the other, may be described, by a slight variation in some verses of Pindar:

"One Mortal shall Vain-glory cast
From the good things wheron his heart relies;
Another let his foe run past
Where he might seize him: but are these the wise?"

After our long and heavy sleep, half broken by a dream of mysterious fountains and magical fingers dripping over them, and of wailing infants transfixt by the horns of devils; here comes before us a figure in scarlet, with a fine embroidered kerchef in its hand, which, muttering an incantation and a prayer, it dips in chloroform and ties across our noses.

Questions on baptism led the minds of men to questions on apostolical succession. The humane and judicious Gorham says

"Infants baptised, and dying before actual sin, are certainly saved.

"As ignorance, if not wilful, is a plea ever admitted in *righteous* human tribunals, so, we are taught, will due weight be allowed to it at the seat of Divine Judgment."

Alas! ignorance not wilful is far from admission to the plea at (what are called) righteous human tribunals. And now to the second point of the position. If due weight will be allowed to it at the seat of Divine Justice, surely due weight will also be allowed to the ignorance of the infant, whose parents may have been negligent, or whose death, by the dispensation of that Divine Justice, of that Providence ever merciful, was immature. There are many sound and earnest Christians, who believe that sprinkling a few drops of water on an infant's face is no more baptism than a sandwich is a dinner, and that such sprinkling has exactly the same effect, here and hereafter, whether the grace is prevenient or not, and whatever the priest may think about the matter. His opinion can nowise alter the destiny of the infant in the dispensations of its Maker. Why not let it pass then for what it is worth, whether much or little? The creature is saved, that is clear; and enjoys thenceforward as much grace, and exercises (let us hope) quite as much discretion, as they who litigate and militate in the church about him, whether under the black ensign, or the white, or the scarlet.

The best tactician can never see with clearness and certainty to what results the first skirmish may lead. Apostolical suc-

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cession, in all its branches, must be demonstrated or disproved. The earliest authorities quoted by the Papists are quoted falsely. Protestants are no sufferers by the deception: but Roman Catholic gentlemen are deeply interested in a thorough inquiry whether St. Peter ever was at Rome? to whom he gave authority there or elsewhere? what power he had to give it? whether the Holy Spirit, which he is believed by them to have imparted, directed the murderous and incestuous Popes, who, all and equally, claimed their descent from him, and (what he never did) assumed the title and office of God's sole vicegerents. If such rights and privileges can be established, then indeed it will be wiser in our own bishops to touch Pio Nono reverentially; wiser to let the thread of succession lie broken in two or three places, and to bow their heads before Him alone who, despoiled even of that garment for which two wrangling soldiers are now drawing lots, has left no other heritage than his example.

CHAPTER XII.

Formerly the Dissenters were clamorous against Popery and Prelaty. How happens it that the sour presbyterian is sour no longer, but soft and mealy? Not only is he loyal, but he is courtly. This loyalty and courtliness are suspicious in the eyes of the more petted. Some of them, nearest to royalty, presuming on the favours they have received from her Majesty, have ventured not only to expostulate, but to reprove. The same persons have, both covertly and openly, countenanced the ceremonies of Popery. The oily tongue of Wilberforce, bishop of Oxford, can easily turn itself round in the wards of the privy-closet, while the bishop of London, laden with the treasures torn formerly from the spoliation of his predecessors, kicks at the royal chapel-door and insists upon an audience, talking so loud that people hear it throughout the country. What would Queen Elizabeth have said on such an occasion? She who called the bishop of Ely a "proud prelate," and, as manfully as ever her father could have done, swore *by God* she would *unfrock* him. We recommend at the present day no such hasty and intemperate measures; we would not quite unfrock; but it might be "of good ensample" to turn up just as much of the tucks and trimmings as should be necessary in administrating a moderate and lenient castigation.

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Rome and London are brought near together by other machinery than railroads and steamers. The fashionable wear of the winter is scarlet, genuine Babylonian, with broad sleeves and broader bustles. Lord John was permitted by Lord Peter to call him *insolent*, &c., on the understanding that he should send to him as ministers, in his several dependent states throughout Italy, those who profess his doctrines and acknowledge his supremacy, especially those who abolish from the coinage of the British realm the Queen's title, style, and dignity, as *Defender of the Faith*. After this humiliation, we may expect to find in the court calender of 1851, that the contracting parties have smoothed every difficulty in the union of two persons so close in consanguinity; and that this marriage in high life will be, with permission of Pio Nono who promises to sign it, celebrated by the bishop of London. There is a rumour, the gazettes will say, which we hope we shall soon be able to contradict by authority, that the bride's guardians have embezzled a large part of her property; on the other hand, certain title-deeds are not forth-coming. However, to accomplish so desirable an event, and to silence all other claimants, it is suggested that these irregularities will be overlooked by both parties, and that defalcations on one sheet of the ledger and excrescences on the opposite will be compromised.

All we know at present in regard to the late differences is this: that Lord Minto is declared, on grave authority, to have been cognisant of the Pope's inclinations, and without remonstrance. His instructions from home, and his despatches in return, must have obviated the surprise of Lord John Russell; which surprise must therefor be fictitious; a mask appropriate to the domino. He caught up the pattern of his indignation from the people. If they never had stirred, he would never have pasted on the broad conspicuous shoulders of the Prince-bishop a Manifesto in form of a Letter. In an English minister, the alternative of two things is requisite; strict silence or strict veracity. Lord John Russell chose rather to be vociferous; and, although he writes to a Prince-bishop, he uses sundry expressions which are almost as coarse in their texture as the pieces of common slang which lately have been running from mouth to mouth, and replacing the cigar. His Lordship is more offensive; the terms of his assumed surprise and deliberate indignation more calculated to "astonish the

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natives." Never was there written a Letter, whether from a jealous mistress or a detected adulteress, so indecorous or so indiscreet.

CHAPTER XIII.

Now the fox has broken cover and the dogs are in full cry after him, it is curious to see animals so similar as the dog is to the fox, in such hot pursuit and enmity, and passing the other beasts of the field without molesting them.

Prelaty is one and the same in all countries; and there is just enough of difference in doctrine to keep up excitement and animosity in their partisans. There are thousands in England who have never seen an English bishop; and there are thousands more who have not seen one since their *confirmation*. Probably their lordships will not make themselves quite so scarce now other candidates are in the field, now the canvas is growing hot, now the rival chairs of St. Peter and St. Paul, decorated with their favours and banderoles, are clashing.

Whatever may be the aggression, whosoever the enemy, and whencesoever the invasion, John Bull is equally angry. He now sees the scarlet opposite to him, rushes blindly with his head down against it, and never suspects that under the flowing robe there is concealed the imperial uniform. While he tramples on the weak audacity of a bewildered priest, a dozen of kings and their ministers are laughing at him, amused at the manakin they have puffed out and protruded into the ring. Heartily glad must be our own Prince-bishops that the public attention is diverted from them. The palace of the Vatican will stand longer than the solidest of theirs. The Pope is consistent in his perfidy: they waver in theirs; and instead of a bold straight-forward lie, repair to the lower and the weaker subterfuge of prevarication.

CHAPTER XIV.

We are resolved (it appears) to show how far we are removed from the practices of the Papists. Instead of tying a recusant to the stake and surrounding him with fire and faggots, we only pelt him with the putrid offal of the most offensive words. This is principally done from the higher booths, on which gilded ribbons are waving, and where certain lords are sitting just over the winning-post. Meanwhile a

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crowd of people is bursting into the newly-furnished old house, calling the occupant an intruder, and entreating the Queen's Majesty to kick him out again. Looking round narrowly, I find the stump of the charred stake yet standing where it stood formerly. We have no fire at hand; and only just enough of the timber is above-ground to produce a crop of funguses.

Our Church, willing to hold her own, but holding much faster to the broad lands, the prelatical palaces, the baronial benches, the thrones on a level with the royal, than to corroded theories built upon shifting sands and exposed to every gust in every quarter, turned from side to side, entreated, exhorted, expostulated: at one time meek as a dove, at another erecting her crest and threatening like a basilisk. Lord Peter, a great quoter of latin, whispered in her ear,

"Nos hæc novimus esse nihil."

She simpered, and said nothing in reply. At last she drew nearer and nearer to him, requesting him however to keep his hands off, and promising if he would not sit upon her skirts, to hold a correspondence with him secretly and confidentially. This was done with the fingers, but not upon paper. Jack was outrageous at hearing the whisper. He threw the seducer on the ground: the seducer soon got up again, shook his embroidered uniform, replaced his pistols in the holster, aud marched off, according to his own report, insulted indeed, but never thrown down; assailed by a legion of devils, but victorious and triumphant.

The merits of the combatants, the rights of primogeniture, the advantages of the feudal system, the obligations of its serfs to the mitre, may be brought under discussion in open court. We have only to declare at present that what is set apart for the public service is public property. Such is a church, and everything appertaining to a church. The State has a right to alter it, to enlarge it, to contract it, to demolish it. The State may remove a bishopric as legally as an organ-loft, a bishop as a chorister. It may competently say to either, "I consider your services worth so much to me: if you are discontented with it, go your way and do better for yourself." Many would murmur; few would move. It is difficult for reverend corpulency to rise from a well-padded elbow-chair; and greatly less pleasant for gouty feet to walk

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between two crutches than between two liverymen in plush and powder.

In the next chapter I shall adduce the authority of a churchman, who has taken a nearer and a more accurate survey of this interesting subject. We may deduce from his arguments and demonstrations that a thread which has long been twisted carries with it when untwisted the tortuosity of its entanglement; that you may indeed pull it straight again; but that, if it is to continue so, it must be pulled fairly out and held tight.

Will what has happened in the present age be credited in the next? Will it ever be believed that the Reformed Parliament, soon after its Reformation, appointed men to be judges in their own cause? Will it be believed that so little was left of Christianity, of equity, of decency, that the bishops of England, who had long enjoyed vast revenues, should vote for themselves the same revenues for life, declaring them to be too much for their successors? They did indeed, however reluctantly, pluck off some little: just as much as a clever cook plucks off a stick of celery, to make it look somewhat handsomer and more eatable. That the people may not turn back their eyes on these enormities, small questions are raised, small offences are taken and made greater. They know very well that it is only from among the rich and luxurious, who have lived in such society as their own, that Popery shoots and ramifies. It is not with Popery they are angry, it is with the Pope. He claims what they hold, and what they have taken from him; and he claims only a part of this. It belongs to neither; it belongs to the people at large; to the people belong both spirituals and temporals; and to their benefit, and theirs only, must both be, ere long, converted.

As there are many prayers in common with the two prelatical churches, there is also one canticle,

> "If the world is worth thy winning,
> Think, O think it worth enjoying."

The senses of no man can be so seduced from him that he shall admit the supposition of a quarrel on articles of faith.

> "Hæc prius fuere, nunc reconditâ
> Senent quiete."

It would be the greatest of absurdities to quarrel for an

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absurdity; and above all where there are more of them at home with each party than he can manage. There will always be in the Anglican Church, and peculiarly among the occupants of thrones under canopies, many loth to ascend into a purer atmosphere, and to leave behind them

"Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ."

Doctrines and dogmas are hardly worth our notice. Let the Pope have his own, and all his own; but let him show his claim. Again I repeat it, if St. Peter had the power to grant, and did actually grant, under his seal, in the presence of witnesses, the spirituals and temporals which the Bishop of Rome claims, both from this testamentary and hereditary right, our bishops must hold their tongues. Meanwhile the wiry-haired, long-backed, indefatigable German terriers are questing among the intricate caverns and bramble-covered ruins of Rome, and will unearth and drive the old badger from under the palace of the Cæsars.

CHAPTER XV.

No religion hath ever done so much mischief in the world as that which falsely, among innumerable other falsehoods, calls itself the catholic. It never was the catholic, and, let us trust in the mercies of God, it never will be. There was a time when the Arians outnumbered the papists; and it was only by the exercise of imperial power, by the sword in the balance, that the scale flew up and scattered its contents. Again did imperial power, by similar means, obstruct the progress of the Reformation, when the more civilised and intelligent, not only in Germany and Holland and France, but also in Italy, among those who had no personal interests to consult, and among many who had them, preferred the plain doctrine and pure authority of the Gospel to the glosses and assumptions of the papacy. At the present day the question turns less about the doctrinal points of Popery, than about the influence which its ministers again are exercising on the social condition of Europe. France has begun to renew her *dragonnades*, not indeed within her own territories, but within those

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territories where in right and justice she can pretend to no controul. Neither the Pope nor the King of Naples has displayed more perfidy than the French president. Each of the Italian potentates had kept within his dominions, first cajoling and then oppressing what he was permitted to call his own people. But the other came in the guise of a friend and a protector, and took away all the valuables of the house he entered, leaving his host to be tied up in a surplice and suffocated in the Tiber. The Emperor of Austria has followed, although with unequal paces, the French president; and the Jesuits have trampled out the last vestiges left by Jerome of Prague. Bohemia, Hungary, Transylvania, had enjoyed in peace the liberty of worship. No zealot proclaimed it unchristian to bend the knee before Christ alone, without his mother, without his followers, near or remote. Schools were not declared to be godless, for no other reason than because the scholars were required to join their classes at lecture and their family at prayer. Nothing is now to be taught, in that part of our dominions where both the people and the priesthood is the most ignorant, but under the eye of the blind and the guidance of the lame. The same ordinances, it seems, are now to be observed in other places. Tell me which of our sovrans in better times would have endured or have tolerated this? what minister? would even the lesser Pitt? would Fox? would Wyndham? would Burke? Certain I am that neither Walpole nor Chatham, neither Harley nor Bolingbroke, would place the crozier above the sceptre, or across it. Different as are the ministers of Queen Victoria, both in energy and in intellect, from the ministers of Queen Anne, even they, surely even they, never will permit the streets of London and Westminster to be infested by the surpliced linkboys of popish processions: surely the police will turn the horses' heads in another direction when the Cardinal of Westminster's carriage stops the way. Firmly do I believe that many Roman Catholic gentlemen, both in England and in Ireland, are, as they have been for centuries in France, unfriendly to the inordinate claims of the Pope. Firmly do I believe that, if the Reformation had never been established in these realms, they would have been among the first of the Reformers.

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What gentleman of either country has exhibited more enlightened zeal in the cause of education, more liberality in every department, then he who so worthily represents our Queen at Athens? The oldest and best families of Roman Catholics, both in England and in Ireland, have ever been distinguished for manliness and patriotism. The stem of chivalry is as strong as ever; and if some of the flowers are fallen off, the mule's hoof must not trample them into the earth. The dregs of society, in ferment and commotion, are beginning to foam through the bunghole, and there are certain persons whose bread is to be raised by the yeast. Already they hold the spigot in their hands, and, unless you are prompt and resolute, they can either stop it or let it run waste as they will. There are unholy incantations known and practised by them, which, to their consternation and dismay, shall perhaps evoke the spirit of Nassau, perhaps the more awful one of Cromwell. There is a line which if they cross, other stars will shine above their heads, and other pilots will be required to steer them into port.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE following words are Sydney Smith's:

"The Archbishop of Canterbury, at his consecration, takes a solemn oath that he will maintain the rights and liberties of the Church of Canterbury. He seizes two-thirds of its revenues and abolishes two-thirds of its members."

Surely the latter part of the sentence is incorrect; he must mean dignitaries; not rectors, vicars, and curates. Doubtless, the archbishop did always maintain the rights he swore he would maintain; and if he has the power of abolishing any offices and of removing any official of the church, Parliament and the supreme head of the church must possess a power quite equal to his Grace's. The dignitary Sydney Smith declares his Grace has taken away what he solemnly swore he would maintain in its place. This sounds oddly to unmitred ears; but much may depend upon the sounding-board. There are things incomprehensible to the laity which are plain enough to the clergy round about them. Thus for instance the bodies of St. Simon and St. Jude are deposited in the Church of St. Peter's at Rome: the same bodies are likewise deposited in the Church of St. John's at Verona. Heretics may hereupon

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be captious and incredulous; true believers can entertain no doubt. Fra Filippo Ferraris tells us expressly that these same bodies may exist contemporaneously in separate places; and Cardinal Valerio explains most satisfactorily how it may be so: it is by a *pia estensione.*

Now the archbishop does this tangibly. He soars above the metaphor, and pounces down on his prey like a taloned angel. The *pia estensione* of his talons reminds the learned and factious Canon of Virgil's

> "Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
> (Stultus ego!) huic nostræ similem."

If the spiritual city is here to be understood, why the *stultus ego?* The words would be more apposite and appropriate if he thought differently. Reluctant as I am to raise objections to the language and reasoning of a man who generally both reasoned and wrote more admirably than the cleverest (with one exception) of his contemporaries, whose humour flowed genially and gracefully through society, and is never to be dried up, yet, now we are walking the same way, I must take the liberty to join him and to ask him a few questions. And first, what he means by the words, "Mezentian oath which binds the Irish to the English Church?" Pray which of them is the living body, and which the dead? Methinks they are both "alive, alive," otherwise the one could not rob nor the other murder. The rustics at Rathcormac and the moss-troopers on Lambeth-marsh show equal signs of life.

With profound despondency, "Nobody wants more prebendaries!" sighs the Canon. Perhaps we might do without them altogether, and without deans too: but pray, Mr. Canon, leave us the blessing of bishops. If you are resolved to show us how naughty they are, we must shut our eyes.

"I must express my surprise," says he, "that nothing is said of the duties of bishops; a bishop is not now forced by law to be in his diocese." He should be: and be fined severely for absence. Remove him first from the House of Lords.

After comments on several, no little to their disadvantage, he says,

> "Another bishop, who not only never entered his palace, but turned his horses into the garden, &c."

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There is a radical cure for this evil. Give him no palace, and contract his garden within the same dimensions as his next neighbour's.

"The real disgrace of the squabble is in the attack, and not in the defence."

In both, if Christ's word is to be taken. He forbids *strife*; and one alone, in this sense of the word, cannot strive.

"Are they (videlicet canons, &c.) to submit to a spoliation so gross, accompanied by ignominy and degradation, and to bear all this in submissive silence?"

Ay, certainly, if they are followers of Christ and mind the gospel; glad moreover of such an opportunity. Abundance of texts I would cite to prove it, were I not afraid of the pugnacity of the priesthood, and too prudent in such a crisis to bring on a general engagement. They are as angry at having Christ's word taken out of their mouths, as Mammon's purse out of their pockets.

"In *common seasons* they (videlicet canons, &c.) would willingly obey," (Q. E. D.) "but in this matter have tarnished their dignity, &c."

Then wipe them gently and clean them; but never tear a hole in the exergue of the pantaloon because they have been sitting in a dirty place. In the very commencement of this expostulation, so early as in the third page, the Canon says,

"Of *seven* communications made to the Commission by cathedrals, and involving many serious representations respecting high interests, *six* were totally disregarded."

Neither Laud nor Wolsey ever acted with such prelatical pride, such utter disregard to justice, honesty and decency. If Parliament does not pass a vote of censure on this conduct, with a declaration that the Ecclesiastical Commission has neglected its duty, it should be dissolved. In the very same page the Canon says,

"I would not have operated so tamely on an old and (I fear) a decaying building, &c."

And says Milton,

"Experience doth attain
To somewhat of prophetic strain."

He tells us in the next page that the odium of great riches is removed from the rector of a parish where there are eight or

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more thousand people. Does he mean communicants? If so, there ought to be no such number under any one clergyman. "There," says the Canon, "he works for his wealth."

No, no; the wealth has already made him too fat and idle for work; he finds a curate who labors under no such incommodity. He proceeds to remark that,

"The great object was to remove the *causes of hatred* from the church, by lessening such incomes as those of Canterbury, Durham, and London, *exorbitantly and absurdly great*, by making idleness work."

Surely such a chimera was never entertained by any reformer, moderate or immoderate. Idleness will never work better from inanition than fulness; and the habit here has already been induced by the locality and the posture. The "great object" was, or ought to have been, to reduce the inordinate riches of the higher clergy, applying it, as best might be, to the promotion of religion and morality, of which the accompaniments are content and peace. Property held at present, after all pretended sacrifices, under the sees of Canterbury, London, Winchester, and Durham, would sell for about three millions.

My voice, I am afraid, will be lost in the clamour of opponents. But I am determined to maintain the character of *Conservative*, under which title I ordered to be printed, but never advertised, "Letters," many years ago. Again I say it, let there be bishops: let them be of apostolic institutions, not of papal; let them *overlook*, guide, correct; not persecute, not dominate. Let there be more of them, if more are called for; let their authority be greater in their dioceses; let them be witnesses and advisers when necessary, never voters at any time, in what concerns the interests of religion. Let them be located where they are most wanted, not age after age in one place; which place may have become a desert, while another, at some distance, has many populous towns. Gatton and Old Sarum are fallen, and have lost their representatives in the Lower House; Wells stands mitred in the Upper. Four bishops are sufficient for what is left of the Reformed Church in Ireland; two for Wales; one for Scotland. Most important of all is it that they be chosen (as anciently) by the clergy, and from among the natives of the country where they abide and rule. Every question, or nearly every one, in the Various Lections of Euripides and Aristophanes is now settled;

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so that we may turn our horses' heads, and beat about for bishops elsewhere than among greek roots and spinosities, through which a young mendicant German would have guided us for a thaler.

Idleness and high food have made our prelates restless and pugnacious, and, like game-cocks, they crow the louder by feeling the corn-stack under them. It were more prudent in their Lordships had they leaned on their clouded gold-headed canes, walking straight onward in the smooth and verdant path before them, and had abstained from dipping it wantonly in the still waters of a mephitic pool, and thus discovering as many weeds and as much mud in the northern extremity as in the southern. Farmer's friends and protectionists as they are, let them look about them: they have a rate to pay which, being an uncustomary, they may call a heavy one. The only bread that is not reasonably cheap at present is "the bread of life." Let its factors and speculators be admonished that our people will not permit it much longer to continue at its enormous price.

The vast dormitory of our baronial prelates is not to be disinfected by sprinkling a little sugar on the warming-pan, as their old women would fain set about it; but by something more searching and sharp and antiseptic.

Having in this chapter selected a few plain and sensible words from a clergyman and dignitary of the Anglican Church as by law established, from a man whose wisdom was equal to his wit, and whose good-nature was collateral to both; I shall, in my next and last, be usher to one of higher power and authority. The voice of Milton is about to be heard above all the clamour and discord of conflicting priesthoods. It is improbable that they will listen to him: even the more moderate talk only of Jeremy Taylor, of whose writings they seem to remember little, and of whose conduct nothing at all. Taylor caught a genial glow from the setting sun of Milton. There were dapples and streaks of mild light along the melting clouds; there was somewhat of warmth, temperate but not enervating; and there was largely spred a fertilizing dew over the quiescent scene, which announced a fair day on the morrow. But the morrow disappointed the prognostics. Ever since his departure, our bishops and their partisans have been quarreling one with another incessantly, and calling reciprocally for pains and penalties. May nothing of the kind

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befall the worst and most vindictive of these unchristian priests! Only cool them with frugal and salutary diet, reminding them that the premises of many a pyrotect have been blown up into the air, together with his crackers and serpents, and wheels and rockets, and stores of loose powder on coarse paper. Animosities at the present day are carried on principally by the very parties whose bounden duty and salaried office it is to allay and to remove them. Genealogists now declare that Roman Popery and Anglican Prelaty are twin-brothers. The neighbourhood is scandalised at the quarrel of such near relatives about a chest of old clothes and candles, contemning their father's last injunction, setting his will aside, mimicking his voice and manner, and appointing as the place of contention and of combat the inclosure of his grave. Similar dissensions, similar denunciations, similar graspings at undue wealth, twelve centuries ago, attracted a swarm from Arabia which fattened upon their blood; God's avengers of hypocrisy and unbelief.

CHAPTER XVII.

"*For modes of faith let angry zealots fight,*" said a quieter and more rational Catholic than any now squaring his elbows for the contest. And fight they certainly will before long. Already there is betting on black against scarlet, and the odds are in favour of black. Black's horse is the strongest, but scarlet is the best jockey. One of our most wealthy and active bishops invited the parties to a trial of strength and skill, waving his hand, cracking his whip, and clearing the ground of intruders. He began by a preachment on baptism, but he soon gave signs of having eaten too much wild honey, and left the path he had trodden in extremely bad odour, and unfit to follow. From another quarter, not quite opposite, comes forward the Cardinal of Westminster. He proclaims his advent from the church of St. Pudentia in the city of Rome, informing us also that, according to report and belief, the father of St. Pudentia was an Englishman. Possibly he was; but there is little reason, looking at Pio Nono, either from what the French have lately taught us to call his *antecedents*, or from his present demeanour in regard to England, for entertaining the belief that any particle of the *Pudent* blood is running in the Holy Father's veins. Dis-

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interested then as well as complimentary is this appointment of the patroness. However, it is within the range of possibility that our gracious Queen, although her Majesty has no reason to be jealous of any lady upon earth, may be jealous of the defunct Pudentia. The shadow is often more terrible than the substance. And when this shadow is entering the keyhole, such entrance may show the way to come into the room and rifle it. If there is not a struggle in the passage, there will certainly be a struggle in the chamber. It is now about a quarter of a century since we began again to build houses in the old fashion, as I remarked in a former chapter, and so much lead about the narrow panes that little is to be seen if we could. The furniture seems of the same description. In order to be consistent, we recur to old churches and old ceremonies. I trust it is only the fashion of the day, having seen the same enthusiasm for Calvinism. A few persons of high birth and high fashion took it up; others followed in the train: for of all people upon earth those of the present century are the most obsequious. Calvinism lost its hold on them when a countess or two dropped off. Catholicism has stronger attractions and a firmer grasp. Gin palaces open into other palaces, where there is as much intoxication and more splendour, and where both cost nothing. Men and women who are prohibited from visiting their friends on a Sunday, and from enjoying any kind of innocent amusement, may now enter a licensed opera-house and enjoy the best music. Furthermore, they may have a quarter's credit for any favorite sin, and the heaviest weight is taken off their shoulders, and borne to any distance on another's, for a few shillings, which few shillings may be paid after their death. The deuce is in it if such a religion as this can fail of proselytes. If it should be thought advisable by our governors to counteract its influence, there is no better or surer way of doing it than by allowing to the people the same freedom of innocent enjoyment as under our first Protestant rulers. If the stern self-willed Elizabeth, if the quibbling theologian James, permitted them to consider the Sabbath-day not as a day of fierce moroseness or of sullen idleness, but, after due worship, a day of friendly intercourse and harmless recreation, why should our parliament or our church at the present time be more restrictive or more severe? If the authority of these two potentates, who have been deemed both wise and religious,

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is insufficient, they have before them a much higher, the authority of Charles the Martyr, their own martyr, the sole martyr of the Anglican church as by law established. Not only did he sanction it, but he practised it; the martyr was present at plays acted on a Sunday in his own palace. Instead of counter-poisons, let us more distinctly exhibit the homœopathic remedies. Counter-poisons very often serve only to protract the sufferings of the patient. Here is an instance. A learned nosologist of Pisa, now about forty years ago, tried to counteract the venom of a mad dog by the venom of a viper, on the principle that one causes death by inflammation, the other by torpor of the heart: the patient suffered equally under both, and died.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is only of late that the public attention has been drawn to the worst nuisances of the community; pestilential sewers, intramural burying-grounds, and lastly, to what is deemed by many to be no less important, the collapse and splitting of the English church. Two of these evils are brought down on the country by the clergy. Honest and sincere as are the greater part of these functionaries, there are others, whether false in doctrine I presume not to decide, but certainly false in practice, false to their oaths and to their trust. Prelaty gave a tacit sanction to their backslidings, modestly closed her eyes before their simperings and genuflexions, and condescended to the ancillary office of decorating their toilette. It was only when her own house was in danger, from the sparks blown upward out of neighbour Ucalegon's, that she sent after the churchwarden, and directed him where to place the fire-engine. She then was willing to dismiss the posture-master, well remembering what a sturdy parson of the old school had told her; that a steddy setter works best in the field without a couple or more to back him.

It is time however for all of us to be serious. Such is the dispensation of Providence, that not only the misfortunes of men, but often their crimes, ferment and mingle in the elements to the benefit of the species. Institutions which have long borne heavily on society, institutions founded on fraudulence and maintained by injustice, have suddenly given way; not from any power that wisdom has brought into activity against them, but under the sloth and negligence of those most

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interested in repairing them. Quarrels in the house of Him who proclaimed upon earth peace and good-will toward men, were, and are stil, most violent and outrageous among those who have occupied the highest offices under Him. Neither argument nor conscience could coerce their malignant passions.

Christianity, very contrary to the intention of its blessed Founder, has almost from the beginning been the smelting-house of discords and animosities. The tall chimneys of the church, instead of conducting the smoke above the habitations of the people, serve only to concentrate it into the most acrid and corrosive crystallisations: foul weather beats down again what had escaped; the breath of the people is contaminated by it, and they will endure the pest no longer. Pride has blinded those who should have been, by their special appointment, overseers and guides. When their quieter friends would have kept them to their houses, they would sally forth tumultuously, and let no man rest within his own. The most patient at last rose against them. In the reign of James and his son, many serious and religious, and many of deep research, both jurists and divines, wrote in condemnation of Prelaty: Milton stamped the warrant. Loth am I that anything of antiquity should be so utterly swept away as to leave no vestige. It would grieve me to foresee a day when our cathedrals and our churches shall be demolished or desecrated; when the tones of the organ, when the symphonies of Handel, no longer swell and reverberate along the groined roof and dim windows. But let old superstitions crumble into dust; let Faith, Hope, and Charity, be simple in their attire; let few and solemn words be spoken before Him "to whom all hearts are open, all desires known." Principalities and powers belong not to the service of the Crucified; and religion can never be pure, never "of good report," among those who usurp or covet them.

Desirous that whatever I write should stand or fall by its own weight, I have seldom in any of my works quoted another man's authority. On the subject which now occupies me, so much eloquence, so much wisdom, so much virtue and religion, have been displayed by Milton, that it behoves me to close my slender book, and to intreat my reader to take up his instead; by which his heart will be strengthened, his soul purified, to such a degree that, if duly reverential, he may stand unabashed in the presence of the most commanding genius that

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ever God appointed for the governance of the human intellect. Those, and those only, who are intimately conversant with the grand and perfect models of antiquity, can rightly estimate his qualities. They, on examination, will find in him a much greater variety, with more than equal intensity, of power. No poetry, not even his own, is richer in thought, in imagery, or in harmony; yet to vulgar eyes the glories of his prose appear to have been absorbed in that vast central light. Will it be credited that such merits should either have been unknown or suppressed by a writer who lays claim to eloquence, liberality, and learning? Wherever there is a multitude, a noisy demagogue is seen running out of breath at their heels, and urging them on to turbulence and mischief. Intruding on the court in the last reign, he forgot that William had left the mess-room and had entered the council-chamber. Whatever is uppermost he clings to, always tearing the coat-skirt that has helped him to clamber so high.

Not only men light and versatile have taken the scorner's chair to sit in judgment on our instructor and defender. A very large sect, perhaps the most numerous sect of all, and composed from almost every other, believes that religion is to be secured by malignity and falsehood. Johnson threw down among them his unwieldy distempered mind, and frowned like a drunken man against the high serenity of Milton. He would have fared better with Johnson had he been a sycophant; better with the other had he been a demagogue. He indulges in no pranks and vagaries to captivate the vulgar mind; he leads by the light of his countenance, never stooping to grasp a coarse hand to obtain its suffrages. In his language he neither has nor ever can have an imitator. Such an attempt would display at once the boldest presumption and the weakest affectation. His gravity is unsuitable to the age we live in. The cedars and palms of his Paradise have disappeared: we see the earth before us in an altered form: we see dense and dwarf plants upon it everywhere: we see it scratched by a succession of squatters, who rear a thin crop and leave the place dry and barren. Constancy and perseverance are among Milton's characteristics, with contempt of everything mean and sordid. Indifference to celebrity, disdain for popularity, unobtrusive wisdom, sedate grandor, energy kept in its high and spacious armory until the signal of action sounded, until the enemy was to be driven from his intrench-

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ment, these are above the comprehension, above the gaze, of noisy drummers in their caps and tassels. Milton stood conspicuous over the mines of fuel he accumulated for that vast lighthouse, founded on a solitary rock, which threw forth its radiance to Europe from amid the darkness and storminess of the British sea. In his eyes, before they closed for ever, all shades of difference in sectarians had disappeared: but Prelaty was necessary to despotism; and they met again. With weaker adversaries he had abstained from futile fencings, in which the button is too easily broken off the foil, and he sat down with the grave and pensive who united love of God with love of country. The enemies of the Independents could never wrench away their tenets, could overwhelm them only by numbers, and, when they were vanquished, could not deny that they were the manliest of mankind. Milton's voice, more potent and more pervading than any human voice before or since, inspired by those heavenly Powers with whom we may believe he now exists in completer union, warned nations against the fragment of Popery impending over them from a carious old rock, of which carious old rock Simon-Peter knew no more than of the carious old house which, as the Pope tells the faithful, God's angels brought through the air and deposited in the village of Loreto.

CHAPTER XIX.

RELIGION and freedom, and all things appertaining to them, are seen at the present hour, more rapidly than ever in the history of mankind,

"In pejus ruere et retro sublapsa referri."

Nothing but abuses, nothing but what ought to have been long ago swept off, is left standing and unchanged. Unchanged! no indeed. Buttresses, at a vast expenditure, are built up against crumbling old walls: palaces, not only in cities but also in country-places, are purchased and enlarged for the accommodation of bishops and their enlarged and enlarging coffers. And now comes, duty-free, a vast importation of trumpery, collected in the Catholic Ghetto, from every country where idols ever were worshipped; from Egypt and Syria mostly. In the time of Augustus the fashionable world knelt before the mysteries of Isis: yet the rude little gods of earthenware, the Lares and Penates, maintained their places

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against the wall, none the worse for the smoke of the chimney. The same precedency and subordination are stil maintained. But the generous old Romans, instead of insisting under pain of death and eternal torments that other nations should adore their gods, took to themselves for adoration those they found in the temples of the conquered. And by these, without the same liberality, the Papal rulers at Rome continue to profit. Although they scarcely have a force sufficient to drive a drove of buffaloes, they issue as loud commands as when the trumpets sounded to the legions, and Caius Marius and Caius Julius marched under the eagles through the Alps.

We Englishmen have little to win, little to resist, much to remove, much to recover. The people by their own efforts will sweep away the gross inequalities now obstructing the church-path: will sweep away from amidst the habitations of the industrious the moral cemeteries, the noisome markets around the house of God, whatever be the selfish interests that stubbornly resist the operation. Lord John Russell, the slowest to move in any reform, would have stood quietly by. He saw the billows rising high about him. Reluctant at first, and then desperate, he seized the forelock of the nearest wave, which, while he is carried on it, the stupider think he carries. The people, as he reaches the shore on knees and elbows, wipe the foam off his mouth, the weeds and slime off his neck and shoulders, rub him, if not clean, yet dry again, and conduct him to a seat between Doctor Titus Oates and Doctor Henry Sacheverel.

Unlikely is such a character to submit to the Queen's Majesty the wise proposition of Anglicanus; the question whereon the Pope's supremacy rests. For it will be hinted to him that the same hinges which support one half of the folding-door support also the other half.

At the moment of concluding my last chapter, I found in the *Examiner* a Remonstrance to Anglicanus, from a proselyte to the Church of Rome, in which Remonstrance Saint Ignatius is triumphantly quoted. Saint Ignatius was indeed an honest zealot and a brave martyr: but what is to be thought of any man's information and authority, who was ignorant how long Jesus Christ lived and preached, and who mis-stated the time almost half the years? Is it probable that he, who knew so little of his master, should know better the habitats of Simon-Peter?

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TEN LETTERS

ADDRESSED TO HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

BY A TRUE BELIEVER.

LETTER I.

MAY it please your Eminence to take into your consideration, whether it may not be expedient in the actual posture of affairs to convoke a synod, in order that the same may examine the merits of Elizabeth Barton, a blessed martyr to our holy faith. She never hath been canonised for want of sufficient funds; canonisation, as your Eminence knows, being extremely dispendious, however much below its value be the few hundred thousand crowns demanded for it by the Holiness of our Lord. Possibly his Holiness, inclining an ear to the supplications of the faithful, might be induced to abate a fourth or fifth part of it, taking up the same sum from the illustrious peers who have consistently supported, and the learned converts who have recently embraced, our most holy and only true faith. Neither your Eminence nor his Beatitude can have forgotten the sufferings of Elizabeth Barton in the reign of Henry the Eighth. In order to maintain the verities of the Catholick religion, she permitted her humble spirit to follow the dictation of the blessed monk Dearing, and the enthusiastic Doctor Bocking, canon of Canterbury. By the intercession and prayers of these two holy men, and of thousands who were worked upon by the same spirit, she uttered many bold truths against the king. It behoved not the bishops, who examined her by his orders, to touch upon these truths, which might have been inconvenient and detrimental to themselves. Prudently therefor they were contented with acknowledging the verity of her visions, of which as many were vouchsafed unto her as the importunity of their prayers could extort from the saints above. To record the remainder of her sad history, too well known already, would wring tears of blood from the paternal eyes of your Eminence. It is better to let the memory rest in its imperfection than to

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fasten it on a rack. In fine, this saintly virgin, whose revelations had been communicated to the legates and administrators of his Holiness, was commanded by his Infallibility to persist and persevere in them. Suddenly she and her assessors, holy men, priests, monks, confessors, were seized and examined in the *Star Chamber*. Here, it is pretended, they confessed the particulars of a gross imposture. Afterward they appeared on a scaffold erected at St. Paul's Cross; thence they were conveyed to the Tower, and were imprisoned therin until the meeting of Parliament, by which Parliament they were found guilty of a conspiracy against the king's life and crown. The holy maiden, together with Bocking and Dearing, was hanged at Tyburn. Before the execution of the sentence, it is reported that she made publick confession of the whole, calling it openly an imposture, laying the blame on the priests and monks, and craving pardon of God and of the king.

No doubt can exist in any dispassionate and truly Catholick mind, not only that this confession was the devil's work, but also that it came directly from his own mouth, under the form and semblance of the blessed maiden. The historian Saunders, in his work on the martyrs of our holy faith under King Henry, would enumerate these among them: but even in Catholicks he found unbelievers. Things may be seen too near to be seen in their just proportions. We are now at a proper distance to discern the merits of Elizabeth Barton. When they were laid before the Holiness of the Pontif, then holding the keys, he had money in his pocket; moreover there were nobler claimants for precedency. So the answer of his Holiness was not indeed angry or contemptuous, but somewhat curt: "*Cazzo, I have already too many Saint Elizabeths on the Calendar, no more of them for me: this last, methinks, turned out unlucky.*"

It is idle to argue with Infallibility without the banker at hand. Only a churchman the most elevated in station would venture to suggest to his Beatitude that *Canonisation* pays by the ducat, *Indulgence* by the quattrino. Saints and martyrs and miracles must be put into requisition, else no cathedral will commemorate God's justice in the penal fires of Smithfield.

Kissing the hem of the purple, I have the honor to be

Your Eminence's devoted servant and

A TRUE BELIEVER.

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LETTER II.

PERMIT me once more in all humility to approach your Eminence.

No Catholick in this unhappy country is either too high or too low for persecution.

The suggestion I laid before your Eminence, last week, hath immediately provoked the most unfair and the most cruel adversary, who wanders far beyond it, and ventures to call in question the wisdom, and even the christianity, of our spiritual directors. It was indeed imprudent, as your Eminence signified to me, to have given the publick what I submitted to your graver consideration. Reverence preceded and precluded reflection: zeal impelled me, over-anxious to prepare the eyes of my dreaming fellow-citizens for the apparition of another shining light.

Expostulation is the term applied to the insolent notification I enclose. What profane and execrable words will your Eminence find therin! These are only an infinitesimal part of the dust and rubbish cast against my door privately:

"Can you seriously think that you Papists have not impostors enow already? Would you fabricate another piece of coarse incoherent clay into a new object of worship? Does not the apostle tell us that we shall not worship the work of man's hands?"

Nobody in his senses will condescend to notice these petulant questions. Such irritation can only awaken us to the defence of our blessed faith, as we received it at the hands of our shepherd: such aggravation can serve only to consolidate the keystone in the magnificent arch of the sole temple that is undefiled.

Eminence! I lose my patience: pardon me; commiserate me. Fool! scoffer! can he be ignorant that the Eucharist itself, by which alone we live eternally, is, "the work of men's hands?" Might he not daily see upon the confectioner's fingers the identically same substance as, two inches farther off, is very God within the half-hour? I tremble at the darkness that surrounds him, concealing from him the precipice at his feet, down which he is about to plunge, and to be consumed at the bottom (if bottom there be) in unquenchable fire to all eternity. He presumes to say, as other infidels have said before him, that it is only a simple altho a solemn commemoration of an awfully sad event. He

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calls it *sad*, when it makes us what we are; he calls it *solemn*, when we enjoy it every day, at the tinkling of the least bell in the parish. He has the stupid audacity to ask me how it happens that the only true faith is supported by such a quantity of falsehoods; and why, if they were not to the taste and to the benefit of the clergy, neither Pope nor priest had ever set his shoulder or lifted up his sprinkler against them. He quibbles about the blessed Veronica; he ridicules the miracle of the partridges, and fifty more, equally well authenticated. Your Eminence will see twelve closely-written pages of large letter-paper containing these abominations, brief as he is on each, and pluming his vanity on selection of topic, arrangement of materials, directness of application, and conciseness of style. Toward the close of his communication, he takes the liberty of reminding me how General Championet at Naples warned the priests that unless Saint Januarius bled, they should. "The priests," says the scoffer, "only sweated; the saint bled, as behoved him."

Somewhat in the way of peroration and summing up, he asks whether a man who lives habitually among cheats and liars, well knowing that they are such characters, is not liable himself to a similar imputation; whether, if he doubts the testimony borne against them, he ought not to examine it scrupulously; and whether it is merely to close his eyes and to fear a danger in doubt. He insists that a wise and honest man will attempt to separate the false from the true, and will drive out of doors the impostor and interloper who would hinder him. Eminence! what is to be done when reasoners are so subdolous? He acknowledges, as indeed we must all acknowledge, that a little of the false will alight and adhere to the true; and that, unless it is removed in time, it will harden about it, and perhaps incorporate with it. But this is quite inapplicable to our pure religion, which alone retains its primitive form and beauty. So that his reflection is gratuitous and idle, where he observes that, altho no soil or stain is observable on hand and face, yet we wash them constantly. However, he is not what scoffers usually are, ungentle and inhumane. Heretick as he is, he expresses a just concern for the calamities of his Holiness our Lord, confessing that it was a melancholy sight to see God's Vicegerent in a jockey-cap and jack-boots, with a French ambassador holding a bottle of hartshorn at his nose, when he had forgotten in his hurry to

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fasten round his loins his intermediate external garment, forced by the faithless to fly in despair from the children of his bowels, and leaving to be scattered by the winds of heaven so many broken promises behind him.

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A TRUE BELIEVER.

LETTER III.

I AM doomed, it seems, my Lord Cardinal, to more and more tribulation. The correspondent, or antagonist, if such he may be called, when "ego vapulo tantum" is so indiscreet as to question me, among other matters, on masses for the souls of the dead.

"Where the tree falls there must it lie," says he. Foolish man! Are there no carpenters and joiners to cut it into beams and boards and scantlings, according to its quality and its bulk? And do we not measure the human tree, and apply it to such purposes as we deem fit, after it hath ceast to occupy its place upon the earth.

He continues at one moment to ask questions the most captious and impertinent; at another, with insidious calm and quietness, to make the most unchristian comments. Would any rational man, any man within the pale of humanity, raise objections against the usefulness and beneficence of masses for souls defunct? He asks whether it be seemly or just to charge money for liberating a fellow Christian (if such a place exist and such a feat be possible) from the fires of purgatory? He asks whether the poorest of the poor is not often known to hazard his life in extinguishing the conflagration of a cottage, and without the slightest hope or the most transient desire of reward. He asks whether no schoolboy has himself been drowned in attempting to rescue another from drowning.

"I am firmly of opinion," says the unbeliever, "that a mass can no more affect a dead Christian than a dead rat; no more save the one from perdition than the other from putrefaction. If you believe it can, you ought to offer it gratuitously. Did not your Saviour give gratuitously that for which you demand a price? Nowhere in the church of the apostles do I find a tariff, for sins of all dimensions, pasted on the wall. Indulgence there was indeed for offences; and the cost was the same for each, namely the cost of repentance. He who

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offered any other was guilty of worse than simony: he who received any other sinned against the Holy Ghost: he violated that divine Spirit; he arrogated to himself the functions of the Father and of the Son: he sold his Saviour for less than thirty pieces of silver, when by no trickery he could obtain so much."

Such foul reproaches, my Lord Cardinal, are cast into our teeth, and under the nostrils of our Holy Father. Nevertheless we must forgive and forego, until it shall please the Lord, as the blessed Psalmist saith, to make our enemies our footstool. At last that day is dawning. Hourly will I continue to exhort the faithful to forget entirely the injuries and insults that are incessantly heaped upon them; and sedulously will I particularise one after another, in due order, to ensure the oblivion I preach; until at last the Catholick Church, rising triumphant, dominant, supreme, and sole, wave the torch of truth above her head, cast it among the heathen, and consume them bodily like thriftless flax.

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LETTER IV.

Casuists there are, my lord Cardinal, who doubt, or pretend to doubt, whether the atheist or the heretick be the worse. Surely the whole immemorial practice of our holy Church affords a sufficient evidence of her decisive and irreversible judgment on this head. If a neighbour, when invited and entreated, will not enter my house, he is worse to me than a stranger. A younger son who involves an elder in a vexatious and pertinacious lawsuit, instead of helping him to increase the patrimony by getting whatever can be got from the sweat and simplicity of the tenants, is wickedly unwise, raising up an insuperable fence of separation, and exciting no end of rancour by what he calls an improved system of husbandry. What are we to think of the man who stands afar off, folding his arms and quietly smiling at both? Lukewarmness is perhaps as odious in the sight of God as even the doubt or denial of his existence. In our spiritual as in our carnal food we prefer the hot or the cold to the lukewarm. And are we not made in God's image? and are we not taught to love and hate as He does? Atheism, I grieve to remember, hath heretofore taken her seat even in the Conclave together with Poetry and

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Paganism; and cardinals have composed and sung lascivious verses when they ought to have chaunted the *miserere*. They have thrown open the doors of the temple to the pretended Gods and Goddesses of antiquity, who shouldered and trampled on the toes of our blessed saints and martyrs. Yet Atheism hath always been less loquacious against us than obtrusive and wrangling Heresy. She follows us step by step, comes up to us, looks into our faces, enters the front door with us, sits upon our skirts, and sometimes eyes our victuals with a wistful eye; until at last we have been fain to take up the poker or the brand in self-defence. There are atheists on our own manors: we do not exterminate, we do not hunt them down. Weazels and polecats are often of use in preserves, against more prolific vermin: a few atheists in like manner are tolerated round the homestead of the Church: we have traps and fumigations for them when they grow too numerous. There is one dogma of our holy Church against which the calmest atheist joins the fiercest heretick.

"The earth is the Lord's, and all that is therein."

They would equally wrest this verity awry: they would take away the earth from the Lord's Vicegerent: they would deny that the bodies, minds, hearts, souls of men, belong to him. Insensate creatures! hath he not power to order the body what species of food it shall receive; and at what day, and at what hour of the day, it shall receive it; and to what extent of time it shall abstain? Hath he not power to dictate what studies the mind shall pursue; what truths it shall admit; and what other truths (however demonstrated) it shall reject? Hath he not power to tear away the heart from parent, brother, sister, friend; nay, even from sacrament, the sacrament of matrimony, to confine it for life to the cloister, to nail it to the cross? Hath he not power to liberate the soul from sin and sin's penalty, and equal power to hold it down in everlasting torment?

I tremble, partly at this superhuman power, and partly at the audacious impiety that would contest it.

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LETTER V.

Recovered from the consternation in which I threw myself at the feet of your Eminence, when I beheld the immorality of those wretched men who would strip of his attributes the Holiness of our Lord, again I take in hand the question of Indulgences. Truly they appear to be as necessary for the building of St. Peter's in London as they were for the completion of St. Peter's in the metropolis of the Christian world. Insuperable fear comes over me, lest as many centuries should elapse between the foundation and erection of ours in England as of that glorious one which overshadows the Continent. With what sickness of soul and heaviness of heart do I turn over the pages of grave Catholick historians in their mention of Papal Indulgences! Guicciardini, in his fourteenth book, referring to the promulgation of those which the heretical, in their pravity, pretend to have occasioned the Lutheran schism, says (I fear the trembling of my hand at such impiety in a son of the Church may render the words illegible):

"He" (namely our Holy Father) "had dispersed over all the world, without distinction of time and place, the most ample Indulgences, not only for the benefit of the living, but also for liberating the souls of the dead from the pains of Purgatory. Which faculties being notoriously granted to extort men's money, and being imprudently exercised by those who had contributed for the sale of them, excited in many places great indignation and scandal, especially in Germany, where many administrators of the Holy See were selling them quite a bargain, and the power of delivering a soul from Purgatory was played for at hazard in the Tavern."

Even Paolo Giovio, who was much with the Holy Father, says inadvertently that the profusion of his Indulgences was injurious to his credit and reputation; but, as becomes a Catholick, he remarks at the same time that they were "old instruments of the Popedom to get money." I wish he had added, "and to save souls." But he fancied he was doing quite enough in showing its authority thro its antiquity. It is only what is seasoned that is sure to stand: what is unseasoned warps: fire alone can bend it back again, bring its edges close together, and make it hold.

Indulgences, like other necessaries of life, may fall in price, to the detriment of the landlord. The Church, however, hath granaries under it which never fail. Miracles, under the auspices of the Holy Father, may be multiplied to any amount;

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and the faithful may at small cost be fed with salubrious sustenance from the bones of saints. Ridicule, always groveling, will never affect with its venomous breath their vivifying influence. And should worldly Wisdom, called Philosophy, come forth against them, take them up, turn them over and weigh them, pretending to estimate, but resolving to depreciate them; should this same worldly Wisdom lift her audacious front and sacrilegious hand, menacing the outermost part of the incorruptible Church which enshrines them; we have lay ministers within call, lowly men, pious men, men of pure faith, and of life irreproachable, decorous Irishmen, tens of thousands in our metropolis, ever ready to maintain peace among men of good-will, at the hazard of limb and life, under the ensign of the cross. We know their names and habitations, and they know our voice. Devout and tractable, these worthy communicants, having each his certificate of absolution from every sin, past and future, may be commanded to bring back by the ear the sheep that have strayed from our fold. Lenity may be promised to the more obedient; they must, however, learn that they are ours; that their secession, or the secession of their forefathers, is a grievous and equal crime in *them*, whichever shall have committed it; that altho justice condemns, yet charity, by due atonement, may overlook it. A fugitive slave is not only claimed from whomsoever he may have taken refuge with, but also bound and scourged. Unconditional obedience, in the performance of whatever work his master shall appoint for him, alone can expiate his crime.

Recurring to the point from which I started, I fear your Eminence may be perplext (if indeed anything can perplex your sagacity) in the choice of distributors of Indulgences and receivers of the money. Patronage in this, as in all other employments, is much to be considered. Having laid before your Eminence the publick papers and the debates in Parliament, it is unnecessary for me to mention the bishops, deans, and chapters, which have applied to their own uses, year after year, large sums devized by benefactors for the maintenance of schools and charities. It was not enough to defraud their pious brethren of what they had reluctantly conceded and furtively seized back; they have turned inside-out the pocket of chorister and charity-boy. The patrons of these thefts, holding the highest places in Parliament, draw

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the popular attention from them toward what they are pleased to call the aggressions of the Papacy. This cry, factious and factitious, cannot be long kept up, nor can the capacious lawn sleeve conceal or contain the spoil. People will rip it from wrist to elbow ere long, and down will drop bag after bag. Meanwhile, might it not be advisable to comfort the said bishops, deans, and chapters, offering them a somewhat of indemnity, by the appointment of them to the partner receivership and restricted sale of Indulgences? We must be watchful: it may be difficult to detect them, so expert and practised are they in the commission of frauds and purloinings; but with patience we are sure of it; and what they have not already done for the furtherance of our holy religion, they will do. In the hour of their abasement and contrition we shall be ready to receive them into the bosom of the Church.

Kissing the hem of the purple, I have the honor to be
Your Eminence's devoted servant and
A TRUE BELIEVER.

LETTER VI.

IMPIETY upon impiety! abomination upon abomination! When I remonstrated against the levity and indecency with which the unworthy son of my old friend the squire spoke about the procession of our Holy Father toward Naples; when I lauded the humility of his Beatitude in assuming a garb apparently but little suited to the king of kings, the only ruler of princes; when I reminded him that our blessed Saviour whom he represents, and whom on that occasion he more especially represented, entered Jerusalem on an ass . .

"Father!" said the reprobate, "the blessed Lord whom we Protestants serve in all humility, and alone, hath been unseated, and his saddle occupied by a sharper in embroidered slippers and a scarlet robe. However, I will freely confess to you his merits as a jockey: he beats the best at Astley's: he rides not only one ass but many: all braying in chorus to a band of wind-instruments. Lately I was present when, leaping from one animal to another, he cried imperiously to a bedizened groom, in the words of Shakspeare,

'Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.'

The groom had already made white Surrey so docile, that I saw him bend his knee and lay down his head before the

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stableboy. White Surrey is a fine handsome creature, but there are many who doubt his blood and dislike his action."

I stood amazed. He then reverted thus to his Beatitude's procession.

"In the Hejira from Rome the Holy Spirit was less perceptible than the Spirit of Hartshorn, administered by the French Ambassador; and the coach (I hear) displayed on the carpet less of sanctification than of humifaction."

To this indelicate taunt my answer was ready.

"Sir! what in the Pharmacopœia is called *spirit of hartshorn*, is not always, if ever, the effluvium from the *genus cervinum*, but is extracted by the application of fire from the horn of any animal. In the case you have cited we know pretty well whence proceeded both the fire and the horn. The liquefaction, superficial and vesicular, of his Beatitude, is preserved in phials to cure the diseases of the faithful. The fire was extinct before him; the horn was evanescent; the odour was left as a testimony, not unmingled with one more salutiferous."

He laughed outright in my face. Might it not be well to bring attestations to the fact, my Lord Cardinal? It may be discussed in open court, and witnesses may be examined, after due preparation: first of all his Excellency the French Ambassador. The jury will never venture to decide against us in any country of true believers. In France they will, as they lately did, declare their incompetency. If they are adverse and contumacious, then proceedings may be instituted against them, as accomplices of criminals who excite to discord. Many who were compelled by the laws to swear obedience to the Republick have died in prison for uttering the very name. Fraternity, brotherly love, to which they also swore, comes under the head of *socialism*, which is interdicted. Passages of the 'Evangile' are quoted as countenancing it, and supported by the very words of our Saviour. Surely it is high time that our blessed Lord Pio Nono should lay his interdict on the utterers of such blasphemy. His predecessors have turned over a more impressive and less questionable page, in which our Saviour tells them that he brought not peace, but a sword into the world: and where, in their blindness, they would read *Peace on earth, and good-will to men*, the true reading is, *Peace to men of good-will;* that is, men of good-

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will toward *us*, and those men only. This we repeat and inculcate from the altar on the Lord's day.

Eminence! the infidels are beginning, as you perceive, to mingle scoffs with rancour. On my remarking to one of them, a member of Parliament, that the Queen's ministers had concocted a bill over the fire of hell, which they had not the courage to enforce; that we had openly set it at defiance; that we had broken through and through it; that it was a matter of wonder how such feeble swaggerers should ever find such stout and consistent supporters in both Houses of Parliament; he, who was heartily sick of the Session, and was about to start for the moors of Scotland, thus briefly, in a tone of calm derision, replied,

"The sportsmen who take so inaccurate an aim ought to bring into the field many staunch retrievers."

By the levity of this speech, Eminence, I thought he was making game of me. But better so than persecute us in the horrible way his party are doing, under the vain pretence that we have no right to the churches and revenues which our ancestors built and endowed. They dare to assert that our ancestors were theirs also; that they descend from an elder brother, who was defrauded and ejected under a counterfeit will and testament; that there are proofs of bastardy in our progenitor; that he was driven out of the countries where he was best known for manifold acts of profligacy; that he had committed both murder and incest; that he had received bribes for concealing and countenancing in others these enormous crimes; finally, that he had been reduced to so low estate that he had sold lollipops in the publick street, and advertised them at every corner and in every brothel, as the best and safest remedy for all diseases.

Worse, if possible, than this; they quote a text of Scripture.

"As ye mete it shall be meted unto you."

And they tell us it is only fair that we shall enjoy all the privileges which the Holy Father grants to the refractory; and no other. What folly and inconsistency, when the Parliament has conceded, long ago, many more and incomparably greater. And now, forsooth! they set their mastifs at our Shepherd! and for no better reason than because he would whistle the sheep into the ancient fold, marking them with his raddle, and

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making them indistinguishable from his own. Many of their old rams and bell-wethers have already entered, and many ewes and yearlings have been allured by the bells and by the odour to follow. Cantemus! oremus!

Kissing the hem of the purple, I have the honor to be
Your Eminence's devoted servant and
A TRUE BELIEVER.

LETTER VII.

EMINENCE! I have obeyed your injunctions. No more conversations or conferences have I held with a creature so insane as to bring the naked Evangile up to my very eyes without the authority and the glosses of our holy Church. Little better hath it fared with me since my repudiation of him, in my zeal to proselytize. Several young ladies, it is true, inclined an ear to me, persuaded how convenient, in a secular point of view, are confessors. Young unmarried men bear more sympathies toward young unmarried women than austere and suspicious parents, or maiden aunts or jealous cousins. Knots, which the ignorant tie faster by trying to unravel, are easily solved by fingers which the chrysm hath lubricated. The confessor takes the penitent to his bosom, touches the quick of her heart with fire from the altar, wipes away her tears, penetrates to their sources, and pours into the fresh wound the sweetest balm. Nothing is hidden from him; her conscience is as open to him as his own; he looks into it from above; another superintending Providence. I have been enabled to lead many into the right way, by holding in prospective the sacrament of matrimony. By converting the young maiden, we convert by her instrumentality the young man: and by converting the young man, we show him wherewithal to smoothen, mollify, and overcome, whatever slight spinosities may exist between them.

By command of your Eminence I went aboard two of the ships about to set sail from Liverpool to America. Might it not be well in the Archbishop, Primate of all Ireland, to issue his orders that the same vessel do never take as passagers the true believer and the protestant? Ships are surely the first and foremost of ungodly schools. It would be difficult, nay, it would be impossible, to separate the catholick from the heretick throughout a voyage across the Atlantick. Friendships might be formed injurious to the faith; and spurious

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children might, within the year, be the offspring of unlawful and unchristian marriages. Portentous clouds like these must often have troubled the serenity of your observant mind. My exhortations and expostulations, with God's grace, have not been quite ineffectual. I have succeeded, on many occasions, in dissuading the true Irishman from intercourse with the false. Unhappily it was not always that I found the unquestioning and compliant. The master of our steamer was an American. He listened at first with great attention to my discourse: he looked sedate, dutiful, and reverential: at last said he,

"Master! how many proselytes have you lugged by the ear into your sty within a quarter of a century?"

After a mild reproof, repressing my indignation, and seeing no Irishman or other with a fit instrument of chastisement in his hand, I replied: "Sir! our church is pure and undefiled: swine may enter it, but they come out lambs. I will venture to assert that, within the term you fix, we have in divers countries, and especially in England, brought home unto our fold three thousand erring souls."

"Well done, master," cried he, "and I guess you think it a proof that your religion flogs all others."

"It is a proof," answered I, "that others could not resist the verities it inculcates."

"What the verities are," said he, "I am quite at a loss to find out: but you have stowed such a cargo of rotten lies into the hold, that I doubt they will ferment and blow up your ship. Pictures bleeding and rolling their eyes; wenches with wonderful figures imprest upon their stomachs and their linen! My eyes! Our ladies in trousers are nothing to this. Well, but as the song says:

'Parson, leave the girls alone,'

and come straightway to the multiplication-table. Three thousand; aye? That is the figure, *ain't-it?* Proof of truth; *ain't-it?* Joe Smith then beats you hollow. Joe, without casting his beagles off through every bush and wild country in Europe, has converted in the same time three hundred thousand to *his* true faith. He has founded and filled a State: he has priests, if not as plentiful, as stout and resolute as yours, and confessors who perform as many daily miracles in curing deafness among the female penitents."

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Your Eminence charged me to report verbatim and seriatim my experiences. These Mormons are supplanting us.

Kissing the hem of the purple, I have the honor to be
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LETTER VIII.

MY Lord Cardinal! In the last missive which I had the honor of addressing to your Eminence, I mentioned (altho I expressed it inadequately) how confounded I was at the rudeness, how shocked at the impiety, of that American captain, who pretended to demonstrate, not logically, but arithmetically, a power displayed by an itinerant preacher in his country, superior to any exerted in Europe by the Holiness of our Lord! He calculated the number of conversions; and according to his summary, the converts of Joe Smith within an equal period were tenfold more numerous, under the guidance to Satan, than the converts to Pio Nono under the immediate inspiration of the adorable Virgin! The blasphemous vagabond, who preached little but temperance and industry, was ultimately led by the devil into the wilderness, where he died, as he deserved, by an untimely and a violent death. It is only to be regretted that the execution was performed by a mob: but in that benighted hemisphere, although the better part, the southern, is pure and catholick, there is no Holy Office of Inquisition, no prudent, beneficent, overruling Sovran, as those in Naples and even in Prussia.

Eminence! the Americans have wide mouths, made expressly for grinning; otherwise I would have remarked to my scoffer that the visible interposition of Angels guarded the Beatitude of our Lord, from the moment when he mounted the coach-step, until that happier moment when he raised from the earth his dutiful son, monarch of the Two Sicilies. Nothing worse attended his course than a slight oscillation of the bowels, which, together with its consequences, from zenith to nadir, had subsided ere he knelt on the velvet cushion in his oratory.

Following the counsels and ordinances of your Eminence, I have abstained from a second encounter with the sly and insidious questioners of the Trans-Atlantic race. Whatever poor abilities your Eminence is graciously pleased to assign unto me, have been strenuously, however unsuccessfully, exerted. For my next disputant I selected a grave elderly man,

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apparently of courteous manners and a contemplative physiognomy. I began as usual with professing how open I was to conviction, how desirous to be set right when I was wrong, and how anxious to remove any painful and dangerous doubt, not only from my own mind, but also and equally from the mind of others. He bowed and said he was quite sure of it. Could I believe him? Did he believe me? Why did I ask myself either of these two questions? I waved them off, easily as the mesmerist waves off sleep from the brow of the mesmerised. Heaven I thought had opened to me. I had only to walk before my sheep and he would follow me into our fold. Alas! the Devil in all his wiliness and might stood invisible between us.

I began by demonstrating how near was the Anglican Church to the Roman; and what multitudes of holy men had walked across without perceiving it, and were almost in, when, being jeered by the populace round them, they grew resolute, swore they had their wits about them more than ever, and went thro the open door. He listened attentively, and said, "I know several of these gentlemen in high collars, stiff cravats, and green spectacles; we have only to laugh at them, and they will do anything to show their contempt for us, and how immeasurably they themselves are above the reach of it. When I was younger, I do verily believe I should have experienced a touch of pleasure and pride in making a convert or comforting a penitent, or catching the skirts of a waverer." I started; but when I saw he was serious and shook his head, I encouraged him by the assurance that it must be late in life, very late indeed, when we should despair of our ability, or our call, to perform one or other of things so desirable. Again he shook his head, and acknowledged that he wanted both energy and faith for the performance.

"Take courage, sir," said I. "Let there be the will, and there soon comes the vocation. Faith? want faith? Behold our glorious convert, Doctor Newman! Has he not had the courage to declare that nobody in his senses can doubt for a moment the Blessed Virgin's house having been carried by angels through the air, over seas and ilands, over cities and over mountain-tops, and deposited at Loreto? Has he not had the truly Catholick spirit to avow his unqualified belief, that a blessed saint was safely carried on his cloak over the immensity of tempestuous waves; and to protest that this miracle, and

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every other acknowledged by Holy Church, is quite as credible, quite as much an article of faith, as any worked by our Saviour in the presence of the apostles and of thousands round about? The learned and logical doctor has enforced on the conscience of every true believer, that the miracles performed under the Popes are exactly of the same quality and importance as those performed in the presence and recorded by the testimony of the apostles; and he would treat with utter contempt the captious quibbler, who should venture to ask him whether the necessity was as urgent, the utility as great, and the testimony as credible: who should remark that Christ and his apostles worked their miracles for the conversion of unbelievers; and that the Papal saints and Papal angels, in hours of idleness, played at these with handkerchefs, cloaks, rings, necklaces, &c., among good simple people who believed already in everything that was told them. Yet Dr. Newman is, with the sole exception of Mr. Kenelm Digby,* the most learned and the most dexterous theologian within the pale of the Roman Catholick Church."

He smiled for the first time bitterly. "We know," said he, "that Christ and his apostles gained only scorn, scourges, imprisonment, and death. We know that the impudent knaves who took their places, when they were safer, forged wills and other documents in order to retain them. We know that the professors of poverty were the amassers of wealth; that they were receivers of stolen goods and confederates of robbers. We know that every crime had its stated price; that the price of a crime was to be paid down on the nail; that the price of virtue was to be paid at a distant day, and in another world. After all, the main question is about the possession of wealth and distribution of power. You cry out before you are hurt, well knowing that you never will be, unless you try your hand at the temporalities. The Act of Parliament which raises so much clamour among you is waste paper; and the minister who framed its preamble showed exactly what he meant by it, when he addressed it in a letter to the richest of the bishops. They all took the alarm: the people laughed; seeing the little old woman throw up her rod so high that it caught on a nail, and she could not reach it if she would. She only scowls, as becomes her station: unless she did, the guardians would turn her out for remissness, difficult as they know it is to find another such old woman to fill her place.

* Author of the *Ages of Faith*.

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Religion has nothing to do in the business, and Reason but little. Reason has a weaker dominion in this world, and fewer subjects than Interest has."

"But we are poor," said I. "Involuntarily," retorted he. If you catch at a feather on the surface of the stream, you would swallow a worm at the bottom. You seize titles with avidity, and throw off yarn stockings for silk. Nevertheless you would order all other men to be abstinent where the appetite is more natural. Possibly some of them have as strong an appetite on the Friday as on the Thursday, and think it little sin or shame to give a rasher of bacon a practical preference over a red herring. Possibly they may have heard, what I know to be a fact, that certain heads of families take out a yearly license for themselves and children to eat butcher's meat in Lent, while they who need it more, being more laborious, must not have their cutlet; for if by hard work they can gain enough to pay the butcher, there is not enough left to pay the Pope. Possibly if they knew the legend of Arion, they deemed it less miraculous that he should be carried on the back of a dolphin thro the sea, than that a gouty old marquis should be carried up to heaven on the shoulder of a codfish, or between a lobster's claws. Possibly the hale young countryman, altho he is tormented by no wild desire to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony to a venerable aunt; altho he sees many a pretty girl of whom he oftener thinks than of his niece; altho his appetite never was keen after the *pièce de resistance* in the elderly lady, and he thought it discreet to abstain from the *fricandeau* in the niece, yet he wondered on what principle of therapeutics God's carver sent either of them to the plethorick. Possibly he fancied that being invited to the Lord's table, no waiter should come at the close of the entertainment with a long account in his hand, collaring him and cursing him, and turning him out of doors, unless he discharged it to a farthing; and looking at last very grim and ferocious, unless a gratuity be offered him for the trouble he had taken in collaring and cursing."

After this rambling and inconclusive aggression, "Sir," said I, indignantly, "this may be wit for aught I know to the contrary, but wit on these occasions is out of place." He answered complacently, "Whether it is wit or not, I am quite as much at a loss to determine as you are. But every man who possesses it, together with a range of reading and an

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independence of spirit, will contribute from these various stores to keep in order the importunate and insolent blockaders of every dining-room and bed-room. Their *tracts* will ultimately lead round to *tracts* quite opposite; the tracts of Diderot, of D'Alembert, of Voltaire, and other infidels, much better-tempered and much pleasanter associates, with greatly more of the philosopher in them, and not greatly less of the Christian."

I was indignant and horrified at the mention of these names: and I exclaimed, "Would you countenance the introduction of such poison?" To which he replied evasively, "There are certain poisons which not only are antidotes to other poisons, but which in moderate quantities are the only remedies in chronick diseases." I heard, or fancied I heard in him, a few slender and tinkling cachinnations, not unlike the sound of small coin when the money-box is shaken round in our churches, and when, as is too often the case, there is little of it within. I asked him, boldly and confidently, whether he would compare such tawdry and trivial authors to Dr. Newman, asserting that his writings are not only most pious but most logical, and that no other man could have written the very worst of them.

"I believe it," said he, "but there are many who could have written the very best, if their minds had been contracted and bent down to it. We will, however, cease to discuss his merits as philosopher or logician; between which two characters the difference often is extremely wide: a living tree, with myriad lives about it, is hardly more dissimilar to a butcher's block. Always must the philosopher have recourse to logick; rarely does the logician lift up his head high enough to discern the features of philosophy. Inquiring and acute and conscientious men, deep logicians too, namely Saint Thomas Aquinas, Saint Bernard, and Peter Abeillard, had one single point before them; at which point they all aimed; and they all missed it. Have you never stood before your mirrour in the morning, with your tweezers between thumb and forefinger, trying over and over again to seize the crooked hair that tickled your nostril, and turning the instrument here and there, more widely away at almost every attempt. Thus is it with the theologian; and thus will it ever be until he looks up to God alone, and ceases his quest after a crooked hair in a deceptive mirrour. We do not want unity of faith so much as unity of

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feeling; we want mutual confidence, mutual concession, a lively trust in one common Father, a certainty that it was His voice, and not a feigned one, which said, '*Love one another.*' If He commanded the obedient to punish the disobedient, let them read the commission before they open the assize."

Eminence! the man's wit was bad, his commentary worse: and see how he takes God's name in vain!

Kissing the hem of the purple, I have the honor to be
Your Eminence's devoted servant and
A TRUE BELIEVER.

LETTER IX.

MY Lord Cardinal! whilst I was walking from Golden Square toward the Paddington Station, intent on the counsel your Eminence had just vouchsafed me, whom of all others in the world should I happen to meet, but the very gentleman who had been so recently the subject of our conversation! The more resentment I felt, the more courtesy I resolved to show toward him. Accordingly I bowed and smiled; altho at smiling I believe I hesitated. He accosted me with his natural frank politeness. The keenest rapiers have velvet-lined sheaths. Immediately, on accepting my hand, he expressed a hope that he had avoided all commission of offence at our last meeting.

"Quite the contrary of offence, sir," I replied; "you afforded me only cause for reflection and self-examination, after what was to me a most delightful and most instructive conference." Upon which, he declared that it had always been his habitude and determination to avoid theological questions, partly from disposition and temperament, partly from utter incapacity to manage such weighty weapons. I now began to entertain hopes of him, feeling my confidence increase in proportion as his abated.

"Unanimity," said I, "my dear sir, little as you appear to value it, is everywhere desirable; desirable where two are met, where twenty are met, in our own household, and in the household of God. Discussion too frequently terminates in discord, conference in controversy, and pertinacity in conflict. A silken thread separates the two main regions of this empire: there is a hand which can untie the knot and let it down between them." He bowed, and as I thought, assented. With the gentlest smile, and in the calmest voice possible, he

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thus replied, "Reverend sir! there is nothing truer, nothing more judicious, than your statement. Unhappily the hand which can untie the knot is tying it harder just at present. Silken it may be, but men may be hanged in silk. The marks of the thread, which was tied about our necks by dry nurses in our infancy, stil remain there. The older dry nurses were discarded for fresher, who, to keep us asleep in the night, have had recourse to your prescriptions, and we only at this late hour are awakening from the effects of the narcotic. I will forbear to argue with a gentleman so much more learned and experienced than myself; but permit me, reverend sir, for my instruction and edification, to venture on a few questions.

"How happens it that Ireland is immersed in ignorance and barbarism, while Scotland is civilized and well-informed? In each country the clergy have been, as was convenient and proper, the instructors. Every sect in that nation hath been sedulous in sowing the seeds of knowledge, and anxious that every man should be able to show his reasons for his faith. This by the priest in Ireland is witholden and forbidden."

"Do you think, sir," said I, "that all the contents of the Bible, to which I perceive you maliciously allude, ought to be placed indiscriminately in the hands of the ignorant?"

"My dear sir," interrupted he, "whose fault is it that they *are* so ignorant? whose fault, if the bread of life, which you are commanded by the Founder of our religion to administer to the faithful, is rendered so unsuitable to their stomachs? Any one Gospel out of the four (prove only its authenticity) is quite sufficient; give me Mark's in preference; one single prayer is the only one that has been taught and commanded by divine authority; others may be needful to the reverent dealers in them, and are very showy in the clerical shop-window. Rising from my knees after praying for my enemies, I should tremble and shudder at responding to certain psalms of King David, in which he calls upon God for vengeance. I agree with you that better examples of sanctitude might be propounded to the people; that these compositions are more fitted to the library-shelf than to the pulpit; and even on the library-shelf I would draw a green curtain before them. The puritans made the Bible unwholesome by the sourness of the leaven they kneaded into it; the papists froth it over with fine sugar like a bride-cake, trim it with pretty flowers and

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glistening, fresh, and infantine figures, lay it under the pillow, and dream upon it. The Holy Scriptures, in fact, are our title-deeds to an estate which no church hath a right to put into chancery. They require but few witnesses and little wax. People use no darkened glasses when there is no eclipse. Vigilant to an excess, you will not allow a gentleman to look out of his own window, lest he should see too far beyond the chappel. When we would express the vilest cowardice, we say of a person, and believe all the while that we exaggerate, *he dares not call his soul his own:* under your regimen the bravest man would never venture to assert his property in it; his soul is yours, yours entirely and exclusively. You can confine it for ever, you can torture it, you can enchain it in utter darkness, you can hold it fast or loose, as revenge or whim, as humiliation or money, may influence you. There have been learned and inquisitive men who traced your ceremonies and your patron saints up among the ruins and rubbish of paganism. There have been dignitaries of the highest order, in the halls of the Vatican and under the dome of Saint Peter's, who never in their hearts preferred a prying and prowling superstition to one of equally easy virtue, but more general, generous, and gracious: equally meretricious but less mercenary. Few of us like better a night-hawk than an eagle; a bold swooping vulture than an ostrich with its high stride and stately plume. Let us descend from ancient Rome to modern. At the present time you are exercising a more stringent authority than ever was permitted to you, in England or Ireland, when all were papists, and when our kings were not sovrans but slaves. Thirty years ago the priest in Ireland was not admitted to the gentleman's table. If he ventured to interfere with the household he was ordered imperatively and sternly to mind his own business. At present a posse of them assembles in the market-place or town-hall, and denounces any gentleman as untrue to his country who chooses his own representative in parliament preferably to theirs. They tread the laws underfoot, and call it passive resistance; they disobey the magistrate, they challenge the police, they defy the army; but then, ever loyal subjects! they protect the crown! yea, forsooth they do indeed protect it: by putting the mitre over it! Remonstrate, and bludgeons answer; beat down the bludgeon, and then comes the bullet. In what other country, in what other

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times, would this rebellious spirit, this open and raging insurrection, be tolerated? Your priests have re-established the papal power throughout the continent, excepting the brave, the moral, the thoughtful, the dutiful, the industrious nations of the north. Compare the fruits of your system with theirs; compare Ireland with Holland, with Westphalia, with Denmark, with Sweden, with Norway. The sands of Holland, the swamps of Westphalia, the alluvial banks of Denmark, the mountain-ridges of Sweden, the rocks, the forests, and the fiords of Norway, are alive with industry and enterprise. Ireland, which contains at least two-thirds of as much improvable and cultivable land as Great Britain, better fisheries, harbours more numerous and more adapted to commerce, is involved in sloth, immerst in ignorance, and shaken up from its dark profundity to fret and foam in wild agitation amidst unprofitable wrath."

Eminence! he had now said quite enough; and what is remarkable, much of it is true. I could only ask him whether all the evils of Ireland, if indeed any part of them, can fairly be attributed to our priesthood; and whether the richness of the soil is not in itself a temptation to idleness. "Certainly the reverse," said he. "The Moors in Spain were industrious: priests, and kings under priestly rowels, drove them out. Not only had they richness of soil but softness of climate; yet even modern cultivation in England itself, with every invention of science, every expenditure of wealth, scarcely rivals theirs. Look at the Spaniards who supplanted them; hardly one inch in mental stature above the oxen they drive afield. The chief advantage they possess over the brutes, is that they, having hands, can scratch their backs and breasts more conveniently. And now look further eastward, look toward a nation ruled by you and your Bourbons. In those once happy lands the Syrens and Calypso, Ulysses and Telemachus, were no fables, but lessons only. Musick and grace accompanied domestic offices. Innocence more confident than strength, more royal than royalty, held forth her hand to the stranger at the fountain. The garden bore fruit for all; and everywhere was the garden. Parental and filial love thrilled gently and genially thro the human breast; and every breast was human. Patriarcal and heroick ages were succeeded by others in which the intellect was more cultivated, the heart not less. Ascetics who pick up only the husks of philosophy and make wry faces

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over them, moan at the mention of those noble cities which swelled into ripeness here. Sybaris had her luxuries; those luxuries were from the harvest of prosperity: and did prosperity ever rise but out of industry and exertion? Probably so flourishing a city was much maligned by the ignorant and the indolent. What would they say then against Croton? The same government, the same arts and sciences, the same prosperity, were Croton's; and yet she produced her Milo. Fools as we are, and as those before us have been and have made us, do we believe that she never produced much better men, and even much braver, than he? What cities, from Sybaris to Tarentum, and on every side around, once covered that Southern Italy which is covered now with brambles. What gymnasia, what groves and porticoes, were open here! what numerous disciples of Pythagoras and of Plato saluted one another in amity and concord, where the buffalo now raises his head above the mud, and looks in his sullenness like another Bourbon."

My patience, as the Italians say, escaped me; but, resolving to turn aside the discourse from what is so venerable and august, I said, "You have been in Italy, sir, no doubt, and perhaps have visited the countries you describe." He answered that he had seen little of them beyond Pæstum, a fair specimen of the rest. "But I enjoyed the honor," he added, "of a daily conversation with the virtuous and truly noble archbishop of Tarento, then resident at Naples, and I was so imprudent as to decline his offer of an introduction by letters to several ancient barons of the realm, who pass their lives, more independently than princes, on their hereditary estates in those provinces. If taken by brigands, the captain would only have conducted me to the place of my destination. Of this I was confident; but I chose in preference the conversation of his Grace and the caresses of his two amiable white cats."

Specimens of his levity he had given me abundantly, yet I was ill-prepared for this, and I do believe I ejaculated in my astonishment, *Cats and Archbishops!* After a pause I said to him, "Surely, sir, you who have evidently spent some time in Naples and its vicinity, must have seen very different things from interminable wastes and deserts."

"Yes, reverend sir," he answered, "I have sailed by the ilands of Ischia and Procida, where the king of the two

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Sicilies holds in narrow, dark, pestilential dungeons the citizen who trusted and obeyed him, the soldier, the jurist, the judge, the minister of state. I have debarked on Nisida, contemplative and alone, permitting my memory to wander after Brutus, once residing there, a little while before he left Italy for ever. What a change of men and things! Believe me, sir, the change is not the last. Vesuvius was quiescent for long long ages: but heaven frowned; and earth trembled to the center. My spirit cried within me, '*Are these lovely scenes to be corroded by despotism and choaked by superstition? O Lucullus! O Scipio! O tender and brave Cornelia! O generous youths whom she presses to her bosom, shall ye have lived and died in vain?*'"

I drew back involuntarily, not without trepidation. Surely here was insanity. Whether men ever do say such things to themselves I know not; if they do, I fervently hope they never will again to me. Providentially we were going on the road which leads toward Hanwell. After a time he appeared in some measure, altho but imperfectly, to recover. For my own sake, as well as for his own, I attempted to moderate and compose his phrenzy; but, on my offering him the consolations of our pure and infallible religion, it broke forth again, tho somewhat less violently, at least in elocution. "If my heart seemed afflicted," said he, "it was not at these vicissitudes on the face of nature, in regions where nature is fairest, since all earthly things must change, but it was that vulgar and venal superstitions have crept over superstitions more elevated and august. If man must have them, and it seems he must, let them not be forced upon him. If he must walk in the dark and must fear it, try to diminish his fear by walking at his side and investigating its causes, and never take advantage of it to ransack his closet and to peep into his daughter's bed. Glorious is it now, it seems, to be submiss and abject, dangerous to be upright and erect; to mount the tribunal is to mount the scaffold; to live a citizen is to die a traitor. How happens it, reverend sir, that wherever Popery hath long prevailed, despotic government not only hath extinguisht the vitality, but hath suppressed the very form of freedom? Witness the Aragon of former days, witness the France of ours. The time is approaching, I suspect, when some dreadful example will arouse to simultaneous exertion the dark inert masses of mankind; when some high throne will suddenly

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crack and tumble, some usurper, some perjurer, be crushed under it. Then fall others, many, all. No man should take justice into his own hands, it is said: let it also be said, no man should take injustice into them. Some men are above law, but none is above justice. Like the lightning which oftentimes comes from the heavens in the stillest weather, she strikes by day and by night. Her blow is sudden, certain, unforeseen, irresistible, irremediable. He who punishes unjustly is punisht justly; he who treads down the laws hath no right to complain that a nation acts against him without them. When the people is tongue-tied, God speaks. At one blast of his trumpet falls the axe, and the head that smote the heavens smites the dust."

I lookt up aghast to the face of my interlocutor; I observed what I had less observed before, that he was old, that he was pale; yet he carried his grey brow loftily, and his strides were so rapid that I could hardly keep pace with him. I was not sorry when he paused to take breath, apparently exhausted. Such I presume must always be the case, when a legion or demi-brigade of devils hath taken flight from the body, and before the sinciput, the occiput, the diaphragm, and the abdomen, can be sprinkled with holy water.

Kissing the hem of the purple, I have the honor to be
Your Eminence's devoted servant and
A TRUE BELIEVER.

LETTER X.

MY Lord Cardinal! To atone for my future sins (all my past having been satisfactorily settled for) it hath pleased the blessed Hierarchy above to deliver me once more into the hands of my implacable tormentor. Perhaps I was not wholly ineffective in my last conference. But human hopes are checkered; and the brightest morning in our variable climate is often the harbinger of a gloomy day.

Wishing to supply a few of our Irish representatives with arguments, and words to support them, and having accomplished that mission, I strolled over Westminster-bridge, and rested at the southern end to gaze down on the new Houses of Parliament. A gentleman came near me for the advantage of the view, and placed his elbows on the parapet.

"We are admiring in common, sir, the beauty of the edifice," said I. He looked at me suspiciously, and somewhat

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coldly, as Englishmen always do look when an equal first accosts them, different as their manner is toward a superior or inferior. He started a little at the voice, turned suddenly, and, recognising me after a moment, replied "that it was an elaborate work of much beauty, but that he should have been better pleased with it if it had been built over the bridge instead of under. He added that he understood it was too small for the members; that even the Irish could not make themselves heard in it; that the architect in a pure spirit of humanity had contracted its dimensions, because one of them had declared that, under the wrongs his country was suffering, if he could not redress them, he would die upon the floor. Hearing this commination the architect was resolved to counteract the completion of such a suicide, and that if he died upon the floor it should not be at full length, but a good half of him on the knee or shoulder of the member next to him. The same clever architect made nitches, for the reception of barons in their armour, so narrow that if they had entered in woolen waistcoats they must have shuffled them off as they could; and so low that their helmets were to be knocked down over their noses. In his *Reform Clubroom*, the tubes for warming it were conducted along the icehouse."

Vexed as I was about our member on the floor, I smiled at this; and telling him that having travelled much abroad, I was deeply interested in any sensible man's remarks on architecture; I should be gratified by his upon the Abbey. He said he was walking that way. Before we came to it, he looked to the left, and requested me to give him my opinion of the masonry (architecture he declared he would never call it) stuck against Westminster Hall. I told him that I had visited the best part of Europe, but had found in no country any buildings so disgraceful as those erected in England during the reign of George the Third; and those erected since showed but small improvement. He assented; and then he asked me what I thought of Canning's statue. I praised in some measure its execution.

"Not amiss," said he, "but the site would be more proper in Liverpool or Oxford: he represented the one city, and gained a prize for latin poetry in the other. In parliament he failed as signally; he tried both parties; both discarded him; and, what is unexampled, not even in the cabinet could he retain one single adherent. Better had he continued to

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dabble among the sunny shallows and crisp ripples of literature. "On this pedestal should be erected the statue of an incomparably great man, to whose sagacity in jurisprudence we owe every reform which, reluctantly and by driblets, hath been since introduced into our laws: I pronounce the name of Bentham! Had his advice to the French Directory been taken, they would have released their colonies, and an army of forty thousand men, sent into Saint Domingo soon after by Bonaparte, had been saved: it was the second instalment of the nine hundred thousand French carcases on which he built his throne. Equally reckless, and without any sense of glory true or false, our minister of the colonies is devoting his quota to perdition, instead of profiting by the experience of others, or of reading a little book which at the present hour should be the Encheiridion of all Statesmen."

On my remarking that Bentham inhabited the house of Milton, "Yes, sir," answered he, "and inherited Milton's spirit; not indeed of poetry, but of argumentation and of truth." I assented to the commendations of these two patriots, as far as a catholick could in conscience do it. My road, your Eminence knows, lay toward Belgrave-square: his also was somewhere in that quarter. When we had reached the upper part of the new street leading to Pimlico, near the palace, he stood still. "If they continue to make improvements," said he, "let us hope they will give Englishmen a view of Nelson's column, direct from the center of this building; it may be done by the demolition of fewer than twenty houses. The comparatively poor municipality of Paris is opening her streets at four-fold the expenditure: we remove that only which is ornamental. Paxton's grand edifice, built for national and more than national use, is about to be removed. Gladly would I see it, not filled nor half-filled, but decorated, with long avenues and wide transepts of exotic trees, principally the citron in its varieties. Tropical plants I would exclude; the temperature should be no higher than our rooms in winter; without which precaution the place, instead of health and recreation, would induce debility and disease. The plants should be contained in no such wooden tubs and troughs as disfigure our conservatories, but in richly ornamented vases of *terra cotta:* I had several such in Tuscany four and five feet in diameter: they were believed to be above two centuries old. Admit no beds, no borders; but statues and busts of historians, of

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moralists, of philosophers, of poets, and of those writers who blend by their genius all these characters in one. The novelist's *Little Nell* should enter her Elysium amid these fragrant shades: the hearts of many weary and sore-laden should be comforted and invigorated by *Household Words*. No theologian here, no preacher, no orator, no debater, no potentate, no captain; not a Nelson, not a Sidney Smith, not even men who united with equal skill and courage the calmer and purer graces of humanity, such as a Blake, a Collingwood, and a Pellew, since these might humiliate the stranger; for these there are, or ought to be, fit places. Ranges of them should extend throughout Saint Paul's and Westminster Abbey. The saviours of their country would prepare the heart for that thanksgiving which the devout are called together in those places to offer up to the common Saviour of mankind."

I crossed myself when, heretick and infidel as he was, he talked so like a Christian. "Sir," said I, "we agree on almost every point, especially on patriotism." Then I began to magnify those of our true religion who attained their scope by incessant agitation. He stopt me, and replied with emphasis, "Reverend sir! the word is odious, and formerly was disgraceful. Truly in Ireland the expression of *monster meeting* is not quite inapplicable; but it was intended by the agitators to convey a very different signification. Multitude is not magnitude; agitation is not strength: on the contrary, the strong are confident and quiet." I ventured to remark that O'Connell was true to his country and his religion. To which he replied, "that a man may be zealous for both; that zeal, however, is not always truth, but is often found in those to whom truth is a matter of indifference." I then submitted to his calm consideration whether the zeal of the catholicks could possibly have aught but truth for its foundation, since it had resisted, so successfully, such oppression. "Sir," said he, the catholicks in this country began with stabbing and burning their fellow subjects. Now stabbing and burning are thought by some people not only to be extremely incommodious, but also grave misdemeanours; and the stabbers and burners ere long were kicked and cuffed, and sometimes hanged, accordingly." In my indignation I avowed myself an obedient son of the Church, ready to lay down my life for her, and resolved to propagate all her verities in every part of these dominions. "Reverend sir," said he smiling, "you may propagate all her

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verities with small expenditure from the seed-bag. What is sound and weighty lies at the bottom, and you are loth to put your arm into it so deeply. It would be better for yourselves and for the community, if you looked down more attentively into your own breasts, and less inquisitively into the concerns of your neighbour. Under the plea of solicitude for his salvation, are you quite certain that there is nowhere hidden about you a lurking and intemperate desire of predominant authority? In putting on the armour of righteousness for your tourney, a little crevice is sometimes discovered in the links of the mail, thro which the silken wadding of vanity is apparent. Perhaps, altho you are commanded to *put on* the armour of righteousness, you, according to your version or any other, are not commanded to sleep on it, or to wear it every day. Freely do I confess to you, reverend sir, that I care very little about any crack in your corslet; and I assure you I never will take advantage of it to aim a thrust of my lance at the place: all I desire of you is the tranquillity of the realm. This, we protestants, and many catholicks, not only in England but also in Ireland, are firmly persuaded is mainly to be accomplished, and most permanently secured, by drawing closer the bonds of concord in the young. The Scotch and the Welsh live under the same laws and obey the same *stranger*. The Celts of Cornwall and the Celts of Connaught differ in this only; that the former are obedient to the laws of their own prince, the latter to a prince in another and distant land . . the real stranger. We inhabitants of Great Britain spring from various nations, and among us are various religions. Is it not a remarkable fact that the communicants of all these various religions should live together in amity; with one sole exception? In France, which you call a catholick and free country, *it* is punishable by law to excite hatred among the citizens. Your representatives in parliament, your delegates to Dublin, your bishops, your primate, would incur this penalty in that exemplarily catholick and superlatively free country. Incendiarism of a cottage is a capital crime; is the incendiarism of a kingdom a lighter? Disunion is preached openly, and authoritatively enforced. The most reverend Doctor Cullen, primate of all Ireland, denounces his subordinate bishop, Doctor Murray, for having sent untimely to hell in his zeal as many souls as Achilles did in his anger. How happens it that two hairs taken from above the same rib

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of the same goat are so dissimilar? Infallibility can communicate itself, having infinite power from above, and immediate intercourse with God; therefor it never can be mistaken in its chosen vessels. Now Doctors Murray, Crolly, and Doyle, are desirous that children in Ireland should not be greatly more ignorant than children in New Zealand; and they perceive no reason why brotherly love and mutual good offices should be discountenanced in the national schools. The primate of all Ireland, the most reverend Doctor Cullen, sees distinctly why those who are now separate should be separate for ever. A century ago there was indifference to religion, especially to Popery, in almost every part of Europe: aged people were then living more accordantly with the spirit of Christianity. Virtuous, religious, zealous men presently arose; and, as they walked along, the hamlet, the city, the field, the forest, rang with hymns to the Saviour. Men at that time almost as lawless as the Irish, flocked around Whitfield and Wesley. Their hearts were touched; their consciences were shaken by the divine force of the Gospel, and sifted thoroughly by their own unsparing grasp; contention ceased among them; labour was redoubled, inebriating draughts were diminished, that their wives and children might come in a decent apparel before their venerable pastor. This enthusiasm, like all other enthusiasm, subsided; but not suddenly, nor soon. Meanwhile the rector and vicar, by slow degrees, stretched out their legs, yawned, groaned, and weighed up their bodies, a few hours after dinner, *de profundis* of the cushion on the arm-chair. Presently the poorer of the parishioners shared their attention (if not quite impartially) with poney and pointer. Once aroused from their torpidity they grow restless: they quarrel about baptism, prevenient grace, apostolical succession, white and black drapery; they discuss whether a table shall be called *table* or *altar*, whether candles shall be lighted on it at noonday, or whether candlesticks with clear and tall white candles in them are not all-sufficient; lastly, whether flowers, natural or artificial, and in what quantity, shall, as is quite the fashion at well-ordered dioceses, be set upon table, or (if altar) upon altar. Amidst this butlery and housewifery there peers thro the doorway a certain tall shadow, pale, tepid with holy dew and radiant with seraphical delight."

"Sir," I said, "I do not understand you. In many places

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the rector and vicar are in doctrine essentially ours; so are the bishops; they wait only for the *development;* when our parliament has indemnified them, it is complete. The way was prepared for us by hot fanaticks: they cleared the forest for our cultivation. We come late into the field, but we *are* come, and are at work." He smiled and replied, "Yes indeed, sir, the papist comes somewhat late into the field and when the birds are grown wilder; yet he contrives to drag his net over a stray covey here and there; and, feeling the breast of a tender young bird, he pouches it."

Eminence! at this ribaldry, I could forbear no longer: it was too . . . what shall I call it? . . . provoking, irritating. On my grave remonstrance he apologized politely, and added, "Reverend sir! religions in all European states are trades, and like other trades, thrive best by competition. The methodists wake the sleepers in our churches by a loud repetition of God's recorded words: you papists waft the thurible under their noses, and engage pretty girls to embroider their linen and sing to them. I quarrel with no religion, no community. For my part the gypsey may lie in idleness under the tent or hedgerow: I disapprove indeed of his purloining old sticks out of my fences to boil his kettle: but if he creeps on nearer the homestead, if I catch him throwing bits of poisoned horseflesh to my watchdog, or raising up a low ladder in the dusk toward my henroost, I call without delay for the policeman."

Eminence! I have lived and yet breathe under this. We must all carry our cross: yours, my Lord Cardinal, is the heaviest; but among the faithful there is not one to be found who would not readily run up to bear it. Such is our devotion to the will of our Father who is in Rome, whose kingdom is come, who gives us our daily bread, who forgives us our trespasses, and whose name is ever to be sanctified and adored.

Kissing the hem of the purple, I have the honor to be
Your Eminence's devoted servant, and
A TRUE BELIEVER.

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THE IDYLS OF THEOCRITUS.

WITHIN the last half-century the Germans have given us several good editions of Theocritus. That of Augustus Meinekius, to which the very inferior and very different poems of Bion and Moschus are appended, is among the best and the least presuming. No version is added: the notes are few and pertinent, never pugnacious, never prolix. In no age, since the time of Aristarchus, or before, has the greek language been so profoundly studied, or its poetry in its nature and meter so perfectly understood, as in ours. Neither Athens nor Alexandria saw so numerous or so intelligent a race of grammarians as Germany has recently seen contemporary. Nor is the society diminisht, nor are its labours relaxt, at this day. Valckenaer, Schrieber, Schaeffer, Kiesling, Wuesteman, are not the only critics and editors who, before the present one, have bestowed their care and learning on Theocritus.

Doubts have long been entertained upon the genuineness of several among his Idyls. But latterly a vast number, even of those which had never been disputed, have been called in question by Ernest Reinhold, in a treatise printed at Jena in 1819. He acknowledges the eleven first, the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and eighteenth. Against the arbitrary ejection of the remainder rose Augustus Wissowa in 1828. In his *Theocritus Theocritæus*, vindicating them from suspicion, he subjoins to his elaborate criticism a compendious index of ancient quotations, in none of which is any doubt entertained of their authenticity. But surely it requires no force of argument, no call for extraneous help, to subvert the feeble position that, because the poet wrote his Pastorals mostly in his native dialect, the doric, he can never have written in another. If he composed the eighteenth Idyl in the æolic, why may he not be allowed the twelfth and twenty-second in the ionic? Not, however, that in the twelfth he has done it uniformly: the older manuscripts of this poem contain fewer forms of that dialect than were

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afterwards foisted into it, for the sake of making it all of a piece. It is easy to believe that the Idyls he wrote in Sicily were doric, with inconsiderable variations, and that he thought it more agreeable to Hiero, whose favour he was desirous of conciliating. But when he retired from Sicily to the court of Ptolemy, where Callimachus and Apollonius and Aratus were residing, he would not on every occasion revert to an idiom little cultivated in Egypt. Not only to avoid the charge of rivalry with the poets who were then flourishing there, but also from sound judgment, he wrote heroic poetry in Homeric verse; in verse no less ionic than Homer's own; indeed more purely so.

Thirty of his poems are entitled IDYLS: in short all but the Epigrams, however different in length, in subject, and in meter. But who gave them this appellation? or whence was it derived? We need go up no higher than to εἶδος for the derivation: and it is probable that the poet himself supplied the title. But did he give it to all his compositions? or even to all those (excepting the Epigrams) which are now extant. We think he did not, although we are unsupported in our opinion by the old scholiast who wrote the arguments. "The poet," says he, "did not wish to specify his pieces, but *ranged them all under one title.*" We believe that he ranged what he thought the more important and the more epic under this category, and that he omitted to give any separate designation to the rest, prefixing to each piece (it may be) its own title. Nay, it appears to us not at all improbable that those very pieces which we moderns call more peculiarly Idyls, were not comprehended by him in this designation. We believe that εἰδύλλιον means a *small image of something greater;* and that it was especially applied at first to his short poems of the heroic cast and character. As the others had no genuine name denoting their quality, but only the names of the interlocutors or the subjects (which the ancient poets, both greek and roman, oftener omitted) they were all after a while comprehended in a mass within one common term. That the term was invented long after the age of Theocritus, is the opinion of Heine and of Wissowa: but where is the proof of the fact, or foundation for the conjecture? Nobody has denied that it existed in the time of Virgil; and many have wondered that he did not thus entitle his Bucolics, instead of calling them Eclogues. And so indeed he probably would

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have done, had he believed that Theocritus intended any such designation for his Pastorals. But neither he nor Calpurnius, nor Nemesian, called by the name of Idyl their bucolic poems; which they surely would have done if, in their opinion or in the opinion of the public, it was applicable to them. It was not thought so when literature grew up again in Italy, and when the shepherds and shepherdesses recovered their lost estates in the provinces of poetry, under the patronage of Petrarca, Boccacio, Pontanus, and Mantuanus.

Eobanus Hessus, a most voluminous writer of latin verses, has translated much from the greek classics, and among the rest some pieces from Theocritus. From time to time we have spent several hours of idleness over his pages; but the further we proceeded, whatever was the direction, the duller and drearier grew his unprofitable pine-forest, the more wearisome and disheartening his flat and printless sands. After him, Bruno Sidelius, another German, was the first of the moderns who conferred the name of Idyl on their Bucolics. As this word was enlarged in its acceptation, so was another in another kind of poetry, namely, the Pæan, which at first was appropriated to Apollo and Artemis, but was afterward transferred to other deities. Servius, on the first Eneid, tells us that Pindar not only composed one on Zeus of Dodona, but several in honor of mortals. The same may be said of the Dithyrambic. Elegy too, in the commencement, was devoted to grief exclusively, like the *næniæ* and *threnæ:* subsequently it embraced a vast variety of matters, some of them ethic and didactic; some the very opposite to its institution, inciting to war and patriotism, for instance those of Tyrtæus; and some to love and licentiousness, in which Mimnermus has been followed by innumerable disciples to the extremities of the earth.

Before we inspect the Idyls of Theocritus, one by one, as we intend to do, it may be convenient in this place to recapitulate what little is known about him. He tells us, in the epigraph to them, that there was another poet of the same name, a native of Chios, but that he himself was a Syracusan of low origin, son of Praxagoras and Philina. He calls his mother περικλειτη (illustrious), evidently for no other reason than because the verse required it. There is no ground for disbelieving what he records of his temper; that he never was guilty of detraction. His exact age is unknown, and unimportant. One of the Idyls

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is addressed to the younger Hiero, another to Ptolemy Philadelphus. The former of these began his reign in the one hundred and twenty-sixth Olympiad, the latter in the one hundred and twenty-third. In the sixteenth Idyl the poet insinuates that the valour of Hiero was more conspicuous than his liberality: on Ptolemy he never had reason to make any such remark. Among his friends in Egypt was Aratus, of whom Cicero and Cæsar thought highly, and of whose works both of them translated some parts. Philetus the Coan was another: and his merit must also have been great; for Propertius joins him with Callimachus, and asks permission to enter the sacred grove of poetry in their company.

> Callimachi manes et Coi sacra Philetæ!
> In vestrum quæso me sinite ire nemus.

It appears, however, that Aratus was more particularly and intimately Theocritus's friend. To him he inscribes the sixth Idyl, describes his loves in the seventh, and borrows from him the religious exordium of the seventeenth. After he had resided several years in Egypt, he returned to his native country, and died there.

We now leave the man for the writer, and in this capacity we have a great deal more to say. The poems we possess from him are only a part, although probably the best, of what he wrote. He composed hymns, elegies, and iambics. Hermann, in his dissertation on hexameter verse, expresses his wonder that Virgil, in the Eclogues, should have deserted the practice of Theocritus in its structure; and he remarks, for instance, the first in the first Idyl.

> Ἁδυ τι το ψιθυρισμα και ἁ πιτυς . . αιπολε τηνα.

This pause, however, is almost as frequent in Homer as in Theocritus: and it is doubtful to us, who indeed have not counted the examples, whether any other pause occurs so often in the Iliad. In reading this verse, we do not pause after πιτυς, but after ψιθυρισμα: but in the verses which the illustrious critic quotes from Homer the pause is precisely in that place.

> Ποντω μεν τα πρῶτα κορυσσεται . . αὐταρ ἔπειτα
> Χερσιν ῥήγνυμενων μεγαλα βρεμει . . αμφι δε τ' ακρας.

Although the pause is greatly more common in the greek hexameter than in the latin, yet Hermann must have taken

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up Virgil's Eclogues very inattentively in making his remark. For that which he wonders the Roman has imitated so sparingly from the Syracusan occurs quite frequently enough in Virgil, and rather too frequently in Theocritus. It may be tedious to the inaccurate and negligent; it may be tedious to those whose reading is only a species of dissipation, and to whom ears have been given only as ornaments; nevertheless, for the sake of others, we have taken some trouble to establish our position in regard to the Eclogues, and the instances are given below.*

* Ecl. i., containing 83 verses.
Namque erit ille mihi semper deus . .
Non equidem invideo, miror magis . .
Ite meæ, felix quondam, pecus . .

Ecl. ii. 73 verses.
Atque superba pati fastidia . .
Cum placidum ventis staret mare . .
Bina die siccant ovis ubera . .
Heu, heu! quid volui misero mihi .

Ecl. iii. 111 verses.
Dic mihi, Damœta, cujum pecus .
Infelix, O semper oves pecus . .
Et, si non aliquâ nocuisses . .
Si nescis, meus ille caper fuit . .
Bisque die numerant ambo pecus . .
Parta meæ Veneri sunt munera . .
Pollio et ipse facit nova carmina . .
Parcite, oves, nimium procedere . .

Ecl. v. 86 verses.
Sive antro potius succedimus . .
Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina . .
Quale sopor fessis in gramine . .
Hæc eadem docuit cujum pecus . .

Ecl. vi. 86 verses.
Cum canerem reges et prælia . .
Ægle Naïadum pulcherrima . .
Carmina quæ vultis cognoscite . .
Aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege . . .
Errabunda bovis vestigia . .
Quo cursu deserta petiverit . .

Ecl. vii. 70 verses.
Ambo florentes ætatibus . .
Vir gregis ipse caper deerraverat . .
Aspicio; ille ubi me contra videt . .
Nymphæ noster amor Lebethrides
Quale meo Codro concedite . .

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In Theocritus it is not this usage which is so remarkable; it is the abundance and exuberance of dactyls. They hurry on one after another, like the waves of a clear and rapid brook in the sunshine, reflecting all things the most beautiful in nature, but not resting upon any.

IDYL I. Of all the poetry in all languages that of Theocritus is the most fluent and easy; but if only this Idyl were extant, it would rather be memorable for a weak imitation of it by Virgil, and a beautiful one by Milton, than for any great merit beyond the harmony of its verse. Indeed it opens with such sounds as Pan himself in a prelude on his pipe might have

Setosi caput hoc apri tibi . .
Ite domum pasti, si quis pudor . .
Aut sí ultra placitum laudârit . .
Si fœtura gregem suppleverit . .
Solstitium pecori defendite . .
Populus Alcidæ gratissima . .
Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima.

Ecl. viii. 109 verses.

Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris . .
A te principium, tibi desinet . .
Carmina cœpta tuis, atque hanc sine . .
Nascere præque diem veniens age . .
Omnia vel medium fiant mare . .
Desine Mænalios jam desine . .
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina . .
Transque caput jace; ne respexeris . .

Ecl. ix. 67 verses.

Heu cadit in quemquam tantum scelus . .
Tityre dum redeo, brevis est via . .
Et potum pastas age Tityre . .
Pierides, sunt et mihi carmina . .
Omnia fert ætas, animum quoque . .
Nunc oblita mihi tot carmina . .
Hinc adeo media est nobis via . .
Incipit apparere Bianoris . .

Ecl. x. 77 verses.

Nam neque Parnassi, vobis juga . .
Omnes unde amor iste rogant tibi . .

Instances of the cadence are not wanting in the Eneid. The fourth book, the most elaborate of all, exhibits them.

"Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus" . .

And again in the last lines, with only one interposed.

"Dévolat, et supra caput adstitit . .
Sic ait et dextra crinem secat."

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produced. The dialogue is between Thyrsis and a goatherd. Here is much of appropriate description; but it appears unsuitable to the character and condition of a goatherd to offer so large a reward as he offers for singing a song. "If you will sing as you sang in the contest with the Libyan shepherd Chromis, I will reward you with a goat, mother of two kids, which goat you may milk thrice a-day; for, though she suckles two kids, she has milk enough left for two pails."

We often hear that such or such a thing "is not worth an old song." Alas! how very few things are! What precious recollections do some of them awaken! what pleasurable tears do they excite! They purify the stream of life; they can delay it on its shelves and rapids; they can turn it back again to the soft moss amidst which its sources issue.

But we must not so suddenly quit the generous goatherd: we must not turn our backs on him for the sake of indulging in these reflections. He is ready to give not only a marvellously fine goat for the repetition of a song, but a commodity of much higher value in addition; a deep capacious cup of the most elaborate workmanship, carved and painted in several compartments. Let us look closely at these. The first contains a woman in a veil and fillet: near her are two young suitors who throw fierce *words* one against the other: she never minds them, but smiles upon each *alternately*. Surely no cup, not even a magical one, could express all this. But they *continue* to carry on their ill-will. In the next place is an old fisherman on a rock, from which he is hauling his net. Not far from him is a vineyard, laden with purple grapes. A little boy is watching them near the boundary-hedge, while a couple of foxes are about their business: one walking through the rows of vines, picking out the ripe grapes as he *goes along*; the other devising mischief to the boy's wallet, and *declaring* on the word of a fox that he will never quit the premises until he has captured the breakfast therein deposited. The song is deferred no longer: and a capital song it is: but the goatherd has well paid the piper. It is unnecessary to transcribe the verses which Virgil and Milton have imitated.

> Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga nam neque Pindi
> Ulla moram facere, neque Aonia Aganippe.

Virgil himself, on the present occasion, was certainly not detained in any of these places. Let us try whether we cannot

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come toward the original with no greater deviation, and somewhat less dulness.

> Where were ye, O ye nymphs! when Daphnis died?
> For not on Pindus were ye, nor beside
> Penëus in his softer glades, nor where
> Acis might well expect you, once your care.
> But neither Acis did your steps detain,
> Nor strong Anapus rushing forth amain,
> Nor high-brow'd Etna with her forest chain.

Harmonious as are the verses of Theocritus, the greek language itself could not bear him above Milton in his Lycidas. He had the good sense to imitate the versification of Tasso's Aminta, employing rhyme where it is ready at hand, and permitting his verses to be longer or shorter, as may happen. They are never deficient in sweetness, taken separately, and never at the close of a sentence disappoint us. However, we can not but regret the clashing of irreconcileable mythologies. Neither in a poem nor in a picture do we see willingly the Nymphs and the Druids together: Saint Peter comes even more inopportunely: and although, in the midst of such scenery, we may be prepared against wolves with their own heads and "*maws*" and "*privy paws*," yet we deprecate them when they appear with a bishop's: they are then an over-match for us. The ancients could not readily run into such errors: yet something of a kind not very dissimilar may be objected to Virgil.

> Venit Apollo,
> 'Galle! quid insanis?' inquit.

When the poet says, "Cynthius aurem vellit et admonuit," we are aware that it is merely a form of phraseology: but among those who, in Virgil's age, believed in Apollo, not one believed that he held a conversation with Gallus. The time for these familiarities of gods with mortals had long been over,

> Nec se contingi patiuntur lumine claro.

There was only one of them who could stil alight without suspicion among the poets. Phœbus had become a mockery, a by-word: but there never will be a time probably when Love shall lose his personality, or be wished out of the way if he has crept into a poem. But the poem must be a little temple of his own, admitting no other occupant or agent beside himself and (at most) two worshipers.

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To return to this first Idyl. Theocritus may be censured for representing a continuity of action in one graven piece, where the girl smiles on two young men alternately. But his defence is ready. He would induce the belief that, on looking at the perfection of the workmanship, we must necessarily know not only what is passing, but also what is past and what is to come. We see the two foxes in the same spirit, and enter into their minds and machinations. We swear to the wickedest of the two that we will keep his secret, and that we will help him to the uttermost of our power, when he declares (φατι) that he will have the boy's breakfast. Perhaps we might not be so steadily his partisan, if the boy himself were not meditating an ill turn to another creature. He is busy in making a little cage for the cicala. Do we never see the past and the future in the pictures of Edwin Landseer? who exercises over all the beasts of the field and fowls of the air an undivided and unlimited dominion, και νοον εγνω̂.

We shall abstain, as far as may be, in this review, from verbal criticism, for which the judicious editor, after many other great scholars, has left but little room: but we can not consent with him to omit the hundred and twentieth verse, merely because we find it in the fifth Idyl, nor because he tells us it is rejected in the best editions. Verses have been repeated both by Lucretius and by Virgil. In the present case the sentence, without it, seems obtruncated, and wants the peculiar rhythm of Theocritus, which is complete and perfect with it. In the two last verses are αἶδε χιμαιραι Οὐ μή σκιρτασητε. Speaking *to* the she-goats he could not well say αι, which could only be said in speaking *of* them. Probably the right reading is ὥδε, although we believe there is no authority for it. The repetition of that word is graceful and adds to the sense. "Come hither, Kissaitha! milk this one: but, you others! do not leap about *here*, lest, &c." The poet tells us he will hereafter sing more sweetly: it is much to say; but he will keep his promise: he speaks in the character of Thyrsis. When the goatherd gives the cup to the shepherd he wishes his mouth to be filled with honey, and with the honey-*comb!*

Idyl II. is a monologue, and not bucolic. Cimætha, an enchantress, is in love with Delphis. The poem is curious, containing a complete system of incantation as practised by the Greeks. Out of two verses, by no means remarkable,

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Virgil has framed some of the most beautiful in all his works. Whether the Idyl was in this particular copied from Apollonius, or whether he in the Argonautics had it before him, is uncertain. Neither of them is so admirable as,

> Sylvæque et sæva quierant
> Æquora.
> At non infelix animi Phœnissa; neque unquam
> Solvitur in somnos, *oculisve aut pectore noctem*
> *Accipit:* ingeminant curæ, rursusque resurgens
> Sævit amor.
>
> The woods and stormy waves were now at rest,
> But not the hapless Dido; never sank
> She into sleep, never received she night
> Into her bosom; grief redoubled grief,
> And love sprang up more fierce the more repress.

Idyl III. A goatherd, whose name is not mentioned, declares his love, with prayers and expostulations, praises and reproaches, to Amaryllis. The restlessness of passion never was better expressed. The tenth and eleventh lines are copied by Virgil, with extremely ill success.

> *Quod potui*, puero *sylvestri* ex arbore *lecta*
> Aurea mala decem misi, cras altera mittam.

How poor is *quod potui!* and what a *selection* (lecta) is that of crabs; moreover, these were *sent* as a present (misi), and not offered in person. There is not even the action, such as it is, but merely the flat relation of it. Instead of a narration about sending these precious crabs, and the promise of as many more on the morrow, here in Theocritus the attentive lover says, "Behold! I bring you ten apples. I gathered them myself from the tree whence you desired me to gather them: to-morrow I will bring you more. Look upon my soul-tormenting grief! I wish I were a bee that I might come into your grotto, penetrating through the ivy and fern, however thick about you." Springing up and away from his dejection and supplication, he adds wildly,

> Νῦν εγνων τον Ερωτα: βαρυς θεος ἠ ρά λεαινας
> Μασδον εθηλαζε, δρυμω δε μιν ετρεφε ματηρ.*
>
> Now know I Love, a cruel God, who drew
> A lioness's teat, and in the forest grew.

* We have given not the editor's but our own punctuation: none after θεος: for if there were any in that place, we should have wished the words were βαρυν θεον.

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Virgil has amplified the passage to no purpose.

> Nunc scio quid sit amor: duris in cotibus illum
> Ismarus aut Rhodope aut extremi Garamantes
> Nec *generis* nostri puerum nec *sanguinis* edunt.

Where is the difference of meaning here between *genus* and *sanguis?* And why all this bustle about Ismarus and Rhodope and the Garamantes? A lioness in an oak-forest stands in place of them all, and much better. Love being the deity, not the passion, *qui* would have been better than *quid*, both in propriety and in sound. There follows,

> Alter ab undecimo jam tum me ceperat annus.

This is among the most faulty expressions in Virgil. The words *jam tum me* sound woodenly: and *me ceperat annus* is scarcely latin. Perhaps the poet wrote *mihi*, abbreviated to *mi; mihi cœperat annus.* There has been a doubt regarding the exact meaning: but this should raise none. The meaning is, "I was entering my *thirteenth* year." *Unus* ab undecimo would be the twelfth: of course *alter* ab undecimo must be the thirteenth. Virgil is little more happy in his translations from Theocritus than he is in those from Homer. It is probable that they were only school exercises, too many and (in his opinion) too good to be thrown away. J. C. Scaliger, zealous for the great Roman poet, gives him the preference over Homer in every instance where he has copied him. But in fact there is nowhere a sentence, and only a single verse anywhere, in which he rises to an equality with his master. He says of Fame,

> Ingrediturque solo et caput inter sidera condit.

The noblest verse in the latin language.

Idyl IV. Battus and Corydon.* The greater part is tedious; but at verse thirty-eight begins a tender grief of Battus on the death of his Amaryllis: Corydon attempts to console him. "You must be of good courage, my dear Battus!

* The close of verse thirty-one is printed ἆ τε Ζακυνθος; in other editions ἀ Ζακυνθος. Perhaps both are wrong. The first syllable of Ζακυνθος is short, which is against the latter reading; and τε would be long before Z, which is against the former. Might not a shepherd who uses the Doric dialect have said Δακυνθος. We have heard of a coin inscribed Δακυνθιων. In Virgil we read *nemorosa Zacynthos*: but it seems impossible that he should have written the word with a Z.

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Things may go better with you another day." To which natural and brief reflection we believe all editions have added two verses as spoken by Corydon. Nevertheless, we suspect that Theocritus gave the following one to Battus, and that he says in reply, or rather in refutation, "There are hopes in the living, but the dead leave us none." Then says Corydon, "The skies are sometimes serene and sometimes rainy." Battus is comforted; he adds but θαρσεω; for he perceives on a sudden that the calves are nibbling the olives. Good Battus has forgotten at once all his wishes and regrets for Amaryllis, and would rather have a stout cudgel. His animosity soon subsides, however, and he asks Corydon an odd question about an old shepherd, which Corydon answers to his satisfaction and delight.

IDYL V. Comatas, a goatherd, and Lacon, a shepherd, accuse one another of thievery. They carry on their recriminations with much spirit: but the beauty of the verses could alone make the contest tolerable. After the fortieth are several which Virgil has imitated, with little honor to his selection. Theocritus, always harmonious, is invariably the most so in description. This is, however, too long continued in many places: but here we might wish it had begun earlier and lasted longer. Lacon says,

> Sweeter beneath this olive will you sing,
> By the grove-side and by the running spring,
> Where grows the grass in bedded tufts, and where
> The shrill cicala shakes the slumberous air.

This is somewhat bolder than the original will warrant, but not quite so bold as Virgil's "*rumpunt arbusta* cicadæ." It is followed by what may be well in character with two shepherds of Sibaris, but what has neither pleasantry nor novelty to recommend it: and the answer would have come with much better grace uninterrupted. Comatas, after reminding Lacon of a very untoward action in which both were implicated, thus replies:

> I will not thither: cypresses are here,
> Oaks, and two springs that gurgle cool and clear,
> And bees are flying for their hives, and through
> The shady branches birds their talk pursue.

They both keep their places, and look out for an arbitrator

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to decide on the merit of their songs. Morson, a woodman, is splitting a tree near them; and they call him. There is something very dramatic in their appeal, and in the objurgation that follows. The contest is carried on in extemporary verses, two at a time. After several, Comatas says, "All my she-goats, excepting two, are bearers of twins: nevertheless, a girl who sees me among them says, 'Unfortunate creature! do you milk them all yourself!'" Lacon, as the words now stand, replies, "*Pheu! pheu!*" an exclamation which among the tragedians expresses grief and anguish, but which here signifies *Psha, psha.* Now it is evident that Comatas had attempted to make Lacon jealous, by telling him how sorry the girl was that he should milk the goats himself without anybody to help him. Lacon in return is ready to show that he also had his good fortune. There is reason therefor to suspect that the name Λακων should be Δαμων; because from all that precedes we may suppose that Lacon was never possessed of such wealth, and that Comatas would have turned him into ridicule if he had boasted of it. "Psha! psha! you are a grand personage with your twin-bearing goats, no doubt! but you milk them yourself: now Damon is richer than you are: he fills pretty nearly twenty hampers with cheeses."

This seems indubitable from the following speech of Lacon. Not to be teased any more after he had been taunted by Comatas, that Clearista, although he was a goat-herd, threw apples at him, and began to sing the moment he drove his herd by her, Lacon, out of patience at last, says, "Cratidas makes me wild with that beautiful hair about the neck." There could have been no room for this if he had spoken of himself, however insatiable. For, in a later verse, Cratidas seems already to have made room for another.

Ἀλλ' ἐγω Ευμηδευς ἐραμαι μεγα.

Finding Damon here in Theocritus, we may account for his appearance in Virgil. No greek letters are more easily mistaken one for the other than the capital Λ for Δ, and the small κ for μ. In the one hundred and fifth verse, Comatas boasts of possessing a cup sculptured by Praxiteles. This is no very grave absurdity in such a braggart: it suits the character: Virgil, who had none to support for his shepherd, makes him state that his is only "*divini* opus Alcimedontis."

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It may be remarked, in conclusion, that no other Idyl contains so many pauses after the fourth foot, which Hermann calls bucolic: nearly half of the verses have this cadence.

IDYL VI. This is dramatic, and is addressed to Aratus. The shepherds Damætas and Daphnis had driven their flocks into one place, and, sitting by a fountain, began a song about Polyphemus and Galatea. Daphnis acts the character of Galatea, Damætas of Polyphemus. The various devices of the gigantic shepherd to make her jealous, and his confidence of success in putting them into practice, are very amusing. His slyness in giving a secret sign to set the dog at her, and the dog knowing that he loved her in his heart, and pushing his nose against her thigh instead of biting her, are such touches of true poetry as are seldom to be found in pastorals. In the midst of these our poet has been thought to have committed one anachronism. But where Galatea is said to have mistaken the game, when

φευγει φιλεοντα και οὐ φιλεοντα διωκει
Και τον ἀπο γραμμῆς κινει λιθον,

. . Seeks him who loves not, him who loves, avoids:
And makes false moves,

she herself is not represented as the speaker, nor is Polyphemus, but Daphnis. It is only at the next speech that either of the characters comes forth in person: here Damætas is the Polyphemus, and acts his part admirably.

IDYL VII. The last was different in its form and character from the five preceding: the present is more different stil. The poet, on his road to Alexandria with Eucritus and Amyntas, meets Phrasidamus and Antigenes, and is invited to accompany them to the festival of Ceres, called Thalysia. He falls in with Lycidas of Cidon, and they relate their love-stories. This Idyl closes with a description of summer just declining into autumn. The invocation to the Nymphs is in the spirit of Pindar.

IDYL VIII.* The subject is a contest in singing between

* The two first lines are the least pleasant to the ear of any in this melodious poet.

Δαφνιδι πῶ χαριε | ν τι . . . συνηντετο βουκολιο | ν τι
Μαλα νεμων ὡς φα | ν τι, &c.

Ὡς φαντι is found in all editions; but Pierson has suggested *Διοφαντε*. Diophantus was a friend of Theocritus, addressed in Idyl XXI.

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Menalcas and Daphnis, for a pipe. Here are some verses of exquisite simplicity, which Virgil has most clumsily translated.

> Ego hunc vitulum, ne *forte* recuses, &c.
> De grege non ausim quidquam deponere tecum,
> Est mihi namque domi pater, est *injusta* noverca,
> Bisque die numerant ambo *pecus* . . *alter et hœdos.*

It is evident that Virgil means by *pecus* the sheep only; *pecora* at this day means an *ewe* in italian. Virgil's Menalcas had no objection to the robbery, but was afraid of the chastisement.

The Menalcas of Theocritus says, "I will never lay what belongs to my father; but I have a pipe which I made myself;" and according to his account of it, it was no ordinary piece of workmanship. Damætas, it appears, had made exactly such another, quite as good, and the cane of which it was made cut his finger in making it. They carry on the contest in such sweet hexameters and pentameters as never were heard before or since: but they finish with hexameters alone. The prize is awarded to Daphnis by the goatherd who is arbitrator. He must have been a goatherd of uncommonly fine discernment: the match seems equal: perhaps the two following verses turned the balance.

> Αλλ' ὑπο τᾶ πετρα τᾶδ' ασομαι, αγνας εχων τυ,
> Συνομα μαλ' εσορων, ταν Σικελαν ἐς ἅλα.

Of these, as of those above, we can only give the meaning: he who can give a representation of them, can give a representation of the sea-breezes.

> It never was my wish to have possest
> The land of Pelops and his golden store;
> But only, as I hold you to my breast,
> Glance at our sheep and our Sicilian shore.

Idyl IX. Again Menalcas and Daphnis; but they must both have taken cold.

Idyl X. Milo and Battus are reapers. Milo asks Battus what ails him, that he can neither draw a straight furrow nor reap like his neighbours. For simplicity none of the pastorals is more delightful, and it abounds in rustic irony.

Idyl XI. is addrest to Nikias of Miletus, and appears to have been written in Sicily, by the words ὁ Κυκλοψ ὁ παρ ημιν. It describes the love of Polyphemus for Galatea, his appeal to her, his promises (to the extent of eleven kids and four bear-

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cubs), and his boast that, if he can not have her, he can find another perhaps more beautiful; for that many are ready enough to play with him, challenging him to that effect, and giggling (κιχλιζοντι) when he listens to them. Virgil's imitation of this Idyl is extremely, and more than usually, feeble. The last verse however of Theocritus is somewhat flat.*

IDYL XII. We now arrive at the first of those Idyls of which the genuineness has been so pertinaciously disputed.† And why? Because forsooth it pleased the author to compose it in the ionic dialect. Did Burns, who wrote mostly in the scottish, write nothing in the english? With how much better reason has the competitor of Apollonius and Callimachus deserted the doric occasionally! Meleager, and other writers of inscriptions, mix frequently ionic forms with doric. In fact, the most accurate explorers must come at last to the conclusion, that even in the pastoral portion of these Idyls, scarcely a single one is composed throughout of unmingled doric. The ear that is accustomed to the exuberant flow of Theocritus, will never reject as spurious this melodious and graceful poem. Here, and particularly toward the conclusion, as very often elsewhere, he writes in the style and spirit of Pindar, while he celebrates the loves extolled by Plato.

IDYL XIII. is addrest to Nikias, as the eleventh was. It is not a dialogue: it is a narrative of the loss of Hylas. The same story is related by Propertius in the most beautiful of his elegies.

IDYL XIV. is entitled Cynisca's Love, and is a dialogue between her husband Æschines and his friend Thyonichus. Cynisca had taken a fancy to Lucos. At an entertainment given by Æschines, a very mischievous guest, one Apis, sings about a wolf (Λυκος), who was quite charming. Æschines

* ῥᾶον δε διᾶγ' ἢ χρυσον εδωκεν.

"He lived more pleasantly than if he had given gold for it."

This is barely sense; nor can it be improved without a bold substitution,

ἢ χρυσον ἔχων τις.

Such terminations are occasionally to be found in our poet; for example. Idyl 1. ἀλλα μαχευ μοι. Idyl 2. δσσον εγω δην. Idyl 3. ἐι φιλεεις με, and three lines further on, ουνεκ' εχω μεν, &c.

† The title of this is *Aites*, which among the Thessalians was what, according to the poet in v. 13, εισπνείλος was among the Spartans: the one παρα το τον ἐρωμενον εισαλειν, the other from εισπνεῖν τον ἐρωτα τῶ αγαπῶντι.

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had had some reason for jealousy before. Hearing Cynisca sigh at the name of Lucos, he can endure it no longer, and gives her a slap in the face, then another, and so forth, until she runs out of the house, and takes refuge with her Lucos day and night. All this the husband relates to Thyonichus; and the verses from the thirty-fourth to thirty-eighth, *θαλπε φιλον*, are very laughable. Thyonichus advises that so able a boxer should enter the service of Ptolemy.

Idyl XV. The Syracusan Gossips. Never was there so exact or so delightful a description of such characters. There is a little diversity, quite enough, between Praxinoë and Gorgo. Praxinoë is fond of dress; conceited, ignorant, rash, abusive in her remarks on her husband, ambitious to display her knowledge as well as her finery, and talking absurdly on what she sees about her at the festival of Adonis. Gorgo is desirous of insinuating her habits of industry. There are five speakers: Gorgo, Praxinoë, Eunoë, an old woman and a traveller, beside a singing girl, who has nothing to do with the party or the dialogue. "*Gorgo:* Don't talk in this way against your husband while your baby is by. See how he is looking at you. *Praxinoë:* Sprightly, my pretty Zopyrion! I am not talking of papa. *Gor:* By Proserpine! he understands you. Papa is a jewel of a papa." After a good deal of tattle, they are setting out for the fair, and the child shows a strong desire to be of the party. "*Gor:* I can't take you, darling! There's a hobgoblin on the other side of the door; and there's a biting horse. Ay, ay, cry to your heart's content. Do you think I would have you lamed for life? Come, come; let us be off." Laughter is irrepressible at their mishaps and exclamations in the crowd. This poem, consisting of one hundred and forty-four verses, is the longest in Theocritus, excepting the heroics on Hercules. The comic is varied and relieved by the song of a girl on Adonis. She notices everything she sees, and describes it as it appears to her. After an invocation to Venus, she has a compliment for Berenice, not without an eye to the candied flowers and white pastry, and the pretty little baskets containing mossy gardens and waxwork Adonisses, and tiny Loves flying over,

Οἷοι ἀηδονιῆες ἐφεζόμενοι ἐπι δενδρων
Πωτῶνται, πτερυγων πειρωμενοι ὀζον' ἀπ' ὀζω.

Like the young nightingales, some nestling close,
Some plying the fresh wing from bough to bough.

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IDYL XVI. The Graces. Here Hiero is reminded how becoming is liberality in the rich and powerful; and here is sometimes a plaintive undersong in the praise. The attributes of the Graces were manifold; the poet has them in view principally as the distributors of just rewards. We have noticed the resemblance he often bears to Pindar: nowhere is it so striking as in this and the next. The best of Pindar's odes is not more energetic throughout: none of them surpasses these two in the chief qualities of that admirable poet; rejection of what is light and minute, disdain of what is trivial, and selection of those blocks from the quarry which will bear strong strokes of the hammer and retain all the marks of the chisel. Of what we understand by sublimity he has little; but he moves in the calm majesty of an elevated mind. Of all poets he least resembles those among us whom it is the fashion most to admire at the present day. The verses of this address to Hiero by Theocritus, from the thirty-fourth to the forty-seventh, are as sonorous and elevated as the best of Homer's; and so are those beginning at the ninety-eighth verse to the end.

IDYL XVII. This has nothing of the Idyl in it, but is a noble eulogy on Ptolemy Philadelphus, son of Ptolemy Lagus and Berenice. Warton is among the many who would deduct it from the works of our poet. It is grander even than the last on Hiero, in which he appears resolved to surpass all that Pindar has written on the earlier king of that name. It is only in versification that it differs from him: in comprehensiveness, power, and majesty, and in the manner of treating the subject, the same spirit seems to have guided the same hand.

IDYL XVIII. The Epithalamium of Helen. There were two species of epithalamium: the κοιμητικον, such as this, and such likewise as that of Catullus, sung as the bride was conducted to her chamber; and the εγερτικον, sung as she arose in the morning. The poet, in the first verses, introduces twelve Spartan girls crowned with hyacinths, who sing and dance about Menelaus. "And so you are somewhat heavy in the knees, sweet spouse! rather fond of sleep, are you? You ought to have gone to sleep at the proper time, and have let a young maiden play with other young maidens at her mother's until long after daybreak." Then follow the praises of Helen, wishes for her prosperity, and promises to return at the crowing of the cock.

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IDYL XIX. Kariocleptes, or the Hive-stealer, contains but eight verses. It is the story of Cupid stung by a bee: the first and last bee that ever stung *all* the fingers (*Δακτυλα παντ' ὑπενυξεν*) of both hands: for it is not χειρος but χειρῶν. Having said in the first verse that the bee stung him, as he was plundering the hive, we may easily suspect in what part the wound was inflicted; and, among the extremely few things we could wish altered or omitted in Theocritus, are the words

ακραδε χειῶν.
Δακτυλα παντ' υπενυξεν. Ὁ δ' ἄλγεε

All the needful and all the ornamental would be comprised in

Κηριον ἐκ σιμβλων συλευμενον, ὁς χερ' εφυσσε, &c.

IDYL XX. The Oxherd. He complains of Eunica, who holds his love in derision and finds fault with his features, speech, and manners. From plain downright contemptuousness she bursts forth into irony.

ὡς αγρια παισδεις
Ὡς τρυφερον λαλεεις, ὡς κωτιλα ῥηματα φρασδεις, &c.

How rustic is your play!
How coarse your language! &c.

He entertains a very different opinion of himself, boasts that every girl upon the hills is in love with him, and is sure that only a *town-lady* (which he thinks is the same thing as a *lady of the town*) could have so little taste. There is simplicity in this Idyl, but it is the worst of the author.

IDYL XXI. The Fisherman. Two fishermen were lying stretched on seaweed in a wattled hut, and resting their heads against the wall composed of twigs and leaves. Around them were spred all the implements of their trade, which are specified in very beautiful verse. They arose before dawn, and one said to the other, "They speak unwisely who tell us that the nights are shorter in summer when the days are longer; for within the space of this very night I have dreamt innumerable dreams. Have you ever learnt to interpret them?" He then relates how he dreamt of having caught a golden fish, how afraid he was that it might be the favorite fish of Neptune or Amphitrite. His fears subsided, and he swore to himself that he would give up the sea for ever and be a king. "I am now afraid of having sworn any such

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oath," said he. "Never fear," replied the other: "the only danger is, of dying with hunger in the midst of such golden dreams."

IDYL XXII. This is the first heroic poem in Theocritus: it is in two parts. First is described the fight of Polideukes and Amycus: secondly, of Castor and Lynceus. Of Amycus the poet says that "his monstrous chest was *spherical:*" ἐσφαιρωτο.

Omitting this, we may perhaps give some idea of the scene.

> In solitude both wandered, far away
> From those they sail'd with. On the hills above,
> Beneath a rocky steep, a fount they saw
> Full of clear water; and below were more
> That bubbled from the bottom, silvery,
> Crystalline. In the banks around grew pines,
> Poplars, and cypresses, and planes, and flowers
> Sweet-smelling; pleasant work for hairy bees
> Born in the meadows at the close of spring.
> There, in the sunshine, sat a savage man,
> Horrid to see; broken were both his ears
> With cestuses, his shoulders were like rocks
> Polisht by some vast river's ceaseless whirl.

Apollonius and Valerius Flaccus have described the fight of Amycus and Polideukes: both poets are clever, Valerius more than usually: Theocritus is masterly.

IDYL XXIII. Dyseros, or the Unhappy Lover. The subject of this is the same as the Corydon of Virgil: but here the statue of Cupid falls on and crushes the inflexible.

IDYL XXIV. Heracliskos, or the Infant Hercules. There are critics of so weak a sight in poetry as to ascribe this magnificent and wonderful work to Bion or Moschus. Hercules is cradled in Amphitryon's shield. The description of the serpents, of the supernatural light in the chamber, and the prophecy of Tiresias, are equal to Pindar and Homer.

IDYL XXV. Hercules the Lion-killer. This will bear no comparison with the preceding. The story is told by Hercules himself, and the poet has taken good care that it should not be beyond his capacity.

IDYL XXVI. The Death of Pentheus. Little can be said for this also; only that the style is the pure antique.

IDYL XXVII. Daphnis and the Shepherdess, has been translated by Dryden. He has given the Shepherdess a muslin gown bespangled. This easy and vigorous poet too

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often turns the country into the town, smells of the ginshop, and staggers toward the brothel. He was quite at home with Juvenal, imitating his scholastic strut, deep frown, and loud declamation: no other has done such justice to Lucretius, to Virgil, to Horace, and to Ovid: none is so dissimilar to Theocritus. Wherever he finds a stain, he enlarges its circumference, and renders it vivid and indelible. In this lively poem we wish the sixty-fifth and sixty-sixth verses were omitted.

IDYL XXVIII. Neither this nor any one of the following can be called an Idyl. The meter is the pentameter choriambic, like Catullus's "*Alphene immemor, &c.*"

IDYL XXIX. Expostulation against Inconstancy. The meter is the dactylic pentameter, in which every foot is a dactyl, excepting the first, which is properly a trochee: this however may be converted to a spondee or an iambic, enjoying the same licence as the phaleucian. In the twentieth verse there is a false quantity, where κε is short before ζ.

IDYL XXX. The Death of Adonis. Venus orders the Loves to catch the guilty boar and bring him before her. They do so: he makes his defence against the accusation, which is, that he only wished to kiss the thigh of Adonis; and he offers his tusk in atonement, and, if the tusk is insufficient, his cheek. Venus pitied him, and he was set at liberty. Out of gratitude and remorse, he went to a fire and burnt his teeth down to the sockets. Let those who would pillage Theocritus of his valuables, show the same contrition: we then promise them this poem, to do what they will with.

The Inscriptions, which follow, are all of extreme simplicity and propriety. These are followed by the poems of Bion and Moschus. Bion was a native of Smyrna, Moschus (his scholar) of Syracuse. They are called authors of Idyls, but there is nothing of idyl or pastoral in their works. The worst of them, as is often the case, is the most admired. Bion tells us that the boar bit the thigh of Adonis with his *tusk;* the *white thigh with the white tusk;* and that Adonis grieved Venus by breathing *softly* while the blood was running. Such faults as these are rarely to be detected in greek poetry, but frequently on the revival of Pastoral in Italy.

Chaucer was born before that epidemic broke out which soon spred over Europe, and infected the english poetry as badly as any. The thoughts of our poets in the Elizabethan

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age often look the stronger because they are complicated and twisted. We have the boldness to confess that we are no admirers of the Elizabethan *style*. Shakspeare stood alone in a fresh and vigorous and vast creation: yet even his first-born were foul offenders, bearing on their brows the curse of a fallen state. Elsewhere, in every quarter, we are at once slumberous and restless under the heaviness of musk and benzoin, and sigh for the unattainable insipidity of fresh air. We are regaled with dishes in which no condiment is forgotten, nor indeed any thing but simply the meat; and we are ushered into chambers where the tapestry is all composed of dwarfs and giants, and the floor all covered with blood. Thomson, in the *Seasons*, has given us many beautiful descriptions of inanimate nature; but the moment any one speaks in them the charm is broken. The figures he introduces are fantastical. The *Hassan* of Collins is excellent: he however is surpassed by Burns and Scott: and Wordsworth, in his *Michael*, is nowise inferior to them. Among the moderns no poet, it appears to us, has written an Idyl so perfect, so pure and simple in expression, yet so rich in thought and imagery, as the *Godiva* of Alfred Tennyson. Wordsworth, like Thomson, is deficient in the delineation of character, even of the rustic, in which Scott and Burns are almost equal. But some beautiful Idyls might be extracted from the *Excursion*, which would easily split into *laminæ*, and the residue might, with little loss, be blown away. Few are suspicious that they may be led astray and get benighted by following simplicity too far. If there are pleasant fruits growing on the ground, must we therefor cast aside, as unwholesome, those which have required the pruning-knife to correct and the ladder to reach them? Beautiful thoughts are seldom disdainful of sonorous epithets: we find them continually in the Pastorals of Theocritus: sometimes we see, coming rather obtrusively, the wanton and indelicate; but never (what poetry most abhors) the mean and abject. Widely different from our homestead poets, the Syracusan is remarkable for a facility that never draggles, for a spirit that never flags, and for a variety that never is exhausted. His reflections are frequent, but seasonable; soon over, like the shadows of spring clouds on flowery meadows, and not hanging heavily upon the scene, nor depressing the vivacity of the blythe antagonists.

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THE POEMS OF CATULLUS.

DOERING's first edition of Catullus came out nearly half a century before his last edition. When he returned to his undertaking, he found many things, he tells us, to be struck out, many to be altered and set right. We believe we shall be able to show that several are stil remaining in these predicaments.

They who in our days have traced the progress of poetry, have pursued it generally not as poets or philosophers, but as hasty observers or cold chronologists. If we take our stand on the Roman world, just before the subversion of its free institutions, we shall be in a position to look backward on Greece, and forward on Italy and England: and we shall be little disposed to pick up and run away with the stale comments left by those who went before us; but rather to loiter a little on the way, and to indulge, perhaps too complacently, in the freshness of our own peculiar opinions and favorite speculations.

The last poet who flourished at Rome, before the extinction of the republic by the arms of Julius Cæsar, was Catullus; and the last record we possess of him is about the defamatory verses which he composed on that imperishable name. Cicero, to whom he has expressed his gratitude for defending him in a law-suit, commends on this occasion the equanimity of Cæsar, who listened to the reading of them in his bath before dinner. There is no reason to believe that the poet long survived his father's guest, the Dictator: but his decease was unnoticed in those times of agitation and dismay; nor is the date of it to be ascertained. It has usually been placed at the age of forty-six, four years after Cæsar's. Nothing is more absurd than the supposition of Martial, which however is but a poetical one.

Si forsan tener ausus est Catullus
Magno mittere *Passerem* Maroni.

(It is scarcely worth a remark by the way, that *si forsan* is not latin; *si forte* would be: *si* and *an* can have nothing to do with each other.) But allowing that Virgil had written his

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Ceiris and *Culex*, two poems inferior to several in the Eton school-exercises, he could not have published his first Eclogues in the lifetime of Catullus: and if he had, the whole of them are not worth a single phaleucian or scazon of the vigorous and impassioned Veronese.

But Virgil is not to be depreciated by us, as he too often has been of late, both in this country and abroad; nor is he at all so when we deliver our opinion that his pastorals are almost as inferior to those of Theocritus as Pope's are to his. Even in these, there not only are melodious verses, but harmonious sentences, appropriate images, and tender thoughts. Once or twice we find beauties beyond any in Theocritus: for example,

> Ite, capellæ!
> Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro
> Dumosâ pendere procul de rupe videbo.

Yet in other places he is quite as harsh as if he had been ever so negligent. One instance is,

> Nunc victi, tristes, quoniam Fors omnia *versat*,
> Hos illi (quod nec bene *vertat*) mittimus hædos.
>
> But now we must stoop,
> To the worst in the troop,
> And must do whatsoever that vagabond wills:
> I wish the old goat
> Had a horn in his throat,
> And the kids and ourselves were again on the hills.

Supposing the first of the Eclogues to have appeared seven years after the death of Catullus, and this poet to have composed his earliest works in the lifetime of Lucretius, we can not but ponder on the change of the latin language in so short a space of time. Lucretius was by birth a Roman, and wrote in Rome; yet who would not say unhesitatingly, that there is more of what Cicero calls *urbane* in the two provincials, Virgil and Catullus, than in the authoritative and stately man who leads Memmius from the camp into the gardens of Epicurus. He complains of poverty in the latin tongue; but his complaint is only on its insufficiency in philosophical terms, which Cicero also felt twenty years later, and called in greek auxiliaries. But in reality the language never exhibited such a profusion of richness as in the comedies of Plautus, whose style is the just admiration of the Roman orator.

Cicero bears about him many little keepsakes received from

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this quarter, particularly the diminutives. His fondness for them borders on extravagance. Could you believe that the language contains in its whole compass a hundred of these? could you believe that an orator and philosopher was likely to employ a quarter of the number? Yet in the various works of Cicero we have counted and written down above a hundred and sixty. Catullus himself has employed them much more sparingly than Cicero, or than Plautus, and always with propriety and effect. The playful Ovid never indulges in them, nor does Propertius, nor does Tibullus. Nobody is willing to suspect that Virgil has ever done it; but he has done it once in

Oscula libavit natæ.

Perhaps they had been turned into ridicule, for the misapplication of them by some forgotten poet in the commencement of the Augustan age. Quintilian might have given us information on this: it lay in his road. But whether they died by a natural death or a violent one, they did not appear again as a plague until after the deluge of the Dark Ages; and then they increased and multiplied in the slime of those tepid shallows from which Italy in few places has even yet emerged. In the lines of Hadrian,

Animula, vagula, blandula,

they have been greatly admired, and very undeservedly. Pope has made sad work of these. Whatever they are, they did not merit such an *experimentum crucis* at his hands.

In Catullus no reader of a poetical mind would desire one diminutive less. In Politian and such people they buzz about our ears insufferably; and we would waft every one of them away, with little heed or concern if we brush off together with them all the squashy insipidities they alight on.

The imitators of Catullus have indeed been peculiarly unsuccessful. Numerous as they are, scarcely five pieces worth remembrance can be found among them. There are persons who have a knowledge of latinity, there are others who have a knowledge of poetry, but it is not always that the same judge decides with equal wisdom in both courts. Some hendecasyllabics of the late Serjeant Lens, an excellent man, a first-rate scholar, and a graceful poet, have been rather unduly praised; to us they appear monotonous and redun-

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dant. We will transcribe only the first two for particular notice and illustration.

Grates insidiis tuis dolisque
Vinclis jam refero lubens solutis.

Never were words more perplext and involved. He who brings them forward as classical, is unaware that they are closely copied from a beautiful little poem of Metastasio, which J. J. Rousseau has translated admirably.

Grazie agli inganni tuoi
Alfin respiro, O Nice!

How much better is the single word *inganni* than the useless and improper *insidiis*, which renders *dolis* quite unnecessary. A better line would be

Vincla projicio libens soluta.

Or,

Tandem projicio soluta vincla.

In fact, it would be a very difficult matter to suggest a worse. The most-part of the verses may be transposed in any way whatsoever: each seems to be independent of the rest: they are good, upright, sound verses enough, but never a sentence of them conciliates the ear. The same objection is justly made to nearly all the modern hendecasyllabics. Serjeant Lens has also given us too many lines for one phaleucian piece: the meter will admit but few advantageously: it is the very best for short poems. This might be broken into three or four, and almost in any place indifferently. Like the *seta equina*, by pushing out a head and a tail, each would go on as well as ever.

In how few authors of hendecasyllabics is there one fine cadence! Such, for instance, as those in Catullus:

Soles occidere et redire possunt,
Nobis quum semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

And those,

Quamvis candida millies puella
Euntem revocet, manusque collo
Ambas injiciens roget morari.

And twenty more. In the former of these quotations,

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Catullus had before him the best passage in Moschus, which may be thus translated:

> Ah! when the mallow in the croft dies down,
> Or the pale parsley or the crisped anise,
> Again they grow, another year they flourish;
> But we, the great, the valiant, and the wise,
> Once covered over in the hollow earth,
> Sleep a long, dreamless, unawakening sleep.

The original verses are as harmonious as almost any in the language. But the epithet which the poet has prefixed to *parsley* is very undistinguishing. Greek poets more frequently than Latin, gave those rather which suited the meter than those which conveyed a peculiar representation. Neither the χλωρα, applied to parsley, is in any of its senses very appropriate, nor are the ευθαλες and ουλον to anise, but rather to burrage.

Catullus has had innumerable imitators in the phaleucian, but the only dexterity displayed by them, in general, is in catching a verse and sending it back again like a shuttle-cock. Until our own times, there is little thought, little imagination, no passion, no tenderness, in the modern latin poets. Casimir shows most genius and most facility: but Casimir, in his best poem, writes

> Sonora buxi filia *sutilis*.

Was ever allegory treated with such indignity! What becomes of this tight-laced daughter of a box-tree? She was hanged. Where? On a high poplar. Wherefor? That she might be the more easily come at by the poet. Pontanus too has been praised of late: but throughout his thick volume there is scarcely a glimpse of poetry. There are certain eyes which, seeing objects at a distance, take snow for sunshine.

Two verses of Joannes Secundus, almost the only two he has written worth remembering, outvalue all we have imported from the latter ages. They would have been quoted, even from Catullus himself, as among his best.

> Non est suaviolum dare, lux mea, sed dare tantum
> Est desiderium flebile suavioli.

The six of Bembo on Venice are admirable also. And

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there are two from two French authors, each worth two Pontanuses. The first is on the Irish.

Gens *ratione furens* et mentem pasta chimæris.

The second (but this is stolen from Manilius) on Franklin, his discoveries in electricity, and his energy in the liberation of his country.

Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyranno.

Another has been frequently quoted from a prize poem by Canning. Such as it is, it also is stolen; and with much injury (as stolen things often are) from the *Nutricia* of Politian, among whose poems one only, that on the death of Ovid, has any merit. This being the only one which is without metrical faults, and the rest abounding in them, a reasonable doubt may arise whether he could have written it: he who has written by the dozen such as the following:

Impedis amplexu,

intending *impedis* for a dactyl:

Quando expĕdiret inseris hexametro,

for a pentameter:

Mutare domi-num dŏm-us hæc nescit suum,

for an iambic:

Lucreti fuit hoc, et Euripĭdis,

for a phaleucian: and in whom we find *Plutarchus* short in the first syllable; *Bis-ve semelve;* and *Vaticani* long in the second syllable twice.

Milton has been thought like Politian in his hexameters and pentameters. In his Elegies he is Ovidian; but he is rather the fag than the playfellow of Ovid. Among his latin poems the scazon *De Hominis Archetypo* is the best. In those of the moderns there is rarely more than one thing missing; namely, the poetry; which some critics seem to have held for a matter of importance. If we may hazard a conjecture, they are in the right. Robert Smith is the only one who has ascended into the higher regions. But even the best scholars, since they receive most of their opinions from tradition, and stunted and distorted in the crevices of a quadrangle, will be slowly brought to conclude that his poetry

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is better (and better it surely is) than the greater part of that which dazzles them from the luminaries of the Augustan age. In vigour and harmony of diction, in the selection of topics, in the rejection of little ornaments, in the total suppression of playful prettinesses, in solidity and magnitude of thought, sustained and elevated by the purest spirit of poetry, we find nothing in the Augustan age of the same continuity, the same extent. We refer to the poem entitled *Platonis Principia*, in which there are a hundred and eleven such verses as are scarcely anywhere together in all the realms of poetry.

The alcaic ode of the same writer, *Mare Liberum*, is not without slight blemishes. For instance, at the beginning,

> Primo Creator spiritus halitu
> Caliginosi regna silentii
> Turbavit.

In latinity there is no distinction between *spiritus* and *halitus;* and, if theology has made one, the *halitus* can never be said to proceed from the *spiritus*. In the second verse the lyric meter requires *silentĭ* for *silentĭi*. Cavilers may also object to the elision of *quà* at the conclusion.

> Et rura *quà* ingentes Amazon
> Rumpit aquas, violentus amnis.

It has never been elided unless at the close of a polysyllable; as, among innumerable instances,

> Oblîquâ invidia stimulisque agitabat amaris.

This fact is the more remarkable, since *quæ* and *præ* are elided; or, speaking more properly, coalesce.

> Et tibi præ invidiâ Nereides increpitarent. PROPERTIUS.
> *Quæ* omnia bella devoratis. CATULLUS.
> *Quæ* imbelles dant prælia cervi:
> *Quæ* Asia circum. VIRGIL.

But what ode in any language is more animated or more sublime?

In reading the Classics we pass over false quantities, and defer to time an authority we refuse to reason. But never can time acquit Horace of giving us false measure in *palus aptaque remis*, nor in *quomodo*. Whether you divide or unite the component parts of *quomodo*, *quo* and *modo*, the case is the same. And as *palus* is *palūdis* in the genitive case, *salus*

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salūtis, no doubt can exist of its quantity. Modern latin poets, nevertheless, have written *salŭber*. Thomas Warton, a good scholar, and if once fairly out of latinity, no bad poet, writes in a phaleucian

Salŭberrimis et herbis.

There is also a strange false quantity in one of the most accurate and profound grammarians, Menage. He wrote an inscription, in one latin hexameter, for Mazarin's college, then recently erected.

Has Phœbo et Musis Mazarinus consecrat ædes.

Every vowel is long before z. He knew it, but it escaped his observation, as things we know often do. We return from one learned man to another, more immediately the object of our attention, on whom the same appellation was conferred.

Catullus has been called the *learned:* and critics have been curious in searching after the origin of this designation. Certainly both Virgil and Ovid had greatly more of archæology, and borrowed a great deal more of the Greeks. But Catullus was, what Horace claims for himself, the first who imported into latin poetry any vast variety of their meters. Evidently he translated from the greek his galliambic on Atys. The proof is, that

Tympanum tubam Cybeles

would be opposite to, and inconsistent with, the meter. He must have written *Typanum*, finding τυπανον before him. But as, while he was in the army, he was stationed some time in Bithynia and Phrygia, perhaps he had acquired the language spoken in the highlands of those countries: in the lowlands it was greek. No doubt, his curiosity led him to the temple of Cybele; and there he heard the ancient hymns in celebration of that goddess. Nothing breathes such an air of antiquity as his galliambic, which must surely have been translated into greek from the phrygian. Joseph Warton, in the intemperance of admiration, prefers it not only to every work of Catullus, but to every one in the language. There is indeed a gravity and solemnity in it, a fitness and propriety in every part, unequalled and unrivalled. Poetry can however rise higher than these "templa serena," and has risen higher with Catullus. No human works are so perfect as some

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of his, but many are incomparably greater. Among the works of the moderns, the fables of La Fontaine come nearest to perfection; but are there none grander and higher?

This intemperance of admiration has been less excusable in some living critics of modern latin poetry. Yet when we consider how Erasmus, a singularly wise and learned man, has erred in his judgment on poetry, saying, while he speaks of Sidonius Apollinaris, "Let us listen to our Pindar," we are disposed to be gentle and lenient even in regard to one who has declared his opinion, that the elegies of Sannazar "may compete with Tibullus."* If they may, it can only be in the number of feet; and there they are quite on an equality. In another part of the volume which contains so curious a decision, some verses are quoted from the *Paradise Regained* as "perhaps the most musical the author ever produced." Let us pause a few moments on this assertion, and examine the verses referred to. It will not be without its use to exhibit their real character, because, in coming closer to the examination of Catullus, we shall likewise be obliged to confess that, elegant and graceful as he is, to a degree above all other poets in the more elaborate of his compositions, he too is by no means exempt from blemishes in his versification. But in Milton they are flatnesses; in Catullus they are asperities: which is the contrary of what might have been expected from the characters of the men.

There is many a critic who talks of harmony, and whose ear seems to have been fashioned out of the callus of his foot. "Quotus enim quisque est," as Cicero says, "qui teneat artem numerorum atque modorum!" The great orator himself, consummate master of the science, runs from rhetorical into poetical measure at this very place.

Numerorum atque modorum

is the same in time and modulation as the verses in Horace,

Miserarum est neque amori
Dare ludum neque dulci &c.

Well; but what "are perhaps the most musical verses Milton has ever produced?" They are these (si diis placet!):

* Mr. Hallam, in the first volume of his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, p. 597.

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Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieged Albracca, *as romances tell*,
The city of Gallaphrone, *from thence to win*
The fairest of her sex Angelica
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemagne.

There is a sad hiatus in "Albracca as." On the whole however, the verses, thus unluckily hit upon for harmony, are fluent; too fluent; they are feeble in the extreme, and little better than prose, either in thought or expression: stil, it is better to praise accidentally in the wrong place than to censure universally. The passage which is before them leads us to that magnificent view of the cities and empires, the potentates and armies, in all their strength and glory, with which the Tempter would have beguiled our Redeemer. These appear to have left no impression on the critic, who much prefers what every schoolboy can comprehend, and what many undergraduates could have composed. But it is somewhat, no doubt, to praise that which nobody ever praised before, and to pass over that which suspends by its grandour the footstep of all others.

There is prodigious and desperate vigour in the Tempter's reply to our Saviour's reproof:

All hope is lost
Of my reception into grace: what worse?
For when no hope is left, is left no fear.
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst: worst is my port,*
My harbour, and my ultimate repose;
The end I would attain, my final good.

Yet Milton, in this *Paradise Regained*, seems to be subject to strange hallucinations of the ear; he who before had greatly excelled all poets of all ages in the science and display of harmony. And if in his last poem we exhibit his deficiencies, surely we never shall be accused of disrespect or irreverence to this immortal man. It may be doubted whether the Creator ever created one altogether so great; taking into our view at once (as much indeed as can at once be taken into it) his manly virtues, his superhuman genius, his zeal for truth, for

* A daring critic might suggest *fort* for *port*, since *harbour* makes that word unnecessary.

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true piety, true freedom, his eloquence in displaying it, his contempt of personal power, his glory and exultation in his country's.

Warton and Johnson are of opinion that Milton is defective in the sense of harmony. But Warton had lost his ear by laying it down on low and swampy places, on ballads and sonnets; and Johnson was a deaf adder coiled up in the brambles of party prejudices. He was acute and judicious, he was honest and generous, he was forbearing and humane; but he was cold where he was overshadowed. The poet's peculiar excellence, above all others, was in his exquisite perception of rhythm, and in the boundless variety he has given it, both in verse and prose. Virgil comes nearest to him in his assiduous study of it, and in his complete success. With the poetical and oratorical, the harmony is usually in proportion to the energy of passion. But the numbers may be transferred: thus the heroic has been carried into the Georgics. There are many pomps and vanities in that fine poem, which we would relinquish unreluctantly for one touch of nature; such as

> It tristis arator
> Mœrentem abjungens fraterna morte juvencum.
>
> In sorrow goes the ploughman, and leads off
> Unyoked from his dead mate the sorrowing steer.

Here however the poet is not seconded by the language. The ploughman can not be going on while he is in the act of separating the dead ox from its partner, as the words *it* and *abjungens* signify.

We shall presently show that Catullus was the first among the Romans in whose heroic verse there is nothing harsh and dissonant. But it is not necessary to turn to the grander poetry of Milton for verses more harmonious than those adduced; we find them even in the midst of his prose. Whether he is to be censured for giving way to his genius, in such compositions, is remote from the question now before us. But what magnificence of thought is here! how totally free is the expression from the encumbrances of amplification, from the crutches and cushions of swollen feebleness!

> When God commands to take the trumpet
> And blow a shriller and a louder blast,
> It rests not in Man's will what he shall do,
> Or what he shall forbear.

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This sentence in the *Treatise on Prelaty* is printed in prose: it sounds like inspiration. "It rested not in Milton's will" to crack his organ-pipe, for the sake of splitting and attenuating the gush of harmony.

We will now give the reason for the *falling sickness* with which several of his verses are stricken. He was too fond of showing what he had red: and the things he has taken from others are always much worse than his own. Habituated to italian poetry, he knew that the verses are rarely composed of pure iambics, or of iambics mixed with spondees, but contain a great variety of feet, or rather of subdivisions. When he wrote such a line as

In thĕ bosŏm of bliss and light of light,

he thought he had sufficient authority in Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, and Tasso, who wrote

Questă selvă selvaggia. DANTE.
Tra lĕ vanĕ speranze. PETRARCA.
Con lă gentĕ di Francia. ARIOSTO.
Cantŏ l' armĭ pietose. TASSO.

And there is no verse whatsoever in any of his poems for the meter of which he has not an italian prototype.

The critic who knows any thing of poetry, and is resolved to select a passage from the *Paradise Regained*, will prefer this other far above the rest; and may compare it, without fear of ridicule or reprehension, to the noblest in the nobler poem.

And either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven: the clouds,
From many a horrid rift, abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire,
In ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vext wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient son of God! yet only stoodst
Unshaken! Nor yet stayed the terrour there:
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environed thee: some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts; while thou
Satst unappall'd in calm and sinless peace."

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No such poetry as this has been written since, and little at any time before. But Homer would not have attributed to the *pine* what belongs to the *oak*. The tallest pines have superficial roots; they certainly are never "deep as high:" oaks are said to be; and if the saying is not phytologically true, it is poetically; although the oak itself does not quite send

radicem ad Tartara.

There is another small oversight.

Yet only *stoodst*
Unshaken.

Below we find

Satst unappalled.*

But what verses are the following!

And made him bow to the gods of his wives. . .
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men. . .
After forty days' fasting had remained. . .
And with these words his temptation pursued. . .
Not difficult if thou hearken to me.

It is pleasanter to quote such a description as no poet, not even Milton himself, ever gave before, of Morning,

Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds and laid the winds
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised
To tempt the son of God with terrors dire."

In Catullus we see morning in another aspect; not personified: and a more beautiful description, a sentence on the whole more harmonious, or one in which every verse is better

* But Milton's most extraordinary oversight is in *L'Allegro*.

Hence loathed Melancholy!
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born."

Unquestionably he meant to have written Erebus instead of Cerberus, whom no imagination could represent as the sire of a goddess. *Midnight* is scarcely to be converted into one, or indeed into any allegorical personage: and the word "*blackest*" is far from aiding it. Milton is singularly unfortunate in allegory; but nowhere more so than here. The daughter of Cerberus takes the veil, takes the

Sable stole of *Cyprus* lawn,

and becomes, now her father is out of the way,

A nun devout and pure.

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adapted to its peculiar office, is neither to be found nor conceived.

> Heic qualis flatu placidum mare matutino
> Horrificans zephyrus proclivas incitat undas,
> Aurorâ exoriente vagi sub lumina solis,
> Quæ tarde primum clementi flamine pulsæ
> Procedunt, leni resonant plangore cachinni,
> Post, vento crescente, magis magis increbescunt,
> Purpureâque procul nantes a luce refulgent."

Our translation is very inadequate :

> As, by the Zephyr wakened, underneath
> The sun's expansive gaze the waves move on
> Slowly and placidly, with gentle plash
> Against each other, and light laugh ; but soon,
> The breezes freshening, rough and huge they swell,
> Afar refulgent in the crimson east.

What a fall is there from these lofty cliffs, dashing back the waves against the winds that sent them ; what a fall is there to the "wracks and flaws" which Milton tells us

> Are to the main as inconsiderable
> And harmless, if not wholesome, as a *sneeze*.

In the lines below, from the same poem, the good and bad are strangely mingled : the poet keeping in his verse, however, the firmness and majesty of his march.

> So saying, he caught him up, and, *without wing*
> *Of hippogrif*, bore through the air sublime,
> Over the wilderness—*and o'er the plain :*
> Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
> The holy city, lifted high her towers,
> And higher yet the glorious temple—*rear'd*
> *Her pile*, far off appearing like a mount
> Of alabaster, topt with golden *spires*.

Splendid as this description is, it bears no resemblance whatsoever to the temple of Jerusalem. It is like one of those fancies in which the earlier painters of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Siena, were fond of indulging ; not for similitude, but for effect. The poets of Greece and Rome allowed themselves no such latitude. The Palace of the Sun, depicted so gorgeously by Ovid, where imagination might wander unrestricted, contains nowhere an inappropriate decoration.

No two poets are more dissimilar in thought and feeling

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than Milton and Catullus; yet we have chosen to place them in juxtaposition, because the latin language in the time of Catullus was nearly in the same state as the english in the time of Milton. Each had attained its full perfection, and yet the vestiges of antiquity were preserved in each. Virgil and Propertius were, in regard to the one poet, what Dryden and Waller were in regard to the other. They removed the archæisms; but the herbage grew up rarer and slenderer after those extirpations. If so consummate a master of versification as Milton is convicted of faults so numerous and so grave in it, pardon will the more easily be granted to Catullus. Another defect is likewise common to both; namely the disposition or ordinance of parts. It would be difficult to find in any other two poets, however low their station in that capacity, two such signal examples of disproportion as are exhibited in *The Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis* and in *The Masque of Comus*. The better part of the former is the description of a tapestry; the better part of the latter are three undramatic soliloquies. In other respects, the oversights of Catullus are fewer: and in Comus there is occasional extravagance of expression such as we never find in Catullus, or in the playful Ovid, or in any the least correct of the ancients. For example, we read of

> The ma-girt isles,
> That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
> The unadorned bosom of the deep.

How *unadorned*, if inlaid with *rich and various gems?* This is a pendant to be placed exactly opposite:

> The silken vest Prince Vortigern had on,
> Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.

We come presently to

> The sounds and seas.

Sounds are parts of seas. Comus, on the borders of North Wales, talks of

> A green mantling vine,
> That crawls along the side of yon small hill;

and of

> Plucking ripe clusters.

Anon we hear of "*stabled wolves.*" What wolves can

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those be? The faults we find in the poet we have undertaken to review we shall at the same time freely show.

CARMEN I. *Ad Cornelium Nepotem.* In verse 4, we read

Jam tum *cum* ausus es.

We believe the poet, and all the writers of his age, wrote *quum*. *Quoi* for *cui* grew obsolete much earlier, but was always thus spelt by Catullus. The best authors at all times wrote the adverb *quum*.

CARMEN II. *Ad Passerem Lesbiæ.* In verse 8 we read "acquiescat;" the poet wrote "*ad*quiescat," which sounds fuller.

CARMEN III. *Luctus in Morte Passeris.* This poem, and the preceding, seem to have been admired, both by the ancients and the moderns, above all the rest. Beautiful indeed they are. Grammarians may find fault with the hiatus in

O factum male! O miselle passer!

poets will not.

We shall now, before we go farther, notice the meter. Regularly the phaleucian verse is composed of four trochees and one dactyl: so is the sapphic, but in another order. The phaleucian employs the dactyl in the second place; the sapphic employs it in the third. But the latin poets are fonder of a spondee in the first. Catullus frequently admits an iambic; as in

Meas esse aliquid putare nugas.
Tuâ nunc operâ meæ puellæ. &c.

CARMEN IV. *Dedicatio Phaseli.* This is a senarian, and composed of pure iambics. Nothing can surpass its elegance. The following bears a near resemblance to it in the beginning, and may be offered as a kind of paraphrase.

The vessel which lies here at last
Had once stout ribs and topping mast,
And, whate'er wind there might prevail,
Was ready for a row or sail.
It now lies idle on its side,
Forgetful o'er the waves to glide.
And yet there have been days of yore
When pretty maids their posies bore
To crown its prow, its deck to trim,
And freight it with a world of whim.
A thousand stories it could tell,

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But it loves secrecy too well.
Come closer, my sweet girl! pray do!
There may be stil one left for you.

CARMEN V. *Ad Lesbiam.* It is difficult to vary our expression of delight at reading the three first poems which Lesbia and her sparrow have occasioned. This is the last of them that is fervid and tender. There is love in many of the others, but impure and turbid, and the object of it soon presents to us an aspect far less attractive.

CARMEN VI. *Ad Flavium.* Whoever thinks it worth his while to peruse this poem, must enclose in a parenthesis the words "Nequicquam tacitum." *Tacitum* is here a participle: and the words mean, "It is in vain that you try to keep it a secret."

CARMEN VII. *Again to Lesbia.* Here, as in all his hendecasyllabics, not only are the single verses full of harmony, a merit to which other writers of them not unfrequently have attained, but the sentences leave the ear no "aching void," as theirs do.

CARMEN VIII. *Ad seipsum.* This is the first of the scazons. The meter in a long poem would perhaps be more tedious than any. Catullus, with admirable judgment, has never exceeded the quantity of twenty-one verses in it. No poet, uttering his own sentiments on his own condition in a soliloquy, has evinced such power in the expression of passion, in its sudden throbs and changes, as Catullus has done here.

In Doering's edition we read, verse 14,

At tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nullâ,
Scelesta! nocte.

No such pause is anywhere else in the poet. In Scaliger the verses are,

At tu dolebis, quum rogaberis nulla.
Scelesta rere, quæ tibi manet vita.

The punctuation in most foren books, however, and in all english, is too frequent: so that we have snatches and broken bars of tune, but seldom tune entire. Scaliger's reading is probably the true one, by removing the comma after *rere:*

Scelesta rere quæ tibi manet vita!
(*Consider* what must be the remainder of your life!)

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Now certainly there were many words obliterated in the only copy of our author. It was found in a cellar, and under a wine-barrel. Thus the second word in the second line appears to have left no traces behind it; otherwise, words so different as *nocte* and *rere* could never have been mistaken. Since the place is open to conjecture, therefor, and since every expression round about it is energetic, we might suggest another reading:

> At tu dolebis quum rogaberis *nullo*,
> Scelesta! *nullo*. Quæ tibi manet vita?
> Quis nunc te adibit? quoi videberis bella?
> Quem nunc amabis? quojus esse diceris?
> Quem basiabis? quoi labella mordebis?
> At tu, Catulle! destinatus obdura.

Which we will venture to translate:

> But you shall grieve while none complains,
> None, Lesbia! None. Think, what remains
> For one so fickle, so untrue!
> Henceforth, O wretched Lesbia! who
> Shall call you dear? shall call you his?
> Whom shall you love? or who shall kiss
> Those lips again? Catullus! thou
> Be firm, be ever firm, as now.

The angry taunt very naturally precedes the impatient expostulation. The repetition of *nullo* is surely not unexpected. *Nullus* was often used absolutely in the best times of latinity. "Ab *nullo* repetere," and "*nullo* aut paucissimis præsentibus," by Sallust. "Quî scire possum? *nullus* plus," by Plautus. "Vivis his incolumibusque, liber esse *nullus* potest," by Cicero.

It may as well be noticed here that *basiare, basium, basiatio,* are words unused by Virgil, Propertius, Horace, Ovid, or Tibullus. They belonged to Cisalpine Gaul more especially, altho the root has now extended through all Italy, and has quite supplanted *osculum* and its descendants. *Bellus* has done the same in regard to *formosus,* which has lost its footing in Italy, altho it retains it in Spain, slightly shaken, in *hermoso.* The *saviari* and *savium* of Plautus, Terence, Cicero, and Catullus, are never found in the poets of the Augustan age, to the best of our recollection, excepting once in Propertius.

CARMEN IX. *Ad Verannium.* Nothing was ever livelier or more cordial than the welcome here given to Verannius on

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his return from Spain. It is comprised in eleven verses. Our poets, on such an occasion, would have spread out a larger table-cloth with a less exquisite dessert upon it.

CARMEN X. *De Varri Scorto.* Instead of expatiating on this, which contains, in truth, some rather coarse expressions, but is witty and characteristical, we will subjoin a paraphrase, with a few defalcations.

Varrus would take me t' other day
To see a little girl he knew,
Pretty and witty in her way,
With impudence enough for two.

Scarce are we seated, ere she chatters
(As pretty girls are wont to do)
About all persons, places, matters . .
"And pray, what has been done for *you*?

"Bithynia, lady!" I replied,
"Is a fine province for a pretor,
For none (I promise you) beside,
And least of all am I her debtor."

"Sorry for that!" said she. "However
You have brought with you, I dare say,
Some litter bearers: none so clever
In any other part as they.

"Bithynia is the very place
For all that's steddy, tall, and strait;
It is the nature of the race.
Could not you lend me six or eight?"

"Why, six or eight of them or so."
Said I, determined to be grand,
"My fortune is not quite so low
But these are stil at my command."

"You'll send them?" "Willingly!" I told her,
Altho I had not here or there
One who could carry on his shoulder
The leg of an old broken chair.

"Catullus! what a charming hap is
Our meeting in this sort of way!
I would be carried to Serapis
To-morrow." "Stay, fair lady, stay!

"You overvalue my intention.
Yes, there *are* eight . . there may be nine
I merely had forgot to mention
That they are Cinna's, and not mine.

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Catullus has added two verses which we have not translated, because they injure the poem.

Sed tu insulsa male et molesta vivis
Per quam non licet esse negligentem.

This, if said at all, ought not to be said to the lady. The reflection might be (but without any benefit to the poetry) made in the poet's own person. Among the ancients however, when we find the events of common life and ordinary people turned into verse, as here for instance, and in the *Praxinöe* of Theocritus, and in another of his where a young person has part of her attire torn, we never are bored with prolixity and platitude, in which a dull moral is our best relief at the close of a dull story.

CARMEN XI. *Ad Furium et Aurelium.* Furius and Aurelius were probably the comrades of Catullus in Bithynia. He appears to have retained his friendship for them not extremely long. Here he entrusts them with a message for Lesbia, which they were fools if they delivered, altho there is abundant reason for believing that their modesty would never have restrained them. He may well call these

Non bona dicta.

But there are worse in reserve for themselves, on turning over the very next page. The last verses in the third strophe are printed

Gallicum Rhenum horribile*sque* ulti-
Mosque Britannos."

The enclitic *que* should be changed to *ad,* since it could not support itself without the intervention of an aspirate,

Gallicum Rhenum horribileis *ad* ulti-
mosque Britannos."

and the verse "Cæsaris visens," &c. placed in a parenthesis. When the poet wrote these sapphics, his dislike of Cæsar had not begun. Perhaps it was occasioned long afterward, by some inattention of the great commander to the Valerian family on his last return from Transalpine Gaul. Here he writes,

Cæsaris visens monimenta *magni.*

Very different from the contemptuous and scurril language with which he addressed him latterly.

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CARMEN XII. *Ad Asinium Pollionem.* Asinius Pollio and his brother were striplings when this poem was written. The worst, but most admired of Virgil's Eclogues, was composed to celebrate the birth of Pollio's son, in his consulate. In this Eclogue, and in this alone, his versification fails him utterly. The lines afford one another no support. For instance, this sequence,

> Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.
> Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo,
> Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

Toss them in a bag and throw them out, and they will fall as rightly in one place as another. Any one of them may come first; any one of them may come last; any one of them may come intermediately; better that any one should never come at all. Throughout the remainder of the Eclogue, the ampulla of Virgil is puffier than the worst of Statius or Lucan.

In the poem before us it seems that Asinius, for whose infant the universe was to change its aspect, for whom grapes were to hang upon thorns, for whom the hardest oaks were to exude honey, for whom the rams in the meadows were to dye their own fleeces with murex and saffron . . this Asinius picked Catullus's pocket of his handkerchef. Catullus tells him he is a blockhead if he is ignorant that there is no wit in such a trick, which he says is a very dirty one, and appeals to the brother, calling him a smart and clever lad. He declares he does not mind so much the value of the handkerchef, as because it was a present sent to him out of Spain by his friends Fabullus and Verannius, who united (it seems) their fiscal forces in the investment. This is among the lighter effusions of the volume, and worth as little as Virgil's Eclogue, though exempt from such grave faults.

CARMEN XIII. *Ad Fabullum.* A pleasant invitation to dinner.

Verse 8. Plenus sacculus est aranearum.

It is curious that Doering, so sedulous in collecting scraps of similitudes, never thought of this in Plautus, where the idea and expression too are so alike.

Ita inaniis sunt oppletæ atque araneis.

Let us offer a paraphrase:

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With me, Fabullus, you shall dine,
And gaudily, I promise you,
If you will only bring the wine,
The dinner, and some beauty too.
With all your frolic, all your fun,
I have some little of my own;
And nothing else: the spiders run
Throughout my purse, now theirs alone.

He goes on rather too far, and promises his invited guest so sweet a perfume, that he shall pray the gods to become *all nose;* that is, we may presume, if no one should intervene to correct or divert in part a wish so engrossing.

CARMEN XIV. *Ad Calvum Licinium.* The poet seems in general to have been very inconstant in his friendships: but there is no evidence that he ever was estranged from Calvus. This is the more remarkable as Calvus was a poet, the only poet among his friends, and wrote in the same style. At the close of the poem here addressed to him, properly ending at the twenty-third verse, we find four others appended. They have nothing at all to do with it: they are a worthless fragment: and it is a pity that the wine-cask, which rotted off and dislocated so many pieces, did not leak on and obliterate this, and many similar, particularly the two next. We should then, it may be argued, have known less of the author's character. So much the better. Unless, by knowing the evil that is in any one, we can benefit him, or ourselves, or society, it is desirable not to know it at all.

CARMEN XVII. *Ad Coloniam.* Here are a few beautiful verses in a very indifferent piece of poetry. We shall transcribe them, partly for their beauty, and partly to remove an obscurity.

Quoi quum sit viridissimo nupta flore puella,
Et puella tenellulo delicatior hædo,
Asservanda nigerrimis diligentiùs uvis;
Ludere hanc sinit ut lubet, nec pili facit uni,
Nec se sublevat ex suâ parte; sed velut alnus
In fossâ Liguri jacet suppernata securi,
Tantundem omnia sentiens quam si nulla sit usquam,
Talis iste meus stupor nil videt, nihil audit,
Ipse qui sit, utrum sit, an non sit, id quoque nescit.

This is in the spirit of Aristophanes, and we may fancy we hear his voice in the cantilena. *Asservanda* should be printed *adservanda;* and *suppernata, subpernata, Liguri* is doubtful.

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Ligur*is* is the genitive case of Ligur. The Ligurians may in ancient times, as in modern, have exercised their industry out of their own country, and the poorer of them may have been hewers of wood. Then *securis Liguris* would be the right interpretation. But there are few countries in which there are fewer *ditches*, or fewer *alders*, than in Liguria: we, who have travelled through the country in all directions, do not remember to have seen a single one of either. It would be going farther, but going where both might be found readily, if we went to the *Liger*, and red "In fossâ Liger*is*."

CARMINA XVIII., XIX., XX. *Ad Priapum.* The first of these three is a Dedication to the God of Gardens. In the two following the poet speaks in his own person. The first contains only four lines. The second is descriptive, and terminates with pleasantry.

O pueri! malas abstinete rapinas!
Vicinus prope dives est, negligensque Priapus;
Inde sumite; semita hæc deinde vos feret ipsa.

In the third are these exquisite verses:

Mihi corolla picta vere ponitur,
Mihi rubens arista sole fervido,
Mihi virente dulcis uva pampino,
Mihique glauca duro oliva frigore.
Meis capella delicata pascuis
In urbem adulta lacte portat ubera,
Meisque pinguis agnus ex ovilibus
Gravem domum remittit ære dexteram,
Teneraque madre mugiente vaccula
Deûm profundit ante templa sanguinem.

We will attempt to translate them.

In spring the many-colour'd crown,
The sheafs in summer, ruddy-brown,
The autumn's twisting tendrils green,
With nectar-gushing grapes between,
Some pink, some purple, some bright gold,
Then shrivel'd olive, blue with cold,
Are all for me: for me the goat
Comes with her milk from hills remote,
And fatted lamb, and calf pursued
By moaning mother, sheds her blood.

The third verse, as printed in this edition and most others, is contrary to the laws of meter in the pure iambic.

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Agellulum hunc, sinistrâ, *tute* quam vides.

And *tute* is inelegant and useless. Scaliger proposed "sinistera *ante* quem vides." He was near the mark, but missed it; for Catullus would never have written "sinistera." It is very probable that he wrote the verse

Agellulum hunc sinistrà, *inante* quem vides.
On the left hand, just before you.

Inante and *exante* were applied to time rather than place, but not exclusively.

CARMEN XXII. *Ad Varrum.* This may be advantageously contracted in a paraphrase.

Suffenus, whom so well you know,
My Varrus, as a wit and beau,
Of smart address and smirking smile,
Will write you verses by the mile.
You can not meet with daintier fare
Than titlepage and binding are;
But when you once begin to read
You find it sorry stuff indeed,
And you are ready to cry out
Upon this beau, *Ah! what a lout!*
No man on earth so proud as he
Of his own precious poetry,
Or knows such perfect bliss as when
He takes in hand that nibbled pen.
Have we not all some faults like these?
Are we not all Suffenuses?
In others the defect we find,
But can not see our sack behind.

CARMEN XXV. *Ad Thallum.* It is hardly safe to steal a laugh here, and yet it is difficult to refrain from it. Some of the verses must be transposed. Those which are printed

Thalle! turbidâ rapacior procellâ,
Cum de viâ mulier aves ostendit oscitantes,
Remitte pallium mihi, meum quod involâste,

ought to be printed,

Thalle! turbidâ rapacior procellâ,
Remitte pallium mihi, meum, quod involâste
Quum "devias" mulier aves ostendit oscitantes.

This shows that Thallus had purloined Catullus's cloak while he was looking at a nest of owls; for such are *deviæ*

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aves, and so they are called by Ovid. It is doubtful whether the right reading is *oscitantes*, "opening their beaks," or *oscinentes*, which is applied to birds that do not sing; by Valerius Maximus to crows, by Livy to birds of omen. In the present case we may believe them to be birds of augury, and inauspicious, as the word always signifies, and as was manifest in the disaster of Catullus and his cloak. In the eleventh verse there is a false quantity:

Inusta turpiter tibi flagella conscribillent.

Was there not such a word as *contribulo?*

CARMEN XXIX. *Ad Cæsarem.* This is the poem by which the author, as Cicero remarks, affixes an eternal stigma on the name of Cæsar, but which the most powerful and the best tempered man in the world heard without any expression of anger or concern. The punctuation appears ill-placed in the sixteenth and seventeenth verses.

Quid est? ait sinistra liberalitas:
Parum expatravit. An parum helluatus est?

We would write them,

Quid est? ain? Sinistra liberalitas
Parum expatravit? &c.

"Where is the harm? do you ask? What! has this left-handed liberality of his," &c.

CARMEN XXX. *Ad Alphenum.* A poem of sobs and sighs, of complaint, reproach, tenderness, sad reflection, and pure poetry.

CARMEN XXXI. *Ad Sirmionem Peninsulam.* Never was a return to home expressed so sensitively and beautifully as here. In the thirteenth line we find

Gaudete vosque Lydiæ lacûs undæ.

The "Lydian waves of the lake" would be an odd expression. Although, according to a groundless and somewhat absurd tradition,

Gens *Lyda* jugis insedit Etruscis,

yet no *gens Lyda* could ever have penetrated to these Alpine regions. One of the Etrurian nations did penetrate so far, whether by conquest or expulsion is uncertain. But Catullus here calls upon Sirmio to rejoice in his return, and he invites

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the waves of the lake to laugh. Whoever has seen this beautiful expanse of water, under its bright sun and gentle breezes, will understand the poet's expression; he will have seen the waves laugh and dance. Catullus, no doubt, wrote

Gaudete vosque "ludiæ" lacûs undæ!
Ye revellers and dancers of the lake!

If there was the word *ludius*, which we know there was, there must also have been *ludia*.

CARMEN XXXIV. *Ad Dianam.* A hymn, of the purest simplicity.

CARMEN XXXV. *Cæcilium invitat.* It appears that Cæcilius, like Catullus, had written a poem on Cybele. Catullus invites him to leave Como for Verona:

Quamvis candida millies puella
Euntem revocet, manusque collo
Ambas injiciens roget morari.

Which may be rendered:

Although so passing fair a maid
Call twenty times, be not delayed;
Nay, do not be delayed although
Both arms around your neck she throw.

For it appears she was desperately in love with him from the time he had written the poem. Catullus says it is written so beautifully, that he can pardon the excess of her passion.

CARMEN XXXIX. *In Egnatium.* This is the second time he has ridiculed Egnatius, a Celtiberian, and overfond of displaying his teeth by continually laughing. Part of the poem is destitute of merit, and indelicate: the other part may be thus translated, or paraphrased rather:

Egnatius has fine teeth, and those
Eternally Egnatius shows.
Some criminal is being tried
For murder; and they open wide;
A widow wails her only son;
Widow and him they open on.
'Tis a disease, I'm very sure,
And wish 'twere such as you could cure,
My good Egnatius! for what's half
So silly as a silly laugh?

We can not agree with Doering that we should read

Aut *porcus* Umber aut obesus Etruscus. *Verse* 11.

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First, because the *porcus* and *obesus* convey the same meaning without any distinction; and secondly, because the distinction is necessary both for the poet and the fact. The Etrurians were a most luxurious people; the Umbrians a pastoral and industrious one. He wishes to exhibit a contrast between these two nations, as he has done in the preceding verse between what is *urbane* and what is *Sabine*. Therefor he wrote,

Aut "parcus" Umber aut obesus Hetruscus.

CARMEN XL. *Ad Ravidum.* The sixth verse is printed improperly

Quid vis? quâ lubet esse notus optas?"

Read

Quid vis? qua lubet esse notus? opta.

"*Opta,*" make your *option.*

CARMEN XLII. *Ad Quandam.* We should not notice this "*Ad Quandam*" were it not to correct a mistake of Doering. "Ridentem canis ore *Gallicani.*" His note on this expression is, "Epitheton *ornans,* pro *quovis* cane venatico cujus rictus est latior." No, the canis *gallicus* is the *greyhound,* whose *rictus* is indeed much *latior* than that of other dogs; and Catullus always uses words the most characteristic and expressive.

CARMEN XLV. *De Acme et Septimio.* Perhaps this poem has been admired above its merit. But there is one exquisitely fine passage in it, and replete with that harmony which, as we have already had occasion to remark, Catullus alone has given to the phaleucian metre.

At Acme leviter caput reflectens,
Et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
Isto purpureo ore saviata,
"Sic," inquit, "mea vita Septimille!
Huic uno domino usque serviamus.

CARMEN XLVI. *De Adventu Veris.* He leaves Phrygia in the beginning of spring, and is about to visit the celebrated cities of maritime Asia. What beauty and vigour of expression is there in

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt.

There is also much tenderness at the close in the short valediction to his companions, who set out together with him in the

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expedition, and will return (whenever they do return) by various roads into their native country.

CARMEN L. *Ad Licinium.* On the day preceding the composition of this poem, he and Licinius had agreed to write together in different meters, and to give verse for verse. Catullus was so delighted with the performances of Licinius, that he could never rest, he tells us, until he had signified it by this graceful little poem.

CARMEN LI. This is a translation from Sappho's ode, and perhaps is the first that had ever been attempted into latin, although there is another which precedes it in the volume. Nothing can surpass the graces of this, and it leaves us no regret but that we have not more translations by him of Sappho's poetry. He has copied less from the greek than any latin poet had done before Tibullus.

The adonic at the close of the second strophe is lost. Many critics have attempted to substitute one. In the edition before us we find,

Simul te
Lesbia! adspexi, nihil est super mi
Vocis in ore.

A worse can not be devised.

Quod loquar amens

would be better. The ode ends, and always ended with

Lumina nocte.

CARMEN LIII. *De Quodam et Calvo.* Calvus, as well as Cicero, spoke publicly against Vatinius. It will be requisite to write out the five verses of which this piece of Catullus is composed.

Risi nescio quem modo in coronâ
Qui quum mirifice Vatiniana
Meus crimina Calvus explicasset,
Admirans ait hæc manusque tollens,
Du magni! *salaputium* disertum!

Doering's note on the words is this: "Vox nova, ridicula et, ut videbatur, *plebeia* (*Salaputium*). Catullum ad hos versus scribendos impulit." He goes on to put into prose what Catullus had told us in verse, and adds, "Catullus a risu sibi temperare non potuit." Good Herr Doering does not *see where's the fun.* It lies in the fact of Calvus being a very little man, and in the clown hearing a very little man so

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eloquent, and crying out, "Heavens above! what a clever little *cocky!*" The word should not be written "salapu*t*ium," but "salapu*s*ium." The termination in *um* is a signification of endearment; as *deliciolum* for *deliciæ:* and correspondently the *ov* in Greek; *παιδιον*, for instance, and *παιδαριον*. It can not be *salepygium*, as some critics have proposed, because the third syllable in this word (supposing there were any such) would, according to its greek origin, be short. Perhaps the best reading may be "sal*i*pusium," from *sal* and *pusius*. Rustic terms are unlikely to be compounded with accuracy. In old latin the word, or words, would be *sali* (for *salis*) *pusium*. But *t* is equivalent to *s*: and the modern italian, which is founded on the *most* ancient latin, has *putto*.

CARMEN LIV. *Ad Cæsarem.*

Fuffitio seni *recocto.*

On this is the note "Homo *recoctus* jam dicitur qui in rebus *agendis* diu multumque *agitatus*, versatus, exercitatus, et quasi *percoctus*, rerum naturam penitus perspexit," &c.

Surely these qualities are not such as Catullus or Cæsar ought to be displeased with. But "senex *recoctus*" means an old dandy boiled up into youth again in Medea's caldron. In this poem Catullus turns into ridicule no other than personal peculiarities and defects, first in Otho, then in Libo, lastly in Fuffitius.

CARMEN LVII. *In Mamurram et Cæsarem.* If Cæsar had hired a poet to write such wretched verses as these and swear them to Catullus, he could never in any other way have more injured his credit as a poet. The *Duo Cæsaris Anti-Catones*, which are remembered as having been so bulky, could never have fallen on Cato so fatally as this Anti-Catullus on Catullus.

CARMEN LXI. *De Nuptiis Juliæ et Manlii.* Never was there, and never will there be probably, a nuptial song of equal beauty. But in verse 129 there is a false quantity as now printed, and quite unnoticed by the editor.

Desertum domini audiens.

The meter does not admit a spondee for the second foot: it must be a trochee; and this is obtained by the true reading, "Desitum."

CARMEN LXII. Another nuptial song, and properly an

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Epithalamium, in heroic verse, and very masterly. It seems incredible however that the last lines, beginning

At tu ne pugna,

were written by Catullus. They are trivial: and beside, the young singing men never have sung so long together in the former parts assigned to them. The longest of these consists of *nine* verses, with the choral

Hymen, O Hymenæe !

and the last would contain *eleven* with it, even after rejecting these *seven* which intervene, and which, if admitted, would double the usual quantity. We would throw them out because there is no room for them, and because they are trash.

CARMEN LXIII. This has ever been, and ever will be, the admiration of all who can distinguish the grades of poetry.

The thirty-ninth verse is printed,

Piger his labantes languore oculos sopor operit.

The meter will not allow it. We must read, "labant*e* languore," although the construction may be somewhat less obvious. The words are in the ablative absolute, "Sleep covers their eyes, a languor dropping over them."

Verse 64 should be printed "gymnasj," not gymnasii. The seventy-fifth and seventy-sixth lines must be reversed, and instead of

Geminas "*D*eorum" ad aures nova nuncia referens
Ibi juncta juga resolvens Cybele leonibus
Lævumque pecoris hostem stimulans,

read

Ibi juncta juga resolvens Cybele leonibus,
Geminas "*c*orum" ad aur*e*is nova nuncia referens, &c.

CARMEN LXIV. *Nuptiæ Pelei et Thetidis.* Among many excellences of the highest order, there are several faults and inconsistencies in this heroic poem.

Verse 15. Illâque haudque aliâ, &c.

It is incredible that Catullus should have written "haud*que*."

Verse 37. Pharsaliam coeunt, Pharsalia rura frequentant.

No objection can be raised against this reading. "Pharsaliam" is a trisyllable. The *i* sometimes coalesces with another vowel, as *a* and *o* do. In Virgil we find

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Stell*io* et lucifugis.
Aure*â* composuit spondâ.
Unâ eâdemque viâ.
Uno *eo*demque igni.
Perque æ*rea* scuta.

Verses 58 and the following are out of their order. They stand thus:

Rura colit nemo: mollescunt colla juvencis:
Non humilis curvis purgatur vinea rastris:
Non glebam prono convellit vomere taurus:
Non falx attenuat frondatorum arboris umbram:
Squalida desertis robigo infertur aratris.

The proper and natural series is, together with the right punctuation,

Rura colit nemo: mollescunt colla juvencis,
Non glebam prono convellit vomere taurus;
Squalida desertis robigo infertur aratris.
Non humilis curvis purgatur vinea rastris,
Non falx attenuat frondatorum arboris umbram.

Because here the first, the second, and the third, refer to the same labour, that of ploughing: the fourth and fifth to the same also, that of cultivating the two kinds of vineyard. In one kind the grapes are cut low, and fastened on poles with bands of withy, and raked between: in the other they are trained against trees: formerly the tree preferred was the elm; at present it is the maple, particularly in Tuscany. The branches are lopt and thinned when the vines are pruned, to let in sun and air. By ignorance of such customs in agriculture, many things in the classics are mistaken. Few people know the meaning of the words in Horace,

Cum *duplice* ficu.

Most fancy it must be the purple fig and the yellow. But there is also a green one. The Italians, to dry their figs the more expeditiously, cut them open and expose them on the pavement before their cottages. They then stick two together, and this is *duplex ficus*.

We now come to graver faults (and faults certainly the poet's) than a mere transposition of verses. In the palace of Peleus there is a piece of tapestry which takes up the best part of the poem.

Hæc vestis *priscis* hominum variata figuris,

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exhibits the story of Theseus and Ariadne. Their adventures could not have happened five-and-twenty years before these nuptials. Of the Argo, which carried Peleus when Thetis fell in love with him, the poet says, as others do,

> Illa rudem cursu *prima* imbuit Amphitriten.

But, in the progress of sixty lines, we find that vessels had been sailing to Crete every year, with the Athenian youths devoted to the Minotaur. Castor and Pollux sailed in the Argo with Peleus; and Helen, we know, was their sister: she was about the same age as Achilles, and Theseus had run away with her before Paris had. But equal inconsistencies are to be detected in the Æneid, a poem extolled, century after century, for propriety and exactness. An anachronism quite as strange as this of Catullus, is in the verses on Acragas, Agrigentum.

> Arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longe
> Mœnia, magnanimum *quondam* generator equorum.

Whether the city itself was built in the age of Æneas is not the question; but certainly the breed of horses was introduced by the Carthagenians, and improved by Hiero and Gelon. The breed of the iland is small, as it is in all mountainous countries, where the horses are never found adapted to chariots, any more than chariots are adapted to surfaces so uneven.

Verse 83, for "*Funera* Cecropiæ," &c., we must read "*Pubis* Cecropiæ."

Verse 119. "Quæ misera," &c., is suppositious.

Verse 178. *Idomeneos-ne* petam montes? at gurgite lato, &c.

Idomeneus was unborn in the earlier days of Theseus. Probably the verses were written,

> *Idam ideone* petam? Montes (ah gurgite vasto
> Discernens!) ponti truculentum dividit æquor.

Verse 191. Nothing was ever grander or more awful than the adjuration of Ariadne to the Eumenides.

> Quare facta virûm multantes vindice pœnâ
> Eumenides! quarum anguineo redimita capillo
> *Frons expirantes præportat pectoris iras,*
> Huc, huc adventate!

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Verse 199. Doering explains,

Vos nolite pati nostrum *vanescere* luctum,

"*Impunitum* manere." What? her grief? Does she pray that her grief may not remain *unpunished?* No, she implores that the prayers that arise from it may not be in vain.

Verse 212. Namque ferunt olim [classi cum mœnia Divæ]
Linquentem, natum, ventis concrederet Ægeus,
Talia complexum juveni mandata dedisse.

The mould of the barrel has been doing sad mischief there. We must read

Namque ferunt, natum ventis quum crederat Ægeus.

Verse 250. At parte ex aliâ.

This scene is the subject of a noble picture by Titian, now in the British Gallery. It has also been deeply studied by Nicolas Poussin. But there is a beauty which no painting can attain in

Plangebant alii proceris tympana palmis,
Aut tereti tenues tinnitus ære ciebant.

Soon follows that exquisite description of morning on the sea-side, already transcribed, and placed by the side of Milton's personification.

Verse 340. Nascetur vobis expers terroris Achilles,
Hostibus haud tergo sed forti pectore notus,
Qui persæpe vagi victor certamine cursûs
Flammea prævertet celeris vestigia cervi.

It is impossible that Catullus, or any poet whatever, can have written the second of these. Some stupid critic must have done it, who fancied that the "expers terroris" was not clearly and sufficiently proven by urging the car over the field of battle, and had little or nothing to do in outstripping the stag.

Verse 329. Rarely have the Fates sung so sweetly as in these to Peleus.

Adveniet tibi jam portans optata maritis
Hesperus, adveniet fausto cum sidere conjux,
Quæ tibi flexanimo mentem perfundat amore
Languidulosque paret tecum conjungere somnos,
Lævia substernens robusto brachia collo.

CARMEN LXV. *Ad Hortalum.* He makes his excuse to

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Hortalus for delaying a compliance with his wishes for some verses. This delay he tells him was occasioned by the death of his brother, to whom he was most affectionately attached, and whose loss he laments in several of his poems. In this he breaks forth into a very pathetic appeal to him:

Alloquar? audiero nunquam tua facta loquentem?
Nunquam ego te, vitâ frater amabilior,
Adspiciam posthac! At certe semper amabo,
Semper mœsta tuâ carmina morte canam.

The two following lines are surely suppositious. Thinking with such intense anguish of his brother's death, he could find no room for so frigid a conceit as that about the Daulian bird and Itylus. This is almost as much out of place, though not so bad in itself, as the distich which heads the epistle of *Dido to Æneas* in Ovid.

Sic, ubi Fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis
Ad vada Mœandri concinit *albus olor*.

As if the Fates were busied in "calling white swans!" Ovid never composed any such trash. The epistle in fact begins with a verse of consummate beauty, tenderness, and gravity.

Verse 21. Quod miseræ oblitæ molli sub veste locatum,
Dum adventu matris prosilit, excutitur.

These require another punctuation.

Quod miseræ (oblitæ molli sub veste locatum).

The Germans, to whom we owe so much in every branch of learning, are not always fortunate in their punctuation: and perhaps never was any thing so subversive of harmony as that which Heyne has given us in a passage of Tibullus.

Blanditiis vult esse locum Venus ipsa.

Who could ever doubt this fact? that even Venus herself will admit of blandishments! But Tibullus laid down no such truism. Heyne writes it thus, and proceeds,

querelis
Supplicibus, miseris fletibus, illa favet.

The tender and harmonious poet wrote not "Blanditiis" but "Blanditis.

Blanditis vult esse locum Venus ipsa querelis;
Supplicibus, miseris, flentibus, illa favet.

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Here the "blanditiæ" are quite out of the question; but the "*blanditæ querelæ*" are complaints softly expressed and *coaxingly* preferred.

To return to Catullus. The following couplet is,

Atque illud prono præceps agitur decursu;
Huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor.

Manat can hardly be applicable to *rubor*. We would prefer,

Huic manet in tristi conscius ore rubor

the opposite to "*agitur*" *decursu*.

They whose ears have been accustomed to the Ovidian elegiac verse, and have been taught at school that every pentameter should close with a dissyllable, will be apt to find those of Catullus harsh and negligent. But let them only read over, twice or thrice, the twelve first verses of this poem, and their ear will be cured of its infirmity. By degrees they may be led to doubt whether the worst of all Ovid's conceits is not his determination to give every alternate verse this syllabic uniformity.

CARMEN LXVI. *De Comâ Berenices*. This is imitated from a poem of Callimachus, now lost. Probably it was an early exercise of our poet, corrected afterward, but insufficiently. The sixth verse, however, is exquisite in its cadence.

Ut Triviam furtim sub Latmia saxa relegans
Dulcis amor gyro devocat aerio.

Verse 27. Anne bonum oblita es facinus, quo regium adepta es
Conjugium, quod non fortior ausit *alis*.

Berenice is said to have displayed great courage in battle. To render the second verse intelligible, we must admit *alis* for *alius*, as *alid* is used for *aliud* in Lucretius. Moreover, we must give *fortior* the expression of *strength*, not of *courage*, as *forte* throughout Italy at the present time expresses never courage, always strength. The sense of the passage then is, "Have you forgotten the great action by which you won your husband? an action which one much stronger than yourself would not have attempted." For it would be nonsense to say, "You have performed a brave action which a *braver* person would not have dared." In the sense of Catullus are those passages of Sallust and Virgil,

Neque a "fortissimis" *infirmissimo* generi resisti posse.
"Forti" fidis equo.

Verse 65. Virginis, *et* sævi contingens *namque* Leonis Lumina.

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Namque may be the true reading. The editor has adduced two examples from Plautus to show the probability of it, but fails.

Quando hæc innata est nam tibi. Pers. ii. 5, 13.
Quid tibi ex filio nam ægre est. Bacch. v. l. 20.

He seems unaware that *nam*, in the first, is only a part of *quid-nam*, the *quid* being separated; *quando-nam*, the same for *ecquando* (*ede* quando) "tell me when," *quianam*, &c.: but *namque* is not in the like condition, and in this place it is awkward. The *nam* added to the above words is always an interrogative.

CARMEN LXVII. *Ad Januam, &c.*

Verse 31. Atqui non solum se dicit cognitum habere
Brixia, Cycnææ supposita speculæ,
Flavus quam molli percurrit flumine Mela,
Brixia Veronæ mater amata meæ.

Why should the sensible Marchese Scipione Maffei have taken it into his head that the last couplet is spurious? What a beautiful verse is that in italics!

CARMEN LXVIII. *Ad Manlium.* A rambling poem quite unworthy of the author. The verses from the beginning of the twenty-sixth to the close of the thirtieth appertain to some other piece, and break the context. Doering has given a strange interpretation to

Veronæ turpe Catullo, &c.

The true meaning is much more obvious and much less delicate. In the sixty-third we must read "*At*" for "*Ac:*" this helps the continuity. After the seventy-third, we must omit, as belonging to another place, all, until we come to verse 143. Here we catch the thread again. The intermediate lines belong to *two* other poems; both perhaps addressed to Manlius; one relating to the death of the poet's brother, the other on a very different subject: we mean the fragment just now indicated,

Quare quod scribis, Veronæ turpe Catullo, &c.
Verse 145. Sed furtiva dedit mirâ munuscula nocte,
Ipsius ex ipso demta viri gremio.

The verses are thus worded and punctuated in Doering's edition and others, but improperly. "*Mirâ* nocte" is nonsense. We must read the lines thus:

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Sed furtiva dedit *mirè* munuscula nocte
Ipsius ex ipso, &c.

Or thus:

Sed furtiva dedit *medîâ* munuscula nocte
Ipsius ex ipso demta viri gremio.

Verse 147. Quare illud satis est, si nobis is datur unus,
Quem lapide illa diem candidiore notat,

Doering thus interprets:

Quare jam illud mihi satis est, si illa vel *unum diem, quem mecum vixit,* ut diem faustum felicemque albo lapide insigniat.

That the verses have no such meaning is evident from the preceding:

Quæ tamen etsi uno non est contenta Catullo
Rara verecundæ furta feremus heræ.

This abolishes the idea of one single day contenting him, contented as he professes himself to be with little aberrations and infidelities. Scaliger has it:

Quare illud satis est, si nobis *id* datur *unis:*
Quod lapide illa dies candidiore notat.

And it appears to us that Scaliger has given the first line correctly; but not the punctuation. We should prefer,

Quare illud satis est, si nobis id datur unis
Quo lapide illa die*m* candidiore not*et.*
"Quo," *ob quod.*

Verses 69, 70. Trito fulgentem in limine plantam
Innisa argutâ constitit *in soleâ.*

The slipper could not be *arguta* while she was standing in it. Scaliger reads "constit*uit* soleâ." The one is not sense: the other is neither sense nor latin, unless the construction is *constituit plantam;* and then all the other words are in disarray. The meaning is, "she placed her foot against the door, and, *without speaking,* rapped it with her sounding slipper:" then the words would be "argutâ *conticuit* soleâ."

Verse 78. Nil mihi tam valde placeat, Rhamnusia virgo,
Quod temere invitis suscipiatur heris.

In Scaliger it is:

Quàm temere, &c.

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The true reading is neither, but

Quàm *ut* temere.

Such elisions are found in this very poem and the preceding:

Ne amplius a misero.

and,

Qui ipse sui gnati.

CARMEN LXXI. *Ad Virronem.* Doering thinks, as others have done, that the poem is against *Virro.* On the contrary, it is a facetious consolation to him on the punishment of his rival.

Mirifice est *a te* nactus utrumque malum,

means only "*for his offence against you.*" We have a little more to add on this in CXV.

CARMEN LXXV. *Ad Lesbiam.* Here are eight verses, the rhythm of which plunges from the ear into the heart. Our attempt to render them in English is feeble and vain.

None could ever say that she,
Lesbia! was so loved by me.
Never all the world around
Faith so true as mine was found:
If no longer it endures
(Would it did!) the fault is yours.
I can never think again
Well of you: I try in vain:
But . . be false . . do what you will . .
Lesbia! I must love you still.

CARMEN LXXVI. *Ad seipsum.* They whose ears retain only the sound of the hexameters and pentameters they recited and wrote at school, are very unlikely to be greatly pleased with the versification of this poem. Yet perhaps one of equal earnestness and energy was never written in elegiac meter. *Sentences* must be red at once, and not merely distichs; then a fresh harmony will spring up exuberantly in every part of it, into which many discordant verses will sink and lose themselves, to produce a part of the effect. It is, however, difficult to restrain a smile at such expressions as these from such a man.

Si vitam puriter egi,
O Dii! reddite mi hoc pro pietate meâ!

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CARMEN LXXXV. *De Amore suo.*

Odi et amo. *Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris:*
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

The words in italics are flat and prosaic: the thought is beautiful, and similar to that expressed in LXXV.

I love and hate. Ah! never ask why so!
I hate and love . . and that is all I know.
I see 'tis folly, but I feel 'tis woe.

CARMEN XCII. *De Lesbia.* The fourth verse is printed,

Quo signo? quasi non totidem *mox* deprecor illi
Assidue.

Mox and *assidue* can not stand together. Jacobs has given a good emendation.

Quasi non totidem *mala* deprecer illi, &c.

CARMEN XCIII. *In Cæsarem.* Nothing can be imagined more contemptuous than the indifference he here affects toward a name destined in all after ages to be the principal jewel in the highest crowns: and, thinking of Cæsar's genius, it is difficult to see without derision the greatest of those who assume it. Catullus must have often seen, and we have reason to believe he personally knew, the conqueror of Gaul when he wrote this epigram.

I care not, Cæsar, what you are,
Nor know if you be brown or fair.

CARMEN XCV. *De Smyrnâ Cinnæ Poetæ.* There is nothing of this poem, in which Cinna's *Smyrna* is extolled, worth notice, excepting the last line; and that indeed not for what we read in it, but for what we have lost.

Parva mei mihi sunt cordi monumenta . . ."

The word "mon*u*menta" is spelt improperly: it is "mon*i*menta." The last word in the verse is wanting: yet we have seen quoted, and prefixed to volumes of poetry:

Parva mei mihi sunt cordi monumenta laboris.

But Catullus is not speaking of himself: he is speaking of Cinna: and the proper word comes spontaneously "sodalis."

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CARMEN XCIX. *Ad Juventium.*

Multis diluta labella
Guttis *abstersisti omnibus articulis.*

How few will this verse please! but how greatly those few!

CARMEN CI. *Inferiæ ad Fratris Tumulum.* In these verses there is a sorrowful but a quiet solemnity, which we rarely find in poets on similar occasions. The grave and firm voice, which has uttered the third, breaks down in the fourth.

Multas per gentes et multa per æquora vectus
Adveni has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
Et mutum nequidquam alloquerer cinerem.

Unusual as is the cadence, the cæsura, who would wish it other than it is? If there were authority for it, we would read, in the sixth, instead of

Heu *miser* indigne frater ademte mihi!
Heu *nimis*, &c.

Because just above we have,

Adveni has *miseras*, frater, ad inferias.

CARMEN CX. *Ad Anfilenam.* Doering says, "Utrum poetæ an scribarum *socordiæ* tribuenda sit, qua ultimi hujus carminis versus laborant, obscuritas, pro suo quisque statuat arbitrio. Tolli quidem potest hæc obscuritas, sed *emendandi genere liberrimo.*" We are not quite so sure of that: we are only sure that we find no obscurity at all in them. The word *factum* is understood, and would be inelegant if it could have found for itself a place in the verse.

CARMEN CXV. It is requisite to transcribe the verses here to show that Doering is mistaken in two places; he was, at LXXI., in one only.

Prata arva, ingentes sylvas saltusque paludesque
Usque ad Hyperboreos et mare ad Oceanum.
Omnia magna hæc sunt, tamen ipse est *maximus ultor.*

He quotes LXXI., forgetting that that poem is addressed to Virro, and this to Mamurra, under his old nickname: Mamurra, whatever else he might be, was no *maximus ultor* here. The context will show what the word should be. Mamurra, by his own account, is possessor of meadow ground and arable ground,

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of woods, forests, and marshes, from the Hyperboreans to the Atlantic. "These are great things," says Catullus, "but he himself is great *beyond them all*:" "ipse est maximus, ultra:" sc. Hyperboreas et Oceanum.

In how different a style, how artificially, with what infinite fuss and fury, has Horace addressed Virgil on the death of Quintilius Varus. Melpomene is called from a distance, and several more persons equally shadowy are brought forward; and then Virgil is honestly told that, if he could sing and play more blandly than the Thracian Orpheus, he never could reanimate an empty image which Mercury had drawn off among his "black flock."

In selecting a poet for examination, it is usual either to extol him to the skies, or to tear him to pieces and trample on him. Editors in general do the former: critics on editors more usually the latter. But one poet is not to be raised by casting another under him. Catullus is made no richer by an attempt to transfer to him what belongs to Horace, nor Horace by what belongs to Catullus. Catullus has greatly more than he; but he also has much; and let him keep it. We are not at liberty to indulge in frowardness and caprice, snatching a decoration from one and tossing it over to another. We will now sum up what we have collected from the mass of materials which has been brought before us, laying down some general rules and observations.

There are four things requisite to constitute might, majesty, and dominion, in a poet: these are creativeness, constructiveness, the sublime, the pathetic. A poet of the first order must have formed, or taken to himself and modified, some great subject. He must be creative and constructive. Creativeness may work upon old materials: a new world may spring from an old one. Shakspeare found Hamlet and Ophelia; he found Othello and Desdemona: nevertheless he, the only universal poet, carried this, and all the other qualifications, far beyond the reach of competitors. He was creative and constructive, he was sublime and pathetic, and he has also in his humanity condescended to the familiar and the comic. There is nothing less pleasant than the smile of Milton; but at one time Momus, at another the Graces, hang upon the neck of Shakspeare. Poets whose subjects do not restrict them, and whose ordinary gait displays no indication of either greave or buskin, if they

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want the facetious and humorous, and are not creative, nor sublime, nor pathetic, must be ranked by sound judges in the secondary order, and not among the foremost even there.

Cowper, and Byron, and Southey, with much and deep tenderness, are richly humorous. Wordsworth, grave, elevated, observant, and philosophical, is equidistant from humour and from passion. Always contemplative, never creative, he delights the sedentary and tranquilizes the excited. No tear ever fell, no smile ever glanced, on his pages. With him you are beyond the danger of any turbulent emotion, at terror, or valour, or magnanimity, or generosity. Nothing is there about him like Burns's *Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,* or Campbell's *Battles of Copenhagen and Hohenlinden,* or those exquisite works which, in Hemans, rise up like golden spires among broader but lower structures, *Ivan* and *Casabianca.* Byron, often impressive and powerful, never reaches the heroic and the pathetic of these two poems; and he wants the freshness and healthiness we admire in Burns. But an indomitable fire of poetry, the more vivid for the gloom about it, bursts through the crusts and crevices of an unsound and hollow mind. He never chatters with chilliness, nor falls overstrained into languor; nor do metaphysics ever muddy his impetuous and precipitate stream. It spreads its ravages in some places, but it is limpid and sparkling everywhere. If no story is well told by him, no character well delineated, if all resemble one another by their beards and Turkish dresses, there is however the first and the second and the third requisite of eloquence, whether in prose or poetry, vigour. But no *large* poem of our days is so animated, or so truly of the heroic cast, as *Marmion.* Southey's *Roderick* has less nerve and animation: but what other living poet has attempted, or shown the ability, to erect a structure so symmetrical and so stately? It is not enough to heap description on description, to cast reflection over reflection: there must be development of character in the development of story; there must be action, there must be passion; the end and the means must alike be great.

The poet whom we mentioned last is more studious of classical models than the others, especially in his *Inscriptions.* Interest is always excited by him, enthusiasm not always. If his elegant prose and harmonious verse are insufficient to excite it, turn to his virtues, to his manliness in defence of truth, to the ardour and constancy of his friendships, to his

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disinterestedness, to his generosity, to his rejection of title and office, and consequently of wealth and influence. He has labored to raise up merit in whatever path of literature he found it; and poetry in particular has never had so intelligent, so impartial, and so merciful a judge. Alas! it is the will of God to deprive him of those faculties which he exercised with such discretion, such meekness, and such humanity.

We digress; not too far, but too long: we must return to the ancients, and more especially to the author whose volume lies open before us.

There is little of the creative, little of the constructive, in him: that is, he has conceived no new varieties of character; he has built up no edifice in the intellectual world; but he always is shrewd and brilliant; he often is pathetic; and he sometimes is sublime. Without the sublime, we have said before, there can be no poet of the first order: but the pathetic may exist in the secondary; for tears are more easily drawn forth than souls are raised. So easily are they on some occasions, that the poetical power needs scarcely be brought into action; while on others the pathetic is the very summit of sublimity. We have an example of it in the *Ariadne* of Catullus: we have another in the *Priam* of Homer. All the heroes and gods, debating and fighting, vanish before the father of Hector in the tent of Achilles, and before the storm of conflicting passions his sorrows and prayers excite. But neither in the spirited and energetic Catullus, nor in the masculine and scornful and stern Lucretius, no, nor in Homer, is there anything so impassioned, and therefor so sublime, as the last hour of Dido in the Æneid. Admirably as two Greek poets have represented the tenderness, the anguish, the terrific wrath and vengeance of Medea, all the works they ever wrote contain not the poetry which Virgil has condensed into about a hundred verses: omitting, as we must, those which drop like icicles from the rigid lips of Æneas; and also the similies which, here as everywhere, sadly interfere with passion. In this place Virgil fought his battle of Actium, which left him poetical supremacy in the Roman world, whatever mutinies and conspiracies may have arisen against him in Germany or elsewhere.

The *Ariadne* of Catullus has greatly the advantage over the *Medea* of Apollonius: for what man is much interested by

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such a termagant? We have no sympathies with a woman whose potency is superhuman. In general, it may be apprehended, we like women little the better for excelling us even moderately in our own acquirements and capacities. But what energy springs from her weaknesses! what poetry is the fruit of her passions! once perhaps in a thousand years bursting forth with imperishable splendour on its golden bough. If there are fine things in the *Argonautics* of Apollonius, there are finer stil in those of Catullus. In relation to Virgil, he stands as Correggio in relation to Raffael: a richer colourist, a less accurate draftsman; less capable of executing grand designs, more exquisite in the working-out of smaller. Virgil is depreciated by the arrogance of self-sufficient poets, nurtured on coarse fare, and dizzy with home-brewed flattery. Others, who have studied more attentively the ancient models, are abler to show his relative station, and readier to venerate his powers. Although we find him incapable of contriving, and more incapable of executing, so magnificent a work as the Iliad, yet there are places in his compared with which the grandest in that grand poem lose much of their elevation. Never was there such a whirlwind of passions as Virgil raised on those African shores, amid those rising citadels and departing sails. When the vigorous verses of Lucretius are extolled, no true poet, no sane critic, will assent that the seven or eight examples of the best are equivalent to this one: even in force of expression, here he falls short of Virgil.

When we drink a large draught of refreshing beverage, it is only a small portion that affects the palate. In reading the best poetry, moved and excited as we may be, we can take in no more than a part of it. Passages of equal beauty are unable to raise enthusiasm. Let a work in poetry or prose, indicating the highest power of genius, be discoursed on; probably no two persons in a large company will recite the same portion as having struck them the most forcibly. But when several passages are pointed out and red emphatically, each listener will to a certain extent doubt a little his own judgment in this one particular, and hate you heartily for shaking it. Poets ought never to be vext, discomposed, or disappointed, when the better is overlookt, and the inferior is commended. Much may be assigned to the observer's point of vision being more on a level with the object. And this reflection also will console the artist, when really bad ones are called more simple

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and natural, while in fact they are only more ordinary and common. In a palace we must look to the elevation and proportions; wheras a low grotto may assume any form and almost any deformity. Rudeness is here no blemish; a shell reversed is no false ornament; moss and fern may be stuck with the root outward; a crystal may sparkle at the top or at the bottom; dry sticks and fragmentary petrifactions find everywhere their proper place; and loose soil and plashy water show just what nature delights in. Ladies and gentlemen who at first were about to turn back, take one another by the hand, duck their heads, enter it together, and exclaim, "What a charming grotto!"

In poetry, as in architecture, the Rustic Order is proper only for the lower story.

They who have listened, patiently and supinely, to the catarrhal songsters of goose-grazed commons, will be loth and ill-fitted to mount up with Catullus to the highest steeps in the forests of Ida, and will shudder at the music of the Corybantes in the temple of the Great Mother of the Gods.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

Scarcely on any author, of whatever age or country, has there so much been written, spoken, and thought, by both sexes, as on the subject of this criticism, Petrarca.

The compilation by Mr. Campbell is chiefly drawn together from the french. It contains no criticism on the poetry of his author, beyond a hasty remark or two in places which least require it. He might have read Sismondi and Ginguenè more profitably: the author of the *Introduction to the Literature of Europe* had already done so; but neither has *he* thrown any fresh light on the character or the writings of Petrarca, or, in addition to what had already been performed by those two judicious men, furnished us with a remark in any way worth notice. The readers of italian, if they are suspicious, may even suspect that Mr. Campbell knows not very much of the language. Among the many apparent causes for this suspicion, we shall notice only two. Instead of *Friuli*, he writes the French word *Frioul;* and, instead of the *Marca* di Ancona, the *Marshes*. In italian, a *marsh* is *palude* or *padule*:

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whereas *marca* is the origin of *marchese:* the one a *confine;* the other a *defender* of a *confine,* or lord of such a territory.

Whoever is desirous of knowing all about Petrarca, will consult Muratori and De Sade: whoever has been waiting for a compendious and sound judgment on his works at large, will listen attentively to Ginguenè: whoever can be gratified by a rapid glance at his works and character, will be directed by the clear-sighted follower of truth, Sismondi: and whoever reads only english, and is contented to fare on a small portion of recocted criticism in a long excursion, may be accommodated by Mrs. Dobson, Mr. Hallam, and Mr. Campbell.

It may seem fastidious and affected to write, as I have done, his italian name in preference to his english one; but I think it better to call him as he called himself, as Laura called him, as he was called by Colonna and Rienzi and Boccaccio, and in short by all Italy: for I pretend to no vernacular familiarity with a person of his distinction, and should almost be as ready to abbreviate Francesco into Frank, as Petrarca into Petrarch. Beside, the one appellation is euphonious, the other quite the reverse.

We Englishmen take strange liberties with italian names. Perhaps the human voice can articulate no sweeter series of sounds than the syllables which constitute *Livorno:* certainly the same remark is inapplicable to *Leghorn.* However, we are not liable to censure for this depravation: it originated with the Genoese, the ancient masters of the town, whose language is extremely barbarous, not unlike the Provensal of the Troubadours. With them the letter *g,* pronounced hard, as it always was among the Greeks and Romans, is common for *v:* thus *lagoro* for *lavoro.*

I hope to be pardoned my short excursion, which was only made to bring my fellow-labourers home from afield. At last we are beginning to call people and things by their right names. We pay a little more respect to Cicero than we did formerly, calling him no longer by the appellation of Tully: we never say Laurence, or Lal de Medici, but Lorenzo. On the same principle, I beg permission to say Petrarca and Boccaccio, instead of Petrarch and Boccace. These errors were fallen into by following french translations: and we stopt and recovered our footing only when we came to *Tite-live* and *Aulu-gelle.* It was then indeed high time to rest and wipe our foreheads. Yet we cannot shake off the illusion that

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Horace was one of us at school, and we continue the friendly nickname, altho with a whimsical inconsistency we continue to talk of the *Horatii* and Curiatii. *Ovid,* our earlier friend, sticks by us stil. The ear informs us that Virgil and Pindar and Homer and Hesiod suffer no worse by defalcation than fruit-trees do: the sounds indeed are more euphonious than what fell from the native tongue. The great historians, the great orators, and the great tragedians of Greece, have escaped unmutilated; and among the Romans it has been the good fortune, at least as far as *we* are concerned, of Paterculus, Quintus Curtius, Tacitus, Catullus, Propertius, and Tibullus, to remain intact by the hand of *onomaclasts.* Spellings, whether of names or things, should never be meddled with, unless where the ignorant have superseded the learned, or where analogy has been overlooked by these. The courtiers of Charles II. chalked and charcoaled the orthography of Milton. It was thought a scandal to have been educated in England, and a worse to write as a republican had written. We were the subjects of the french king, and we borrowed at a ruinous rate from french authors: but not from the best. Eloquence was extinct; a gulf of ignominy divided us from the genius of Italy; the great Master of the triple world was undiscovered by us; and the loves of Petrarca were too pure and elevated for the sojourners of Versailles.

Francesco Petrarca, if far from the greatest, yet certainly the most celebrated of poets, was born in the night between the nineteenth and twentieth day of July, 1304. His father's name was Petracco, his mother's Eletta Canigiani. Petracco left Florence under the same sentence of banishment as his friend Dante Alighieri, and joined with him and the other exiles of the Bianchi army in the unsuccessful attack on that city, the very night when, on his return to Arezzo, he found a son born to him: it was his first. To this son, afterward so illustrious, was given the name of Francesco di Petracco. In after life the sound had something in it which he thought ignoble; and he converted it into Petrarca. The wise and virtuous Gravina, patron of one who has written much good poetry, and less of bad than Petrarca, changed in like manner the name of Trapasso to Metastasio. I can not agree with him that the sound of the hellenized name is more harmonious: the reduplication of the syllable *tas* is painful: but I do agree with Petrarca, whose adopted

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form has only one fault, which is, that there is no meaning in it.

When he was seven months old he was taken by his mother from Arezzo to Incisa, in the Val-d'Arno, where the life so lately given was nearly lost. The infant was dropt into the river, which is always rapid in that part of its course, and was then swollen by rain into a torrent. At Incisa he remained with her seven years. The father had retired to Pisa; and now his wife and Francesco, and another son born after, named Gherardo, joined him there. In a short time however he took them to Avignon, where he hoped for employment under Pope Clement V. In that crowded city lodgings and provisions were so dear, that he soon found it requisite to send his wife and children to the small episcopal town of Carpentras, where he often went to visit them. In this place Francesco met Convenole, who had taught him his letters, and who now undertook to teach him what he knew of rhetoric and logic. He had attained his tenth year when the father took him with a party of friends to the fountain of Vaucluse. Even at that early age his enthusiasm was excited by the beauty and solitude of the scene. The waters then flowed freely: habitations there were none but the most rustic: and indeed one only near the rivulet. Such was then Vaucluse; and such it remained all his lifetime, and long after. The tender heart is often moulded by localities. Perhaps the purity and singleness of Petrarca's, his communion with it on one only altar, his exclusion of all images but one, result from this early visit to the gushing springs, the eddying torrents, the insurmountable rocks, the profound and inviolate solitudes, of Vaucluse.

The time was now come when his father saw the necessity of beginning to educate him for a profession: and he thought the canon law was likely to be the most advantageous. Consequently he was sent to Montpelier, the nearest university, where he resided four years; not engaged, as he ought to have been, among the jurisconsults, but among the classics. Information of this perversity soon reached Petracco, who hastened to the place, found the noxious books, and threw them into the fire: but, affected by the lamentations of his son, he recovered the Cicero and the Virgil, and restored them to him, partially consumed. At the age of eighteen he was sent from Montpelier to Bologna, where he found Cino da Pistoja,

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to whom he applied himself in good earnest, not indeed for his knowledge as a jurisconsult, in which he had acquired the highest reputation, but for his celebrity as a poet. After two more years he lost his father: and the guardians, it is said, were unfaithful to their trust. Probably there was little for them to administer. He now returned to Avignon, where, after the decease of Clement V., John XXII. occupied the popedom. Here his latin poetry soon raised him into notice, for nobody in Avignon wrote so good; but happily, both for himself and many thousand sensitive hearts in every age and nation, he soon desired his verses to be received and understood by one to whom the latin was unknown.

Benedetto sia il giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno!
Blest be the day, and month, and year!

Laura, daughter of Audibert de Noves, was married to Hugh de Sade; persons of distinction. She was younger by three years than Petrarca. They met first on Good-Friday, in the convent-church of St. Claire, at six in the morning. That hour she inspired such a passion, by her beauty and her modesty, as years only tended to strengthen, and death to sanctify. The incense which burnt in the breast of Petrarca before his Laura, might have purified, one would have thought, even the court of Avignon; and never was love so ardent breathed into ear so chaste. The man who excelled all others in beauty of person, in dignity of demeanour, in genius, in tenderness, in devotion, was perhaps the only one who failed in attaining the object of his desires. But cold as Laura was in temperament, rigid as she was in her sense of duty, she never was insensible to the merits of her lover. A light of distant hope often shone upon him, and tempted him onward, through surge after surge, over the depths of passion. Laura loved admiration, as the most retired and most diffident of women do: and the admiration of Petrarca drew after it the admiration of the world. She also, what not all women do, looked forward to the glory that awaited her, when those courtiers, and those crowds, and that city should be no more, and when of all women, the Madonna alone should be so glorified on earth.

Perhaps it is well for those who delight in poetry that she was inflexible and obdurate; for the sweetest song ceases when the feathers have lined the nest. Incredible as it may seem, Petrarca was capable of quitting her: he was capable of

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believing that absence could moderate, or perhaps extinguish, his passion. Generally the lover who can think so, has almost succeeded; but Petrarca had contracted the habit of writing poetry; and now writing it on Laura, and Laura only, he brought the past and the future into a focus on his breast. All magical powers, it is said, are dangerous to the possessor: none is more dangerous than the magic of the poet, who can call before him at will the object of his wishes; but her countenance and her words remain her own, and beyond his influence.

It is wonderful how extremely few, even of italian scholars, and natives of Italy, have red his letters or his poetry entirely through. I am not speaking of his latin; for it would indeed be a greater marvel if the most enterprising industry succeeded there. The thunderbolt of war . . 'Scipiades fulmen belli' . . has always left a barren place behind. No poet ever was fortunate in the description of his exploits; and the least fortunate of the number is Petrarca. Probably the whole of the poem contains no sentence or image worth remembering. I say *probably*: for whosoever has hit upon what he thought the best of it, has hit only upon what is worthless, or else upon what belongs to another. The few lines quoted and applauded by Mr. Campbell, are taken partly from Virgil's *Æneid*, and partly from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. I can not well believe that any man living has red beyond five hundred lines of *Africa:* I myself, in sundry expeditions, have penetrated about thus far into its immeasurable sea of sand. But the wonder is that neither the poetry nor the letters of Petrarca seem to have been, even in his own country, red thoroughly and attentively; for surely his commentators ought to have made themselves masters of these, before they agitated the question, some whether Laura really existed, and others whether she was flexible to the ardour of her lover. Speaking of his friends, Socrates and Lælius, of whose first meeting with him I shall presently make mention, he says,

> Con costor colsi 'l glorioso ramo
> Onde forse anzi tempo ornai le tempie,
> In memoria di quella ch' i' tant' amo:
> Ma pur di lei che il cuor di pensier m' empie
> Non potei coglier mai ramo nè foglie;
> Si fur' le sue radici acerbe ed empie.

I can not render these verses much worse than they actually

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are, with their '*tempo*' and '*tempie*,' and their '*radici empie*,' so let me venture to offer a translation:

> They saw me win the glorious bough
> That shades my temples even now,
> *Who never bough nor leaf could take*
> From that severe one, for whose sake
> So many sighs and tears arose . .
> Unbending root of bitter woes.

There is a canzone to the same purport, to be noticed in its place; and several of his letters could also be adduced in evidence. We may believe that, although he had resolved to depart from Avignon for a season, he felt his love increasing at every line he wrote. Such thoughts and images can not be turned over in the mind and leave it perfectly in composure. Yet perhaps when he had completed the most impassioned sonnet, the surges of his love may have subsided under the oil he had poured out on his vanity. For love, if it is a weakness, was not the only weakness of Petrarca: and, when he had performed what he knew was pleasing in the eyes of Laura, he looked abroad for the applauses of all around.

Giacomo Colonna, who had been at the university of Bologna with him, had come to Avignon soon after. It was with Colonna he usually spent his time; both had alike enjoyed the pleasures of the city, until the day when Francesco met Laura. To Giacomo was now given the bishopric of Lombes, in reward of a memorable and admirable exploit, among the bravest that ever has been performed in the sight of Rome herself. When Lewis of Bavaria went thither to depose John XVIII., Giacomo Colonna, attended by four men in masks, red publicly, in the Piazza di San Marcello, the bull of that emperor's excommunication and dethronement, and challenged to single combat any adversary. None appearing, he rode onward to the stronghold of his family at Palestrina, the ancient Preneste. His reward was this little bishopric. When Petrarca found him at Lombes, in the house of the bishop he found also two persons of worth, who became the most intimate of his friends; the one a Roman, Lello by name, which name the poet latinized to Lælius; the other from the borders of the Rhine, whose appellation was probably less tractable, and whom he called Socrates. Toward the close of autumn the whole party returned to Avignon.

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In the bosom of Petrarca love burnt again more ardently than ever. It is censured as the worst of conceits in him that he played so often on the name of Laura; and many have suspected that there could be little passion in so much allusion. A purer taste might indeed have corrected in the poetry the outpourings of tenderness on the name; but surely there is a true and a pardonable pleasure in cherishing the very sound of what we love. If it belongs to the heart, as it does, it belongs to poetry, and is not easily to be cast aside. The shrub recalling the idea of Laura was planted by his hand; often, that he might nurture it, was the pen laid by; the leaves were often shaken by his sighs, and not unfrequently did they sparkle with his tears. He felt the comfort of devotion as he bent before the image of her name. But he now saw little of her, and was never at her house: it was only in small parties, chiefly of ladies, that they met. She excelled them all in grace of person and in elegance of attire. Probably her dress was not the more indifferent to her on her thinking whom she was about to meet: yet she maintained the same reserve: the nourisher of love, but not of hope.

Restless, for ever restless, again went Petrarca from Avignon. He hoped he should excitè a little regret at his departure, and a desire to see him again soon, if not exprest to him before he left the city, yet conveyed by letters or reports. He proceeded to Paris, thence to Cologne, and was absent eight months. On his return, the bishop, whom he expected to meet, was neither at Avignon nor at Lombes. His courage and conduct were required at Rome, to keep down the rivals of his family, the Orsini. Disappointed in his visit, and hopeless in his passion, the traveller now retired to Vaucluse; and here he poured in solitude from his innermost heart incessant strains of love and melancholy.

At Paris he had met with Dionigi de' Ruperti, an Augustine monk, born at Borgo San Sepolcro, near Florence, and esteemed as one of the most learned, eloquent, philosophical and religious men in France. To him Petrarca wrote earnestly for counsel; but before the answer came he had seen Laura. A fever was raging in the city, and her life was in danger. Benedict XII., to whom he addressed the least inelegant of his latin poems, an exhortation to transfer the Roman See to Rome, conferred on him, now in the thirtieth year of his age, a canonry at Lombes. But the bishop was absent from the

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diocese, and again at Rome. Thither hastened Petrarca, and was received at Capraniccia, a castle of the Colonnas, not only by his diocesan, but likewise by Stefano senator of Rome, to which city they both conducted him. His stay here was short; he returned to Avignon; but, inflamed with unquenchable love, and seeking to refresh his bosom with early memories, he retired to Vaucluse. Here he purchased a poor cottage and a small meadow; hither he transferred his books; and hither also that image which he could nowhere leave behind. Summer, autumn, winter, he spent among these solitudes; a fisherman was his only attendant, but occasionally a few intimate friends came from Avignon to visit him. The Bishop of Cavaillon, Philippe de Cabassoles, in whose diocese was Vaucluse, and who had a villa not far off, here formed with him a lasting friendship, and was worthy of it. During these months the poet wrote the three canzoni on the eyes of Laura, which some have called the "Three Graces," but which he himself called the "Three Sisters." The Italians, the best-tempered and the most polite of nations, look rather for beauties than faults, and imagine them more easily. A brilliant thought blinds them to improprieties, and they are incapable of resisting a strong expression. Enthusiastic criticism is common in Italy, ingenious is not deficient, correct is yet to come.

About this time Simone Memmi of Siena, whom some without any reason whatsoever have called a disciple of Giotto, was invited by the pope to Avignon, where he painted an apartment in the pontifical palace, just then completed. Petrarca has celebrated him, not only in two sonnets, but also in his letters, in which he says, "Duos ego novi pictores egregios: Joctium Florentinum civem, cujus inter modernos fama ingens est, et Simonem Senensem."

Had so great an artist been the scholar of Giotto, it would have added to the reputation of even this illustrious man, a triumvir with Ghiberti and Michel-Angiolo. These, altho indeed not flourishing together, may be considered as the first triumvirate in the republic of the arts; Raffael, Correggio, and Titian, the second. There is no resemblance to Giotto in the manner of Simone; nor does Ghiberti mention him as the disciple of the Florentine. No man knew better than Ghiberti how distinct are the Sanese and the Florentine schools. Simone Memmi, the first of the moderns

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who gave roundness and beauty to the female face, neglected not the graceful air of Laura. Frequently did he repeat her modest features in the principal figure of his sacred compositions; and Petrarca was alternately tortured and consoled by the possession of her portrait from the hand of Memmi. It was painted in the year 1339, so that she was thirty-two years old; but, whether at the desire of her lover, or guided by his own discretion, or that in reality she retained the charms of youth after bearing eight or nine children, she is represented youthful, and almost girlish, whenever he introduces her.

With her picture now before him, Petrarca thought he could reduce in number and duration his visits to Avignon, and might undertake a work sufficient to fix his attention and occupy his retirement. He began to compose in latin a history of Rome, from its foundation to the subversion of Jerusalem. But, almost at the commencement, the exploits of Scipio Africanus seized upon his enthusiastic imagination, and determined him to abandon history for poetry. The second Punic war was the subject he chose for an epic. Deficient as the work is in all the requisites of poetry, his friends applauded it beyond measure. And indeed no small measure of commendation is due to it; for here he had restored in some degree the plan and tone of antiquity. But to such a pitch was his vanity exalted, that he aspired to higher honors than Virgil had received under the favor of Augustus, and was ambitious of being crowned in the capitol. His powerful patrons removed every obstacle; and the senator of Rome invited him by letter to his coronation. A few hours afterward, on the 23rd of August 1340, another of the same purport was delivered to him from the University of Paris. The good king Robert of Naples had been zealous in obtaining for him the honor he solicited: and to Naples he hastened, ere he proceeded to Rome.

It was in later days that kings began to avoid the conversation and familiarity of learned men. Robert received Francesco as became them both; and, on his departure from the court of Naples, presented to him the gorgeous robe in which, four days afterward, he was crowned in the capitol. At the close of his life he lamented the glory he had thus attained, and repined at the malice it drew down on him. Even in the hour of triumph he was exposed to a specimen

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of the kind. Most of those among the ancient Romans to whom in their triumphal honours the laurel crown was decreed, were exposed to invectives and reproaches in their ascent. Fescennine verses, rude and limping, interspersed with saucy trochaics, were generally their unpalatable fare. But Petrarca, the elect of a senator and a pope, was doomed to worse treatment. Not on his advance, but on his return, an old woman emptied on his laurelled head one of those mysterious vases which are usually in administration at the solemn hour of night. Charity would induce us to hope that her venerable age was actuated by no malignity. But there were strong surmises to the contrary: nor can I adduce in her defence that she had any poetical vein, by which I might account for this extraordinary act of incontinence. Partaking, as was thought by the physicians, of the old woman's nature, the contents of the vase were so acrimonious as to occasion baldness. Her cauldron, instead of restoring youth, drew down old age, or fixed immovably its odious signal. A projectile scarcely more fatal, in a day also of triumph, was hurled by a similar enemy on the head of Pyrrhus. The laurel decreed in full senate to Julius Cæsar, altho it might conceal the calamity of baldness, never could have prevented it: nor is it probable that either his skill or his fortune could have warded off efficaciously what descended from such a quarter. The Italians, who carry more good humour about them than any other people, are likely to have borne this catastrophe of their poet with equanimity, if not hilarity. Perhaps even the gentle Laura, when she heard of it, averted the smile she could not quite suppress.

I will not discuss the question, how great or how little was the glory of this coronation; a glory which Homer and Dante, which Shakspeare and Milton, never sought, and never would have attained. Merit has rarely risen of itself, but a pebble or a twig is often quite sufficient for it to spring from to the highest ascent. There is usually some baseness before there is any elevation. After all, no man can be made greater by another, although he may be made more conspicuous by title, dress, position, and acclamation. The powerful can only be ushers to the truly great; and in the execution of this office, they themselves approach to greatness. But Petrarca stood far above all the other poets of his age; and, incompetent

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as were his judges, it is much to their praise that they awarded due honour to the purifier both of language and of morals. With these indeed to solicit the wife of another may seem inconsistent; but such was always the custom of the Tuscan race; and not always with the same chastity as was enforced by Laura. As Petrarca loved her,

Id, Manli! non est turpe, magis miserum est.

Love is the purifier of the heart; its depths are less turbid than its shallows. In despite of precepts and arguments, the most sedate and the most religious of women think charitably, and even reverentially, of the impassioned poet. Constancy is the antagonist of frailty, exempt from the captivity and above the assaults of sin.

There is much resemblance in the character of Petrarca to that of Abeillard. Both were learned, both were disputatious, both were handsome, both were vain; both ran incessantly backward and forward from celebrity to seclusion, from seclusion to celebrity; both loved unhappily; but the least fortunate was the most beloved.

Devoted as Petrarca was to the classics, and prone as the italian poets are to follow and imitate them, he stands apart with Laura; and if some of his reflections are to be found in the sonnets of Cino da Pistoja, and a few in the more precious reliquary of latin Elegy, he seems disdainful of repeating in her ear what has ever been spoken in another's. Although a cloud of pure incense rises up and veils the intensity of his love, it is such love as animates all creatures upon earth, and tends to the same object in all. Throughout life we have been accustomed to hear of the Platonic: absurd as it is everywhere, it is most so here. Nothing in the voluminous works of Plato authorizes us to affix this designation to simple friendship, to friendship exempt from passion. On the contrary, the philosopher leaves us no doubt whatever that his notion of love is sensual.* He says expressly what species of it, and

* A mysterious and indistinct idea, not dissipated by the closest view of the original, led the poetical mind of Shelley into the labyrinth that encompassed the garden of Academus. He has given us an accurate and graceful translation of the most eloquent of Plato's dialogues. Consistently with modesty he found it impossible to present the whole to his readers; but as the subject is entirely on the nature of love, they will discover that nothing is more unlike Petrarca's. The trifles, the quibbles,

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from what bestowers, should be the reward of sages and heroes.

Dii meliora piis!

Beside Sonnets and Canzoni Petrarca wrote "Sestine;" so named because each stanza contains six verses, and each poem six stanzas, to the last of which three lines are added. If the terza-rima is disagreeable to the ear, what is the sestina, in which there are only six rhymes to thirty-six verses, and all these respond to the same words! Cleverness in distortion can proceed no further. Petrarca wearied the popes by his repeated solicitations that they would abandon Avignon: he never thought of repeating a sestina to them: it would have driven the most obtuse and obstinate out to sea; and he never would have removed his hands from under the tiara until he entered the port of Civita-Vecchia. While our poet was thus amusing his ingenuity by the most intolerable scheme of rhyming that the poetry of any language has exhibited, his friend Boccaccio was occupied in framing that very stanza, the ottava-rima, which so delights us in Berni, Ariosto, and Tasso. But Tasso is most harmonious when he expatiates most freely, "numerisque fertur lege solutis:" for instance, in the *Aminta*, where he is followed by Milton in his *Lycidas*.

We left Petrarca not engaged in these studies of his retirement, but passing in triumph through the capital of the world. On his way toward Avignon, where he was ambitious of displaying his fresh laurels, he stayed a short time at Parma with Azzo da Correggio, who had taken possession of that city. Azzo was among the most unprincipled, ungrateful, and mean, of the numerous petty tyrants who have infested Italy. Petrarca's love of liberty never quite outrivalled his love of princes: for which Boccaccio mildly expostulates with him; and Sismondi, as liberal, wise, and honest as Boccaccio, severely reprehends him. But what other, loving as he loved, would

the unseasonable jokes, of what is exhibited in very harmonious greek, and in english nearly as harmonious, pass uncensured and unnoticed by the fascinated Shelley. So his gentleness and warmth of heart induced him to look with affection on the poetry of Petrarca; poetry by how many degrees inferior to his own! Nevertheless, with justice and propriety he ranks Dante higher in the same department, who indeed has described love more eloquently than any other poet, excepting (who always must be excepted) Shakspeare. Francesca and Beatrice open all the heart, and fill it up with tenderness and with pity.

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have urged incessantly the return to Italy, the abandonment of Avignon? At times, beyond a doubt, he preferred his imperfect hopes to the complete restoration of italian glory; but he shook them like dust from his bosom, and Laura was less than Rome. Shall we refuse the name of patriot to such a man? No; those alone will do it who have little to lose or leave. Sismondi, who never judges harshly, never hastily, passes no such sentence on him.

So pleased was he with his residence at Parma, that he purchased a house in the city, where he completed his poem of "Africa." He was now about to rejoin at Lombes his friend and diocesan, whom he saw in a dream, pale as death. He communicated this dream to several persons; and twenty-five days afterward he received the intelligence of its perfect truth. Another friend, more advanced in years, Dionigi di Borgo San Sepolcro, soon followed. Before the expiration of the year he was installed archdeacon of Parma. Soon after this appointment, Benedict XII. died, and Clement VI. succeeded. This pontif was superior to all his predecessors in gracefulness of manners and delicacy of taste; and at his accession, the corruptions of the papal court became less gross and offensive. He divided his time between literature and the ladies: not quite impartially. The people of Rome began to entertain new and higher hopes that their city would again be the residence of Christ's vicegerent. To this intent they delegated eighteen of the principal citizens, and chose Petrarca, who had received the freedom of the city on his coronation, to present at once a remonstrance and an invitation. The polite and wary pontif heard him complacently, talked affably and familiarly with him, conferred on him the priory of Migliorino; but, being a Frenchman, thought it gallant and patriotic to remain at Avignon. Petrarca was little disposed to return with the unsuccessful delegates. He continued at Avignon, where his countryman Sennuccio del Bene, who visited the same society as Laura, and who knew her personally, gave him frequent information of her, though little hope.

Youth has swifter wings than Love. He had loved her sixteen years; but all the beauty that had left her features had settled on his heart, immovable, unchangeable, eternal. Politics could however at all times occupy him; not always worthily. He was induced by the pope to undertake a mission to Naples, and to claim the government of that kingdom on the part of

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his Holiness. The good king Robert was dead, and had bequeathed the crown to the elder of his two grandaughters. Giovanna, at nine years of age, was betrothed to her cousin Andreas of Hungary, who was three years younger. She was beautiful, graceful, gentle, sensible, and fond of literature: he was uncouth, ferocious, ignorant, and governed by a Hungarian monk of the same character, Fra Rupert. It is deplorable to think that Petrarca could ever have been induced to accept an embassy, of which the purport was to deprive of her inheritance an innocent and lovely girl, the grandaughter of his friend and benefactor. She received him with cordiality, and immediately appointed him her private chaplain. His departure, he says, was hastened by two causes: first, by the insolence of Fra Rupert, which he has well described; and secondly, by an atrocious sight, which also he has commemorated. He was invited to an entertainment, of which he gives us to understand he knew not at all the nature. Suddenly he heard shouts of joy, and "*turning his head,*" he beheld a youth of extraordinary strength and beauty, covered with dust and blood, expiring at his feet. He left Naples without accomplishing the dethronement of Giovanna, or, what also was entrusted to him, the liberation from prison of some adherents of the Colonnas; robbers, no doubt, and assassins, who had made forays into the Neapolitan territory; for all persons of that description were under the protection of the Colonnas or the Orsini. His failure was the cause of his return, and not the ferocity of a monk and a gladiator.

He went to Parma on his way back to Avignon: the roads were dangerous; war was raging in the country. His friend Azzo had refused to perform the promise he made to Lucchino Visconti, by whose intervention he had obtained his dominion, which he was to retain for five years, and then resign. Azzo he found had taken refuge with Mastino della Scala, at Verona; and he embarked on the Po for that city. His friends hastened him forward to Avignon; some by telling him how often the pope had made inquiries about him; and others, that Laura looked melancholy. On his return Clement offered him the office of Apostolic secretary: it was a very laborious one, and was declined.

Laura, pleased by his return to her, was for a time less rigorous. Within the year, Charles of Luxemburg, soon after made emperor, went to Avignon. Knowing the celebrity of

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Laura, and finding her at a ball, he went up to her and kissed her forehead and her eyes. "This sweet and strange action," says her lover, "filled me with envy." Surely, to him at least, the sweetness must have been somewhat less than the strangeness. She was now indeed verging on her fortieth year: but love is forgetful of arithmetic. The following summer, Francesco for the first time visited his only brother Gherardo, who had taken the monastic habit in the Chartreuse of Montrieu. On his return he went to Vaucluse, where he composed a treatise *De Otio Religiosorum*, which he presented to the monastery.

Very different thoughts and feelings now suddenly burst upon him. Among the seventeen who accompanied him in the deputation, inviting the pope to Rome, there was another beside Petrarca chosen for his eloquence. It was Cola Rienzi. The love of letters and the spirit of patriotism united them in friendship. This extraordinary man, now invested with power, had driven the robbers and assassins, with their patrons the Orsini and Colonnas out of Rome, and had established (what rarely are established together) both liberty and order. The dignity of tribune was conferred on him; by which title Petrarca addressed him, in a letter of sound advice and earnest solicitation. Now the bishop of Lombes was dead he little feared the indignation of the other Colonnas, but openly espoused and loudly pleaded the cause of the resuscitated commonwealth. The cardinal was probably taught by him to believe that, by his influence with Rienzi, he might avert from his family the disaster and disgrace into which the mass of the nobility had fallen. "No family on earth," says he, "is dearer to me; but the republic, Rome, Italy, are dearer."

He took leave of the prelate, with amity on both sides undiminished: he also took leave of Laura. He could not repress, he could not conceal, he could not moderate his grief, nor could he utter one sad adieu. A look of fondness and compassion followed his parting steps; and the lover and the beloved were separated for ever. He did not think it; else never could he have gone; but he thought a brief absence might be endured once more, rewarded as it would be with an accession to his glory; and, precluded from other union with him, in his glory Laura might participate.

Retired, and thinking of her duties and her home, sat

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Laura; not indifferent to the praises of the most celebrated man alive (for her heart in all its regions was womanly) but tepidly tranquil, or moved invisibly, and retaining her purity amidst the uncleanly stream that deluged Avignon. We may imagine that she sometimes drew out, and unfolded on her bed, the apparel long laid apart and carefully preserved by her, in which she first had captivated the giver of her immortality; we may imagine that she sometimes compared with him an illiterate, coarse, morose husband; and perhaps a sigh escaped her, and perhaps a tear, as she folded up again the cherished gown she wore on that Good Friday.

On his arrival at Genoa, Petrarca heard of the follies and extravagances committed by Rienzi, and, instead of pursuing his journey to Rome, turned off to Parma. Here he learnt that the greater part of the Roman nobility, and many of the Colonnas, had been exterminated by order of the tribune. Unquestionably they had long deserved it; but the exercise of such prodigious power unsettled the intellects of Rienzi. In January the poet left Parma for Vienna, where on the 25th (1348) he felt the shock of an earthquake. In the preceding month a column of fire was observed above the pontifical palace. After these harbingers of calamity came that memorable plague, to which we owe the immortal work of Boccaccio; a work occupying the next station, in continental literature, to the *Divina Commedia,* and displaying a greater variety of powers. The pestilence had now penetrated into the northern parts of Italy, and into the southern of France; it had ravaged Marseilles; it was raging in Avignon. Petrarca sent messager after messager for intelligence. Their return was tardy; and only on the 19th of May was notice brought to him that Laura had departed on the 6th of April, at six in the morning; the very day, the very hour, he met her first. Beloved by all about her for her gentleness and serenity, she expired in the midst of relatives and friends. But did never her eyes look round for one who was away? And did not love, did not glory tell him, that in that chamber he might at least have died?

Other friends were also taken from him. Two months after this event he lost Cardinal Colonna; and then Sennuccio del Bene, the depository of his thoughts and the interpreter of Laura's.

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The Lord of Mantua, Luigi Gonzaga, had often invited him to his court, and he now accepted the invitation. From this residence he went to visit the hamlet of Pietola, formerly Andes, the birthplace of Virgil. At the cradle of her illustrious poet the glories of ancient Rome burst again upon him; and, hearing that Charles of Luxemburg was about to cross the Alps, he addressed to him an eloquent exhortation, *De pacificandâ Italiâ.* After three years the emperor sent him an answer. The testy republican may condemn him, as Dante was condemned before, for inviting a stranger to become supreme in Italy; but how many evils would this step have obviated! Recluses, and idlers, and often the most vicious, had been elevated to the honours of demigods; and incense had been wafted before the altar, among the most solemn rites of religion, to pilferers and impostors. As the Roman empire, with all the kingdoms of the earth, was sold under the spear by the Pretorian legion, so now, with title-deeds more defective, was the kingdom of Heaven knocked down to the best bidder. It was not a desire of office and emolument, it was a love of freedom and of Roman glory, which turned the eyes of Petrarca, first in one quarter, then in another, to seek for the deliverance and regeneration of his native land.

No preferment, no friendship, stood before this object. In the beginning he exhorted Rienzi to the prosecution of his enterprise, and augured its success. But the vanity of the tribune, like Buonaparte's, precipitated his ruin. Both were so improvident as to be quite unaware, that he who continues to play at *double or quits* must at last lose all. Rienzi, different from that other, was endowed by nature with manly, frank, and generous sentiments. Meditative but communicative, studious but accessible, he would have followed, we may well believe, the counsels of Petrarca, had they been given him personally. Cautious but not suspicious, severe but not vindictive, he might perhaps have removed a D'Enghien by the axe, but never a L'Ouverture by famine. He would not have banished, he would not have treated with insolence and indignity, the greatest writer of the age, from a consciousness of inferiority in intellect, as that other did in Madame de Stael. With that other, similarity of views and sentiments was no bond of union: he hated, he maligned, he persecuted, the wisest and bravest who would not serve

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his purposes: patriotism was a ridicule, honour was an insult to him, and veracity a reproach. The *heart* of Rienzi was not insane. Instead of ordering the murder, he would have condemned to the gallows the murderer, of such a man as Hofer. In his impetuous and eccentric course he carried less about him of the middle ages, than the pestilent meteor that flamed forth in ours. Petrarca had too much wisdom, too much virtue, to praise or countenance him in his pride and insolence; but his fall was regretted by him, and is even stil to be regretted by his country. It is indeed among the greatest calamities that have befallen the human race, condemned for several more centuries to lie in chains and darkness.

In the year of the jubilee (1350) he went again to Rome. Passing through Florence, he there visited Boccaccio, whom he had met at Naples. What was scarcely an acquaintance grew rapidly into friendship; and this friendship, honorable to both, lasted throughout life, unbroken and undiminished. Both were eloquent, both richly endowed with fancy and imagination; but Petrarca, who had incomparably the least of these qualities, had a readier faculty of investing them with verse, in which Boccaccio, fond as he was of poetry, ill succeeded. There are stories in the *Decameron* which require more genius to conceive and execute than all the poetry of Petrarca, and indeed there is in Boccaccio more variety of the mental powers than in any of his countrymen, greatly more deep feeling, greatly more mastery over the human heart, than in any other but Dante. Honesty, manliness, a mild and social independence, rendered him the most delightful companion and the sincerest friend.

Petrarca, on his road through Arezzo, was received with all the honors due to him, and among the most delicate and acceptable to a man of his sensibility was the attendance of the principal inhabitants in a body, who conducted him to the house in which he was born, showing him that no alteration had been permitted to be made in it. Padua was the place to which he was going: on his arrival he found that the object of his visit, Giovanni da Carrara, had been murdered: nevertheless, he remained there several days, and then proceeded to Venice. Andrea Dandolo was doge; and war was about to break out between the Venetians and the Genoese. Petrarca, who always wished most anxiously the

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concord and union of the Italian States, wrote a letter to Dandolo, powerful in reasoning and eloquence, dissuading him from hostilities. The poet on this occasion showed himself more provident than the greatest statesman of the age. On the 6th of April, the third anniversary of Laura's death, a message was conveyed to him from the republic of Florence, restoring his property and his rights of citizen. Unquestionably he who brought the message counselled the measure, and calculated the day: Boccaccio again embraced Petrarca.

It was also proposed to establish a university at Florence, and to nominate the illustrious poet its rector. Declining the office, he returned to Vaucluse, but soon began to fancy that his duty called him to Avignon. Rome and all Italy swarmed with robbers. Clement, from the bosom of the Vicomtesse de Turenne, consulted with the cardinals on the means of restoring security to his dominions. Petrarca too was consulted, and, in the most elaborate and most eloquent of his writings, he recommended the humiliation of the nobles, the restoration of the republic, and the enactment of equal laws.

The people of Rome however had taken up arms again, and had elected for their chief magistrate Giovanni Cerroni. The privileges of the popedom were left untouched and unquestioned; not a drop of blood was shed; property was secure; tranquility was established. Clement, whose health was declining, acquiesced. Petrarca, disappointed before, was reserved and silent. But his justice, his humanity, his gratitude, were called into action elsewhere.

Ten years had elapsed since his mission to the court of Naples. The king Andreas had been assassinated, and the queen Giovanni was accused of the crime. Andreas had alienated from him all the Neapolitans, excepting the servile, which in every court form a party, and in most a majority. Luigi of Taranto, the queen's cousin, loved her from her childhood, but left her at that age. Graceful and gallant as he was, there is no evidence that she placed too implicit and intimate a confidence in him. Never has any great cause been judged with less discretion by posterity. The pope, to whom she appealed in person, and who was deeply interested in her condemnation, with all the cardinals and all the judges, unanimously and unreservedly acquitted her, of participation,

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or connivance, or knowledge. Giannone, the most impartial and temperate of historians, who neglected no sources of information, bears testimony in her behalf. Petrarca and Boccaccio, men abhorrent from every atrocity, never mention her but with gentleness and compassion. The writers of the country, who were nearest to her person and her times, acquit her of all complicity. Nevertheless, she has been placed in the dock by the side of Mary Stuart. It is as certain that Giovanna was *not* guilty as that Mary *was*. She acknowledged before the whole pontifical court her hatred of her husband; and, in the simplicity of her heart, attributed it to magic. How different was the magic of Othello on Desdemona! and this too was believed.

If virtuous thoughts and actions can compensate for an irrecoverable treasure which the tomb encloses, surely now must calm and happiness have returned to Petrarca's bosom. Not only had he defended the innocent and comforted the sorrowful, in Giovanna, but, with singular care and delicacy, he reconciled two statesmen whose disunion would have been ruinous to her government; Acciajoli and Barili. Another generous action was now performed by him, in behalf of a man by whom he, and Rome, and Italy, had been deceived. Rienzi, after wandering about for nearly four years, was cast into prison at Prague, and then delivered up to the pope. He demanded to be judged according to law: which was refused. The spirit of Petrarca rose up against this injustice, and he addressed a letter to the Roman people, urging their interference. They did nothing. But it was believed at Avignon that Rienzi, the correspondent and friend of Petrarca, was not only an eloquent and learned man, but (what Petrarca had taught the world to reverence) a poet. This caused a relaxation in the severity of his confinement, subsequently his release, and ultimately his restoration to power.

Again the office of apostolic secretary was offered to Petrarca; again he declined it; again he retired to Vaucluse. Clement died; Innocent was elected; so illiterate and silly a creature, that he took the poet for a wizard, because he red Virgil. It was time to revisit Italy. Acciajoli had invited him to Naples, Dandolo to Venice: but he went to neither. Giovanni Visconti, archbishop of Milan, had succeeded his brother Lucchino in the sovranty. Clement, just before his decease, sent a nuncio to him, ordering him to make choice

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between the temporal and spiritual power. The duke-archbishop made no answer; but on the next Sunday, after celebrating pontifical mass in the cathedral, he took in one hand a crosier, in the other a drawn sword, and "Tell the Holy Father," said he, "here is the spiritual, here the temporal: one defends the other." Innocent was unlikely to intimidate a prince who had thus defied his predecessor. Giovanni Visconti was among the most able statesmen that Italy has produced; and Italy has produced a greater number of the greatest than all the rest of the universe. Genoa, reduced to extremities by Venice, had thrown herself under his protection; and Venice, although at the head of the Italian league, guided by Dandolo, and flushed with conquest, felt herself unable to contend with him. Visconti, who expected and feared the arrival of the emperor in Italy, assumed the semblance of moderation. He engaged Petrarca, whom he had received with every mark of distinction and affection, to preside in a deputation with offers of peace to Dandolo. The doge refused the conditions; and Visconti lost no time in the prosecution of hostilities. These were so successful, that Venice was in danger of falling; and Dandolo died of a broken heart. In the following month died also Giovanni Visconti. The emperor Charles, who had deceived the hopes of the Venetians by delaying to advance into Italy, now crossed the Alps; and Petrarca met him at Mantua. Finding him, as usual, wavering and avaricious, the poet soon left him, and returned to the nephews and heirs of Visconti. He was induced by Galeazzo to undertake an embassy to the emperor. Ill disposed as was Charles to the family, he declared that he had no intention of carrying his arms into Italy. On this occasion he sent to Petrarca the diploma of Count Palatine, in a golden box, which golden box the Count Francesco returned to the German chancellor: and he made as little use of the title.

He now settled at Garignano, a village three miles from Milan, to which residence he gave the name of Linterno, from the villa of Scipio on the coast of Naples. Fond as he was of the great and powerful, he did not always give them the preference. Capra, a goldsmith of Bergamo, enthusiastic in admiration of his genius, invited him with earnest entreaties to honor that city with a visit. On his arrival, the governor and nobility contended which should

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perform the offices of hospitality toward so illustrious a guest: but he went at once to the house of Capra, where he was treated by his worthy host with princely magnificence, and with delicate attentions which princely magnificence often overlooks. The number of choice volumes in the library, and the conversation of Capra, were evidences of a cultivated understanding and a virtuous heart. In the winter following (1359) Boccaccio spent several days at Linterno, and the poet gave him his latin Eclogues in his own handwriting. On his return to Florence, Boccaccio sent his friend the *Divina Commedia*, written out likewise by himself, and accompanied with profuse commendations.

Incredible as it may appear, this noble poem, the glory of Italy, and admitting at that time but one other in the world to a proximity with it, was wanting to the library of Petrarca. His reply was cold and cautious: the more popular man, it might be thought, took umbrage at the loftier. He was jealous even of the genius which had gone by, and which bore no resemblance to his own, excepting in the purity and intensity of love: for this was a portion of the genius in both. He was certainly the very best man that ever was a very vain one: and vanity has a better excuse for itself in him than in any other, since none was more admired by the world at large, and particularly by that part of it which the wisest are most desirous to conciliate, turning their wisdom in full activity to the elevation of their happiness. Laura, it is true, was sensible of little or no passion for him; but she was pleased with his; and stood like a beautiful Cariatid of stainless marble, at the base of an image on which the eyes of Italy were fixt.

Petrarca, like Boccaccio, regretted at the close of life, not only the pleasure he had enjoyed, but also the pleasure he had imparted to the world. Both of them, as their mental faculties were diminishing, and their animal spirits were leaving them apace, became unconscious how incomparably greater was the benefit than the injury done by their writings. In Boccaccio there are certain tales so coarse that modesty casts them aside, and those only who are irreparably contaminated can receive any amusement from them. But in the greater part, what truthfulness, what tenderness, what joyousness, what purity! Their levities and gaieties are like the harmless lightnings of a summer sky in the delightful regions they were written in.

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Petrarca, with a mind which bears the same proportion to Boccaccio's as the Sorga bears to the Arno, has been the solace of many sad hours to those who probably were more despondent. It may be that, at the time when he was writing some of his softest and most sorrowful complaints, his dejection was caused by dalliance with another, far more indulgent than Laura. But his ruling passion was ungratified by her; therefor she died unsung, and, for aught we know to the contrary, unlamented. He had forgotten what he had declared in Sonnet 17.

E, se di lui forse altra donna spera,
Vive in speranza debole e fallace,
Mio, perche sdegno ciò ch' a voi dispiace, &c.

If any other hopes to find
That love in me which you despise,
Ah! let her leave the hope behind:
I hold from all what you alone should prize.

It can only be said that he ceased to be a visionary: and we ought to rejoice that an inflammation, of ten years' recurrence, sank down into a regular fit, and settled in no vital part. Yet I can not but wish that he had been as zealous in giving instruction and counsel to his only son, a youth whom he represents in one of his letters to have been singularly modest and docile, as he had been in giving it to princes, emperors, and popes, who exhibited very little of those characters. While he was at his villa at Linterno, the unfortunate youth robbed the house in Milan, and fled. We may reasonably suppose that home had become irksome to him, and that neither the eye nor the heart of a father was over him. Giovanni was repentant, was forgiven, and died.

The tenderness of Petrarca, there is too much reason to fear, was at all times concentrated in self. A nephew of his early patron Colonna, in whose house he had spent many happy hours, was now deprived of house and home, and, being reduced to abject poverty, had taken refuge in Bologna. He had surely great reason to complain of Petrarca, who never in his journeys to and fro had visited or noticed him, or, rich as he was in benefices by the patronage of his family, offered him any succour. This has been excused by Mr. Campbell: it may be short of turpitude; but it is farther, much farther, from generosity and from justice. Never is mention made by

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him of Laura's children, whom he must have seen with her, and one or other of whom must have noticed with the pure delight of unsuspicious childhood his fond glances at the lovely mother. Surely in all the years he was devoted to Laura, one or other of her children grieved her by ill-health, or perhaps by dying; for virtue never set a mark on any door so that sickness and sorrow must not enter. But Petrarca thought more about her eyes than about those tears that are usually the inheritance of the brightest, and may well be supposed to have said, in some inedited canzone,

What care I what tears there be,
If the tears are not for me?

His love, when it administered nothing to his celebrity, was silent. Of his two children, a son and a daughter, not a word is uttered in any of his verses. How beautifully does Ovid, who is thought in general to have been less tender, and was probably less chaste, refer to the purer objects of his affection!

Unica nata, mei justissima causa doloris, &c.

Petrarca's daughter lived to be the solace of his age, and married happily. Boccaccio, in the most beautiful and interesting letter in the whole of Petrarca's correspondence, mentions her kind reception of him, and praises her beauty and demeanour. Even the unhappy boy appears to have been by nature of nearly the same character. According to the father's own account, his disposition was gentle and tractable; he was modest and shy, and abased his eyes before the smart witticisms of Petrarca on the defects his own negligence had caused. A parent should never excite a blush, nor extinguish one.

Domestic cares bore indeed lightly on a man perpetually busy in negotiations. He could not but despise the emperor, who yet had influence enough over him to have brought him into Germany. But bands of robbers infested the road, and the plague was raging in many of the intermediate cities. It had not reached Venice: and there he took refuge. Wherever he went, he carried a great part of his library with him: but he found it now more inconvenient than ever, and therefor he made a present of it to the republic, on condition that it neither should be sold nor separated. It was never sold, it was never separated; but it was suffered to fall into decay, and not a single volume of the collection is now extant.

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While he was at Verona, his friend Boccaccio made him another visit, and remained with him three summer months. The plague deprived him of Lælius, of Socrates, and of Barbato. Among his few surviving friends was Philip de Cabassoles, now patriarch of Jerusalem, to whom he had promised the dedication of his treatise on "Solitary Life," which he began at Vaucluse.

Urban V, successor to Innocent, designed to reform the discipline of the church; and Petrarca thought he had a better chance than ever of seeing its head at Rome. Again he wrote a letter on the occasion, learned, eloquent, and enthusiastically bold. Urban had perhaps already fixed his determination. Despite of remonstrances on the side of the French king, and of intrigues on the side of the cardinals, whose palaces and mistresses must be left behind, he quitted Avignon on the 30th of April, 1367, and, after a stay of four months at Viterbo, entered Rome. Before this event Petrarca had taken into his house, and employed as secretary, a youth of placid temper and sound understanding, which he showed the best disposition to cultivate. His name was Giovanni Malpighi, better known afterward as Giovanni da Ravenna. He was admitted to the table, to the walks, and to the travels of his patron, enjoying far more of his kindness and affection than, at the same time of life, had ever been bestowed upon his son. Petrarca superintended his studies, and prepared him for the clerical profession. Unexpectedly one morning this youth entered his study, and declared he would stay no longer in the house. In vain did Petrarca try to alter his determination: neither hope nor fear moved him: and nothing was left but to accompany him as far as Venice. Giovanni would see the tomb of Virgil: he would visit the birthplace of Ennius: he would learn greek at Constantinople. He went however no farther than Pavia, where Petrarca soon followed him, and pardoned his extravagance.

Urban had no sooner established the holy see at Rome again, than he began to set Italy in a flame, raising troops in all quarters, and directing them against the Visconti. The emperor too in earnest had resolved on war. But Bernabo Visconti, who knew his avarice, knew how to divert his arms. He came into Italy, but only to lead the pope's palfrey and to assist at the empress's coronation. Urban sent an invitation

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to Petrarca; and he prepared, although in winter, to revisit Rome. Conscious that his health was declining, he made his will. To the Lord of Padua he bequeathed a picture of the Virgin by Giotto; and to Boccaccio fifty gold florins, for a cloak to keep him warm in his study. Such was his debility, he could proceed no farther than Ferrara, and thought it best to return to Padua. For the benefit of the air he settled in the hamlet of Arquà, where he built a villa, and where his daughter and her husband Francesco di Brossano, came to live with him. Urban died, and was succeeded by Gregory XI, who would have added to the many benefices held already by Petrarca: and the poet in these his latter days was not at all averse to the gifts of fortune. His old friend the bishop of Cabassoles, now a cardinal, was sent as legate to Perugia: Petrarca was desirous of visiting him, and the rather as the prelate's health was declining: but before his own enabled him to undertake the journey, he had expired.

One more effort of friendship was the last reserved for him. Hostilities broke out between the Venetians and Francesco da Ferrara, aided by the king of Hungary, who threatened to abandon his cause unless he consented to terms of peace. Venice now recovered her advantages, and reduced Francesco to the most humiliating conditions. He was obliged to send his son to ask pardon of the republic. To render this less intolerable, he prevailed on Petrarca to accompany the youth, and to plead his cause before the senate. Accompanied by a numerous and a splendid train, they arrived at the city; audience was granted them on the morrow. But fatigue and illness so affected Petrarca that he could not deliver the speech he had prepared. Among the many of his compositions which are lost to us, is this oration. Happily there is preserved the friendly letter he wrote to Boccaccio on his return; the last of his writings. During the greater part of his lifetime, though no less zealous than Boccaccio himself in recovering the works of the classics, he never had red the *Divina Commedia;* nor, until this period of it, the *Decameron;* the two most admirable works the continent has produced from the restoration of learning to the present day. Boccaccio, who had given him the one, now gave him the other. In his letter of thanks for it, he excuses the levity of his friend in some places,

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attributes it to the season of life in which the book was written, and relates the effect the story of Griseldis had produced, not only on himself, but on another of less sensibility. He even learnt it by heart, that he might recite it to his friends; and he sent the author a latin translation of it. Before this, but among his latest compositions, he had written an indignant answer to an unknown French monk, who criticised his letter to Urban, and had spoken contemptuously of Rome and Italy. Monks generally know at what most vulnerable part to aim the dagger: and the Frenchman struck Petrarca between his vanity and his patriotism. A greater mind would have looked down indifferently on a dwarf assailant, and would never have lifted him up, even for derision. The most prominent rocks and headlands are most exposed to the elements; but those which can resist the violence of the storms are in little danger from the corrosion of the limpets.

On the 18th of July, 1374, Petrarca was found in his library, his brow upon a book he had been reading: he was dead.

There is no record of any literary man, or perhaps of any man whatsoever, to whom such honors, honors of so many kinds, and from such different quarters and personages, have been offered. They began in his early life; and we are walking at this hour in the midst of the procession. Few travellers dare to return from Italy until they can describe to the attentive ear and glistening eye the scenery of the Euganean hills. He who has loved truly, and, above all, he who has loved unhappily, approaches, as holiest altars are approached, the cenotaph on the little columns at Arquà.

The latin works of Petrarca were esteemed by himself more highly than his italian.* His Letters and his Dialogues "De Contemptu Mundi," are curious and valuable. In the latter he converses with Saint Augustin, to whom he is introduced by *Truth*, the same personage who appears in his

* It is incredible that Julius Cæsar Scaliger, who has criticised so vast a number of later poets quite forgotten, and deservedly, should never have even seen the latin poetry of Petrarca. His words are: "Primus, quod equidem sciam, Petrarca ex lutulentâ barbarie os cœlo attollere ausus est, *cujus*, quemadmodum diximus alibi, *quòd nihil videre licueret*, ejus viri castigationes sicut et alia multa, relinquam studiosis." *Poet.* l. vi., p. 769.

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Africa, and whom Voltaire also invokes to descend on his little gravelly Champ de Mars, the *Henriade*. The third dialogue is about his love for Laura, and nobly is it defended. He wrote a treatise on the ignorance of one's self and others (*multorum*), in which he has taken much from Cicero and Augustin, and in which he afterward forgot a little of his own. "Ought we to take it to heart," says he, "if we are ill spoken of by the ignorant and malicious, when the same thing happened to Homer and Demosthenes, to Cicero and Virgil?" He was fond of following these two; Cicero in the number of his epistles, Virgil in eclogue and in epic.

Of his twelve eclogues, which by a strange nomenclature he also called bucolics, many are satirical. In the sixth and seventh Pope Clement is represented in the character of Mitio. In the sixth Saint Peter, under the name of Pamphilus, reproaches him for the condition in which he keeps his flock, and asks him what he has done with the wealth intrusted to him. Mitio answers that he has kept the gold arising from the sale of the lambs, and that he has given the milk to certain friends of his. He adds that his spouse, very different from the old woman Pamphilus was contented with, went about in gold and jewels. As for the rams and goats, they played their usual gambols in the meadow; and he himself looked on. Pamphilus is indignant, and tells him he ought to be flogged and sent to prison for life. Mitio drops on a sudden his peaceful character, and calls him a faithless runaway slave, deserving the fetter and the cross. In the twelfth eclogue, under the appellations of Pan and Arcticus, are represented the kings of France and England. Arcticus is indignant at the favors Pan receives from Faustula (Avignon). To king John the pope had remitted his tenths, so that he was enabled to continue the war against England, which ended in his captivity.

Petrarca in all his latin poetry, and indeed in all his latin compositions, is an imitator, and generally a very unsuccessful one; but his versification is more harmonious, and his language has more the air of antiquity, and more resembles the better models, than any had done since Boethius.

We now come to his italian poetry. In this he is less deficient in originality, though in several pieces he has imitated too closely Cino da Pistoja. "Mille dubj in un dì," for

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instance, in his seventh canzone. Cino is crude and enigmatical; but there is a beautiful sonnet by him addressed to Dante, which he wrote on passing the Apennines, and stopping to visit the tomb and invoke the name of Selvaggia. Petrarca, late in life, made a collection of sonnets on Laura; they are not printed in the order in which they were written. The first is a kind of prologue to the rest, as the first ode of Horace is. There is a melancholy grace in this preliminary piece. The third ought to have been the second; for, after having in the first related his errors and regrets, we might have expected to find the cause of them in the following; we find it in the third. "Di pensier in pensier," "Chiare dolci e fresche acque," "Se il pensier che mi strugge," "Benedetto sia il giorno," "Solo e pensoso," are incomparably better than the "Tre Sorelle," by which the Italians are enchanted, and which the poet himself views with great complacency. These three are upon the eyes of Laura. The seventh canzone, the second of the "Sorelle," or, as they have often been styled, the "Grazie," is the most admired of them. In this however the ear is offended at "*Qual all' alta.*" The critics do not observe this sad cacophony. And nothing is less appropriate than

Ed al fuoco *gentil* ond' io *tutt' ardo.*

The close is,

Canzon! l'una Sorella è poco inanzi,
E l' altra sento in quel medesmo albergo
Apparecchiarsi, *ond' io più carta vergo.*

This ruins the figure. What becomes of the *Sorella*, and the *albergo*, and the *apparecchiarsi?* The third is less celebrated than the two elder sisters.

Muratori, the most judicious of Italian commentators, gives these canzoni the preference over the others: but it remained for a forener to write correctly on them, and to demonstrate that they are very faulty. I find more faults and graver than Ginguenè has found in them: but I do not complain with him so much that the commencement of the third is heavy and languid, as that serious thoughts are intersected with quibbles, and spangled with conceits. I will here remark freely, and in some detail, on this part of the poetry of Petrarca.

Sonetto 21. It will be difficult to find in all the domains

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of poetry so frigid a conceit as in the conclusion of this sonnet,

E far delle sue braccia a se stess' ombra.

Strange that it should be followed by the most beautiful he ever wrote:

Solo e pensoso, &c.

Canzone 1.

Ne mano ancor m' agghiaccia
L' esser coperto poi di bianche piume,
Ond' io presi col suon color di cigno!

How very inferior is this childish play to Horace's ode, in which he also becomes a swan.

Canzone 3. Among the thousand offices which he attributes to the eyes is *carrying the keys*. Here he talks of the *sweet eyes* carrying the keys of his *sweet thoughts*. Again he has a peep at the keyhole in the seventh.

Quel cuor ond' hanno i begli occhi la chiave.

He also lets us into the secret that he is really *fond* of complaining, and that he *takes pains* to have his eyes always full of tears.

Ed io son un di quei ch' il pianger *giova*,
E par ben ch' io m' *ingegno*
Che di lagrime pregni
Sien gli occhi miei.

Sonetto 20. Here are Phœbus, Vulcan, Jupiter, *Cæsar*, Janus, Saturn, Mars, Orion, Neptune, Juno, and a chorus of *Angels:* and they have only fourteen lines to turn about in.

Canzone 4. The last part has merit from "E perche un poco."

Sonetto 39. In this beautiful sonnet, as in almost every one, there is a redundancy of words: for instance,

Benedetto sia il giorno, e 'l mese, e l' anno,
E la stagion, e 'l tempo.

Sonetto 40 is very serious. It is a prayer to God that his heart may be turned to other desires, and that it may remember how on that day He was crucified.

Sestina 3. With what derision would a poet of the present day be treated who had written such stuff as,

E *pel bel* petto l' *indurato* ghiaccio
Che trae dal mio si *dolorosi venti*.

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Sonetto 44. "L'aspetto sacro" is ingenious, yet without conceits.

Canzone 8. As far as we know it has never been remarked (nor indeed is an italian Academia worth a remark) that the motto of the Academia della Crusca, "Il più bel fior ne coglie" is from

E, le onorate
Cose cercando, il più bel fior ne coglie.

Sonetto 46. Here he wonders whence all the ink can come with which he fills his paper on Laura.

Sonetto 50. In the fourteenth year of his passion, his ardour is increasing to such a degree, that, he says, "Death approaches . . . *and life flies away.*"

Che la morte m'appressa *e'l viver fugge.*

We believe there is no instance where life has resisted the encounter.

Sonetto 59. This is very different from all his others. The first part is poor enough: the last would be interesting if we could believe it to be more than imaginary. Here he boasts of the impression he had made on Laura, yet in his last Canzone he asks her whether he ever had. The words of this sonnet are,

Era ben forte la nemica mia,
E lei viddi io ferita in *mezzo al core.*

But we may well take all this for ideal, when we read the very next, in which he speaks of being free from the thraldom that had held him so many years.

Sonetto 66. The conclusion from "Ne mi lece ascoltar," is very animated: here is greatly more vigor and incitation than usual.

Canzone 9. It would be difficult to find anywhere, except in the rarest and most valuable books, so wretched a poem as this. The rhymes occur over and over again, not only at the close, but often at the fifth and sixth syllables, and then another time. Metastasio has managed best the redundant rhymes.

Sonetto 73. The final part, "L' aura soave," is exquisitely beautiful, and the harmony complete.

Sonetto 84. "Quel vago impallidir" is among the ten best.

Canzone 10. In the last stanza there is a lightness of

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movement not always to be found in the graces of Petrarca.

Canzone 11. This is incomparably the most elaborate work of the poet, but it is very far from the perfection of "Solo e pensoso." The second and third stanzas are inferior to the rest; and the *fera bella e mansueta* is quite unworthy of the place it occupies.

Canzone 13 is extremely beautiful until we come to

Pur tì medesmo assido,
Me freddo, *pietra morta in pietra viva.*

Sonetto 95. "Pommi ovi 'l Sol," is imitated from Horace's "Pone me pigris," &c.

Sonetto 98. Four verses are filled with the names of rivers, excepting the monosyllables *non* and *e*. He says that all these rivers can not slake the fire that is the anguish of his heart: no, nor even ivy, fir, pine, beech, or juniper. It is by no means a matter of wonder, that these subsidiaries lend but little aid to the exertions of the fireman.

Sonetto 110.

O anime gentili ed amorose

has been imitated and improved upon by Redi, in his

Donne gentili, divote d' amore.

Sonetto 111. No extravagance ever surpassed the invocation to the rocks in the water, requiring that henceforward there would not be a single one which had neglected to learn how to burn with his flames. He himself can only go farther in.

Sonetto 119, where he tells us that Laura's eyes can burn up the Rhine when it is most frozen, and crack its hardest rocks.

Sonetto 132. In the precarious state of her health, he fears more about the disappointment of his hopes in love than about her danger.

Sonetto 148. His descriptions of beauty are not always distinct and correct: for example,

Gli occhi sereni e le *stellanti* ciglia
La bella bocca angelica . . de perle
Piena, e di rose . . e di dolci *parole.*

In this place we shall say a little about *occhi* and *ciglia*. First,

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the sense would be better and the verse equally good, if, transposing the epithets, it were written

Gli occhi stellanti e le serene ciglia.

The italian poets are very much in the habit of putting the *eyelashes* for the *eyes*, because *ciglia* is a most useful rhyme. The latin poets, contented with *oculi*, *ocelli*, and *lumina*, never employ *cilia*, of which indeed they appear to have made but little account. Greatly more than a hundred times has Petrarca inserted eyes into the first part of his sonnets; it is rarely that we find one without its *occhi*. They certainly are very ornamental things; but it is not desirable for a poet to resemble an Argus.

Canzone 15. The versification here differs from the others, but is no less beautiful than in any of them. However, where Love appears in person, we would rather that Pharaoh, Rachel, &c., were absent.

Sonetto 157. He tells us on what day he entered the labyrinth of love.

Mille trecento ventisette *appunto*
Sull' ora prima il dì setto d' Aprili.

This poetry has very unfairly been taken advantage of, in a book

Written by William Prynne Esquier, the
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.

Sonetto 158. He has now loved twenty years.

Sonetto 161. The first verse is rendered very inharmonious by the cesura and the final word having syllables that rhyme. Tutto 'l dì *pian*go, e per la notte *quan*do, lagri*mando*, and consu*mando*, are considered as rhymes, although rhymes should be formed by similarity of sound and not by identity. The Italians, the Spaniards, and the French, reject this canon.

Sonetto 187, on the present of two roses, is light and pretty.

Sonetto 192. He fears he may never see Laura again. Probably this was written after her death. He dreams of her saying to him, "do you not remember the last evening, when I left you with your eyes in tears? Forced to go away from you, I would not tell you, nor could I, what I tell you now. *Do not hope to see me again on earth.*" This most simple and beautiful sonnet has been less noticed than many which a pure taste would have rejected. The next is a vision of Laura's

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death. There are verses in Petrarca which will be uttered by many sorrowers through many ages. Such, for instance, are

Non la conobbe il mondo mentre l' ebbe,
Conobbila io chi a pianger quì rimasi.

But we are hard of belief when he says

Pianger cercai, *non già dal pianto onora.*

There are fourteen more Sonnets, and one more Canzone in the first series of the *Rime;* but we must here close it. Of the second, third, and fourth series we must be contented with fewer notices, for already we have exceeded the limits we proposed. They were written after Laura's death, and contain altogether somewhat more that the first alone. Many of the poems in them are grave, tender, and beautiful. There are the same faults, but fewer in number, and less in degree. He never talks again, as he does in the last words of the first, of carrying a laurel and a column in his bosom, the one for fifteen, the other for eighteen years.

Ginguenè seems disinclined to allow a preference to this second part of the Canzoniere. But surely it is in general far more pathetic, and more exempt from the importunities of petty fancies. He takes the trouble to translate the wretched sonnet (33, part 2) in which the waters of the river are increased by the poet's tears, and the fish (as they had a right to expect) are spoken to. But the next is certainly a most beautiful poem, and worthy of Dante himself, whose manner of thinking and style of expression it much resembles. There is a canzone in dialogue which also resembles it in sentiment and feeling;

Quando soave mio fido conforto, &c.

The next again is imitated from Cino da Pistoja: what a crowd of words at the opening!

Quel antico mio dolce empio signore.

It is permitted in no other poetry than the italian to shovel up such a quantity of trash and triviality before the doors. But rather than indulge in censure, we will recommend to the especial perusal of the reader another list of admirable compositions. "Alma felice," "Anima bella," "Ite rime dolenti," "Tornami a mente," "Quel rossignol," "Vago augelletto," "Dolce mio caro," "Gli angeli," "Ohime! il bel viso," "Che debbo io far," "Amor! se vuoi," "O aspettata," "Anima, che

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dimostra," "Spirto gentil," "Italia mia." Few indeed, if any, of these are without a flaw; but they are of higher worth than those on which the reader, unless forewarned, would spend his time unprofitably. It would be a great blessing if a critic deeply versed in this literature, like Carey, would publish the italian poets with significant marks before the passages worth reading; the more worth, and the less. Probably it would not be a mark of admiration, only that surprise and admiration have but one between them, which would follow the poet's declaration in Can. 18, that "if he does not melt away it is because fear holds him together." After this foolery he becomes a true poet again, "O colli!" &c., then again bad, "You see how many colors love paints my face with."

Nothing he ever wrote is so tender as a reproach of Laura's, after ten years' admiration, "You are *soon* grown tired of loving me!"

There is poetry in Petrarca which we have not yet adverted to, in which he has changed the chords *και την λυρήν απασαν*: such as "Fiamma del ciel," "L' avara Babilonia," "Fontana di dolor." The volumes close with the "Trionfi." The first, as we might have anticipated, is "Il Trionfo d' Amore." The poem is a vile one, stuffed with proper names. The "Triumph of Chastity" is shorter, as might also be anticipated, and not quite so full of them. At the close, Love meets Laura, who makes him her captive, and carries him in triumph among the virgins and matrons most celebrated for purity and constancy. The "Triumph of Death" follows.

This poem is truly admirable. Laura is returning from her victory over Love; suddenly there appears a black flag, followed by a female in black apparel, and terrible in attitude and voice. She stops the festive procession, and strikes Laura. The poet now describes her last moments, and her soft sleep of death, in which she retains all her beauty. In the second part she comes to him in a dream, holds out her hand, and invites him to sit by her on the bank of a rivulet, under the shade of a beech and a laurel. Nothing, in this most beautiful of languages, is so beautiful, excepting the lines of Dante on Francesca, as these.

> E quella man' già tanto desiäta,
> *A me, parlando e sospirando, porse.*

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Their discourse is upon death, which she tells him should be formidable only to the wicked, and assures him that the enjoyment she receives from it, is far beyond any which life has to bestow. He then asks her a question, which he alone had a right to ask her, and only in her state of purity and bliss.

She sigh'd, and said, "No; nothing could dissever
My heart from thine, and nothing shall there ever.
If, thy fond ardor to repress,
I sometimes frown'd (and how could I do less?)
If, now and then, my look was not benign,
'Twas but to save my fame, and thine.
And, as thou knowest, when I saw thy grief,
A glance was ready with relief."
Scarce with dry cheek
These tender words I heard her speak.
"Were they but true!" I cried. She bent the head,
Not unreproachfully, and said,
"Yes, I did love thee; and whene'er
I turn'd away my eyes, 'twas shame and fear;
A thousand times to thee did they incline,
But sank before the flame that shot from thine."

He who, the twentieth time, can read unmoved this canzone, never has experienced a love which could not be requited, and never has deserved a happy one.

TO LORD BROUGHAM ON THE NEGLECT OF SOUTHEY.

YOUR lordship will think it strange enough to receive a letter from me, on any occasion whatsoever. To save you the trouble of answering it, which, if addrest to you privately, your known politeness might induce, I intend to commit it to the *Examiner*, not without a hope that others of high station may look over your shoulder while you are reading it.

The *Letters and Life of Southey* are now before the public. In these it appears that your lordship, for a moment, took an interest in his occupations and in his welfare. This is somewhat; indeed it is quite as much as was ever taken by those whose cause he was zealously defending. No man can better judge than you, whether all the writers of a whole century, bishops included, have written so well and so effectively in

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defence of the Church of England. Within that period more than twenty millions have been enjoyed by the bishops alone for their comparatively small services. The greater part of one million has fallen to the Bishop of London's share; I mean the present bishop's. It is only now, when he is in danger, not from the opposition, but from the proximity, of the pope, that he begins in good earnest to defend the church. He met his Holiness half-way in sticking up candles on the altar, and only deferred the lighting of them until a later hour. He would have left to his Holiness half the wax; but was reluctant to yield an ounce of the honey. Southey was little aware in whose defence he drew his weapon. Honest and disinterested, he thought the higher ministers of religion were as pure and conscientious as himself. He thought the English Church in danger of falling; and instead of laboring in his own great field, cultivated so long and so much embellished by him, he took the pickaxe on his shoulder and labored in the quarry for materials to support it. And now let us consider what brought it to such a state of dilapidation and decay. It was that which the late Lord Grey perceived, when in the House of Lords he openly warned the bishops to put their house in order. The cry of the nation was loud against them. Honest men and brave men could ill endure that clergymen should be barons and inhabit palaces, while admirals who had served and saved their country were living in lodgings no better than alms-houses. In their plain understandings justly did they scoff at those insincere and hollow sophists, who represented to them that bishoprics were little more lucrative than the salaries of the judges: for perfectly well they knew that the judges had given up a practice at the bar more profitable than the bench affords. Their appointments were always the reward of long labour and tried abilities.

If the church, which Southey so well defended, is now in greater danger than it has ever been since the reign of James the Second, who has brought it to this danger? The bishops, I say, the bishops; some by their intemperate zeal, and alacrity in persecution; others by their abject supineness. There is now an outcry which makes them shake their ears. People will find other remains of popery to sweep away, beside what are lying in the vestry and upon the altar. Surplices and tapers are pushed aside: palaces are about to be turned

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into school-rooms: the bishop is no longer to be a lord, nor the curate a pauper. Changes more gradual, than such as are now inevitable and near, would have been produced by the wisdom of Southey. What prelate ever thanked him, much less rewarded him, for his labours? Among the servants of the crown, Sir Robert Peel was the only one who acknowledged them. He would have rewarded with honors the true "Defender of the Faith" and the most able champion of our political institutions.

I now come, by direct consequence, to your lordship's letter. It might have been expected, from your generosity to many who are adverse to you in politics, that you would have recommended Southey for one merit or other. Several of your party, now high in office, have idly dipt an infantine hand in the shallower puddles of literature. Small dogs abhor great ones. The fleecy petted poodles of "my lady's chamber" skulked away from the solitary guardian of the house-door. You had less cause for jealousy. I have no hesitation in declaring my opinion that public honors and pecuniary rewards should be bestowed on literary men. Louis the Fourteenth, when France was exhausted by long wars, granted pensions of great amount to Southey's inferiors. The money which our parliament has granted for building an infant's stables would have richly rewarded the ten greatest geniuses of our country. In my opinion an academy, not a royal one but a literary one, ought to be established; not containing forty members, for forty men of genius never were contemporary on the globe, but ten or twelve. Surely it would tend neither to the ruin nor the danger of the country, if five hundred pounds yearly were given to half of them, and three hundred to the other half. Such a proposal is in Southey's letter, and such was published by me twenty years ago in the *Imaginary Conversations*. Whatever the number, it is improbable that I should be nominated, and quite certain that I should refuse it. Whatever honor I am desirous of receiving I can confer upon myself, and would accept none whatever from any other person. In regard to emoluments, I may speak as plainly, or more so. If any of my sons accepted any place under government, I would disinherit him. There is no danger: nothing will ever be offered to me or mine: we have done nothing to deserve it; and I trust we never shall, knowing by what deserts such favours are obtained. I claim no

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place in the world of letters; I am alone; and will be alone, as long as I live, and after. Southey, who was foremost in the defence of that edifice which is now crumbling fast away, deserves at least that those nearest and dearest to him should not be quite abandoned. No minister has rewarded him for his services to the state; no chancellor or bishop has conferred on his only son a benefice of forty pounds a year. Sir Robert Peel would never have suffered this ignominy to rest upon our country. Firmly do I believe him to have been the wisest and most honest minister that ever served under the English crown. He was a patron of agriculture, a promoter of commerce, a fosterer of industry, a friend of literature, and, above all, a lover of truth. He died; and with him died the hopes of Southey's family.*

PENSIONS AND ACADEMIES.

In the letter I addressed to Lord Brougham, last week, in reference to Southey, much was left unsaid on pensions to literary men, and on academies. His lordship expressed an opinion that pensions would be conferred by favour, and for unworthy services. Certainly they would be if conferred by the present ministers; and probably, altho in a less degree, by others. This objection is easily removed, by referring the merits of the recipient to a committee in the House of Commons. A vote of parliament would render the pension not only a benefit but an honor. Probably the time is not far distant when the arts and sciences, and even literary genius, may be deemed no less worthy of this distinction than the slaughter of a thousand men. But how, in the midst of our vast expenditure, spare so prodigious a sum as five hundred a year to six, and three hundred a year to six more? If so many thousands are bestowed on the administrators of woods and forests, men than whom more idle and more ignorant could not be raked together in any parish of England or Wales, an equal difficulty in finding the money seems to have been obviated. Stables are built for a child scarcely tall enough to mount a donkey: palaces are built, pulled down again, and rebuilt; marble arches, of which the mortar is just grown hard enough to make difficult the demolition, lie before

* But see p. 336.

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our feet. Picture-galleries, more fit for the mysteries of Eleusis; Houses of Parliament, models for bride-cakes; all these have obtained the votes of our legislators. In general I am far from recommending the customs and practices of other nations. But when I see in Germany and elsewhere princes the most despotic, many of them poor, deem worthy of notice, of patronage, of rank and honor, the philosopher, the poet, the man of science, it appears to me that any reign in England will be markt with ignominy by future historians, in which such men, with scarcely an exception, have been utterly neglected.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND MONUMENTS TO PUBLIC MEN.

STATUES are now rising in every quarter of our metropolis, and mallet and chisel are the chief instruments in use. Whatever is conducive to the promotion of the arts ought undoubtedly to be encouraged; but love in this instance, quite as much as in any, ought neither to be precipitate nor blind. A true lover of his country should be exempted from the pain of blushes, when a forener inquires of him, "*Whom does this statue represent? and for what merits was it raised?*" The defenders of their country, not the dismemberers of it, should be first in honor; the maintainers of the laws, not the subverters of them, should follow next. I may be askt by the studious, the contemplative, the pacifick, whether I would assign a higher station to any publick man than to a Milton and a Newton. My answer is plainly and loudly, *Yes*. But the higher station should be in streets, in squares, in houses of parliament; such are their places: our vestibules and our libraries are best adorned by poets, philosophers, and philanthropists. There is a feeling which street-walking and publick-meeting men improperly call *loyalty;* a feeling intemperate and intolerant, smelling of dinner and wine and toasts, which swells their stomachs and their voices at the sound of certain names reverberated by the newspaper press. As little do they know about the proprietary of these names as pot-wallopers know about the candidates at a borough election, and are just as vociferous and violent. A few days ago I received a most courteous invitation to be named on a Committee for erecting a statue to Jenner. It was impossible

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for me to decline it; and equally was it impossible to abstain from the observations which I am now about to state. I recommended that the statue should be placed before a publick hospital, expressing my sense of impropriety in confounding so great a benefactor of mankind, in any street or square or avenue, with the Dismemberer of America and his worthless sons. Nor would I willingly see him among the worn-out steam engines of parliamentary debates. The noblest parliamentary men who had nothing to distribute, not being ministers, are without statues. The illustrious Burke, the wisest, excepting Bacon, who at any time sat within the people's house; Romilly, the sincerest patriot of his day; Huskisson, the most intelligent in commercial affairs; have none. Peel is become popular, not by his incomparable merits, but by his untimely death. Shall we never see the day when Oliver and William mount the chargers of Charles and George; and when a royal swindler is superseded by the purest, and most exalted of our heroes, Blake?

Now the fever hath somewhat subsided which came over the people from the grave of Sir Robert Peel, there is room for a few observations on his decease and on its consequences. All publick writers, I believe, have expatiated on his character, comparing him with others who, within our times, have occupied the same position. My own opinion has invariably been that he was the wisest of all our statesmen; and certainly, though he found reason to change his sentiments and his measures, he changed them honestly, well-weighed, always from conviction, and always for the better. He has been compared, and seemingly in no spirit of hostility or derision, with a Castlereagh, a Perceval, an Addington, a Canning. Only one of these is worthy of notice, namely Canning, whose brilliancy made his shallowness less visible, and whose graces of style and elocution threw a veil over his unsoundness and lubricity. Sir Robert Peel was no satirist or epigrammatist: he was only a statesman in public life, only a virtuous and friendly man in private. *Par negotiis, nec supra.* Walpole alone possessed his talents for business. But neither Peel nor his family were enriched from the spoils of his country; Walpole spent in building and pictures more than

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double the value of his hereditary estate, and left the quadruple to his descendants.

Dissimilar from Walpole, and from commoner and coarser men who occupied the same office, Peel forbade that a name which he had made illustrious should be degraded and stigmatised by any title of nobility. For he knew that all those titles had their origin and nomenclature from military services, and belong to military men, like their epaulets and spurs and chargers. They sound well enough against the sword and helmet, strangely in law-courts and cathedrals: but, reformer as he was, he could not reform all this; he could only keep clear of it in his own person.

I now come to the main object of my letter.

Subscriptions are advertised for the purpose of raising monuments to Sir Robert Peel; and a motion has been made in Parliament for one in Westminster Abbey at the publick expense. Whatever may be the precedents, surely the house of God should contain no object but such as may remind us of His presence and our duty to Him. Long ago I proposed that *ranges* of statues and busts should commemorate the great worthies of our country. All the lower parts of our National Gallery might be laid open for this purpose. Even the best monuments in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's are deformities to the edifice. Let us not continue this disgrace. Deficient as we are in architects, we have many good statuaries, and we might well employ them on the statues of illustrious commanders, and the busts of illustrious statesmen and writers. Meanwhile our cities, and especially the commercial, would, I am convinced, act more wisely, and more satisfactorily to the relict of the deceased, if, instead of statues, they erected schools and almshouses, with an inscription to his memory.

We glory in about sixty whose busts and statues may occupy what are now the "deep solitudes and awful cells" in our national gallery. Our literary men of eminence are happily more numerous than the political or the warlike, or both together. There is only one class of them which might be advantageously excluded, namely, the theological; and my reasons are these. First, their great talents were chiefly employed on controversy; secondly, and consequently, their images would excite dogmatical discord, every sect of the Anglican Church, and every class of dissenters, complaining of undue preferences.

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Painture and sculpture lived in the midst of corruption, lived throughout it, and seemed indeed to draw vitality from it, as flowers the most delicate from noxious air; but they collapsed at the searching breath of free inquiry, and could not abide persecution. The torch of philosophy never kindled the suffocating faggot, under whose smoke Theology was mistaken for Religion. Theology had, until now, been speculative and quiescent: she abandoned to Philosophy these humbler qualities: instead of allaying and dissipating, as Philosophy had always done, she excited and she directed, animosities. Oriental in her parentage, and keeping up her wide connections in that country, she acquired there all the artifices most necessary to the furtherance of her designs: among the rest was ventriloquism, which she quite perfected, making her words seem to sound from above and from below and from every side around. Ultimately, when men had fallen on their faces at this miracle, she assumed the supreme power. Kings were her lackies, and nations the dust under her palfrey's hoof. By her sentence Truth was gagged, scourged, branded, cast down on the earth in manacles; and Fortitude, who had stood at Truth's side, was fastened with nails and pulleys to the stake. I would not revive by any images, in the abode of the graceful and the gentle Arts, these sorrowful reminiscences. The vicissitudes of the world appear to be bringing round again the spectral Past. Let us place great men between it and ourselves: they are all tutelar: not the warrior and the statesman only; not only the philosopher; but also the historian who follows them step by step, and the poet who secures us from peril and dejection by his counter-charm. Philosophers in most places are unwelcome; but there is no better reason why Shaftesbury and Hobbes should be excluded from our gallery, than why Epicurus should have been from Cicero's or Zeno from Lucullus's.

Of our sovrans, I think Alfred, Cromwell, and William III. alone are eligible; and they, because they opposed successfully the subverters of the laws. Three viceroys of Ireland will deservedly be placed in the same receptacle; Sir John Perrot, Lord Chesterfield, and (in due time) the last Lord-Deputy. One Speaker, one only, of the Parliament; he without whom no Parliament would be now existing; he who declared to Henry IV. that, until all public grievances were removed, no subsidy should be granted. The name of this

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Speaker may be found in Rapin; English historians talk about facts, forgetting men.

Admirals and generals are numerous and conspicuous. Drake, Blake, Rodney, Jervis, Nelson, Collingwood; the subduer of Algiers beaten down for the French to occupy; and the defender of Acre, the first who defeated, discomfited, routed, broke, and threw into shameful flight, Bonaparte. Our generals are Marlborough, Peterborough, Wellington, and that successor to his fame in India, who established the empire that was falling from us, who achieved in a few days two arduous victories, who never failed in any enterprise, who accomplished the most difficult with the smallest expenditure of blood, who corrected the disorders of the military, who gave the soldier an example of temperance, the civilian of simplicity and frugality, and whose sole (but exceedingly great) reward was the approbation of our greatest man.

With these come the statesmen of the Commonwealth, the students of Bacon, the readers of Philip Sidney, the companions of Algernon, the precursors of Locke and Newton. Opposite to them are Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton: lower in dignity, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Keats, Scott, Burns, Shelley, Southey, Byron, Wordsworth; the author of *Hohenlinden* and the *Battle of the Baltic;* and the glorious woman who equalled these two animated works in her *Ivan* and *Casabianca.* Historians have but recently risen up among us: and long be it before, by command of Parliament, the chisel grates on the brow of a Napier, a Grote, and a Macaulay!

INSCRIPTION FOR A STATUE AT S. IVES.

OLIVER CROMWELL,
a good son, a good husband, a good father,
a good citizen, a good ruler
both in war and peace,
was born in this town.
To know his publick acts,
open the History of England,
where it exhibits in few pages
(alas too few!)
the title of Commonwealth.

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SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

I AM now writing to you on the very day and in the very town in which the Archæological Society is assembled. My habits of life withhold me from crowded parties and from long speeches; therefor I would rather make my solitary and silent appeal through the *Examiner*. The report has long been prevalent, and uncontradicted, that the house in which Shakespeare was born is offered for sale. A letter of Lord Morpeth has avowed the fact, and that government has declined to be the purchaser. Are our rulers aware of the ignominy that will pursue them for their indifference to the best poet and the wisest man, whom not only England but God's whole world has produced? Are they aware that the reign of Victoria will thus be rendered by them inglorious and disgraceful in our annals? While many thousands of pounds are expended in the installation of a royal chancellor at Cambridge, two thousand are refused by the learned and the royal to preserve the most memorable edifice that exists on earth. This edifice contained that illustrious cradle near which all human learning shines faintly, and where lay that infant who was destined to glorify and exalt our greatest kings. And this was among the least of his labours.

I was invited to assist in celebrating his birth-day at Stratford, and was reprehended for declining it. There could be no satisfaction to me in meeting a set of people of whom I know nothing, and who know just as little of me: nor am I of opinion that Shakespeare wants any celebrity, or that any can be conferred on him by knives and forks over beef and mutton, or by toasts and songs, however brave and loyal. But some small honor may indeed be conferred both on him and on the Archæological Society, if, instead of chattering and chewing, each member pays down for the conservation of Shakespeare's house as much money as he expends on his journey and his ordinary. The gentlemen of Warwickshire have never been foremost in letters, in sciences, or in arts: but if publick opinion takes an opposite direction, they have now a glorious opportunity of controverting it. In my zeal to elevate their character as much as may be, let me express my firm conviction that altho, if Shakespeare were living at this hour, there are scarcely three gentlemen in the county who would bear any deference or respect toward him, yet that

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there are many who would stop their horses, and turn round upon their saddles, to take a last look at the closed and lighted chamber of the dead, and who would tell the groom, trotting on again, that a clever inoffensive sort of man had occupied it. Nay, I am confident that several of them would give orders for cutting down an elm, if one were wanted to make his coffin: let them now bestow an elm, or an elm's worth, to prop his house.

If the crown and parliament are so insensible to disgrace, if the English people at large are so ungrateful to the teacher of whom they have been boasting all their lives, let me exhort and implore his more immediate neighbours to protect his deserted mansion.

In the *Examiner* of August 7, I find an interesting letter, and personally to me a very courteous one, from the Rev. Geo. Wilkins, of Wix, near Manningtree. It gives me the information that the house in which Shakespeare was born is no better known than Homer's. Mr. Wilkins is so obliging as to promise that he will "look-up" a publication of his, in which the proofs of deception on this subject are manifest. It appears, that the house in question was occupied by Shakespeare's father, in the poet's boyhood. The fact is curious, that, in all countries, the birth-place of an illustrious man is more sought after than the country of his education, or of his writings, or of his exploits. If this in reality is not the house in which the unbaptized infant uttered his first cries, nevertheless it appears to be the very place in which his first ideas germinated: if it was not the birth-place of the child, it was the birth-place of the poet.

Milton entreats "*the colonel or knight at arms,*" to protect his habitation, as Alexander had protected Pindar's. For this protection it was not requisite to the Macedonian conqueror that the glorious Theban should have been *born* in any chamber of it. I know not, and care not, whether Schiller was born in that house, which a patriotic prince is restoring, and in which an enthusiastic nation sees the brightness of its glory. It is natural that some pleasurable sensations should arise in the mind of Mr. Wilkins, on reflecting that the ground-work of his education was laid in the same school to which the boy William Shakespeare, with his satchel and

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shining morning face, went, perhaps unwillingly. It seems to have imparted to him also the rudiments of generous sentiments and sound judgment. He must indeed be overflowing with heartiness, who gives *Lord Morpeth and the government his most "hearty" thanks for not making themselves agents or participators* in the protection of Shakespeare's house. Such, until I am favored by Mr. Wilkins with proofs to the contrary, I must believe it to be, altho not the house of his birth.

It grieves me to be under the necessity of remarking, that neither in life nor in death have men of genius in England been honored by their government, of late, so highly as abroad. It would be indelicate in those to complain who have most reason: but I am exempted by my humble station in literature from any suspicion of personal soreness on the subject, as well as by a station somewhat higher (however unworthily) in fortune.

A sense of shame among the administrators of our affairs urges them at last to take under their patronage the roof and rafters of Shakespeare's lowly mansion. Let me indulge the hope that a similar feeling will make its visitors, in future, abstain from the desecration they commit, by writing and scratching their ignoble names upon the walls. If those who have committed this offence had been sensible of decency and shame, they would rather have undergone the self-inflicted penalty of Scævola. It would be gracious in government to obliterate the memorials of such thoughtless guilt, and to admonish through the beadle those who are ready to commit it. The gentlemen of *the Woods and Forests* receive their thousands yearly for their important functions; a sum greater than those woods and forests bring to the revenue of the country. Beyond a doubt, these gentlemen well merit their appointment. Modestly as they have concealed their talents from public view, probably some of them have rendered great services to our country by their valour; others by profound philosophical inquiries; others by the easier graces of polite literature. It would be unreasonable to ask or expect, from those gentlemen of *the Woods and Forests* a subscription amounting to a twentieth or a thirtieth part of what the country has bestowed on them: but in their capacity of commissioners of her Majesty's *Woods and Forests*, we may be permitted to approach them with our humble thanks, for acting so liberally as to offer their patronage of a housekeeper, on the certain information they have received

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that Shakespeare's house was somewhere on the outskirts of the *Forest of Arden*. They have therefor a clear right to exercise their patronage and in placing an old woman to protect it, whether one of themselves or one from beyond the pale: and it is reported that, in the general enthusiasm, they are so magnanimous as to afford this protection without a petition to parliament for the enlargement of their salaries.

THE PROPOSED NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.

We are about to build another national picture gallery; to expend nearly a hundred thousand pounds in purchasing the land around it; and perhaps the double of that amount in the edifice itself. The situation is not such as will very long exempt it from the effect of smoke and many other annoyances. We may be sure that houses of all descriptions will cluster and inclose it. For a tenth of the money the palace of Kensington, obnoxious to no such inconvenience, might be converted to the same purpose. Little more would be necessary than to replace the roof by one similar to that of the Louvre; to remove the partitions and floors; to divide it into seven or eight compartments, and to decorate the exterior with pilasters. The palace would have this great advantage over any new structure: it would be ready for the reception of pictures in a few months, without danger of dampness; whereas the new structure, if we may calculate by the progress of other large public edifices, would be the work of many years; and successive parliaments might be called on for successive grants beyond the estimate. But, in this Hospital, such of the pictures as survived the inflictions they have undergone, may, tended by careful nurses, reach a good old age.

It would be a novelty in England, but is none in Italy, in Germany, or in France, to see the abandoned residences of princes given up to the instruction and recreation of the people. Speculators, both the interested and the fanciful, will object to the scheme proposed.

This is no longer a royal residence; and, even if it were, the concession of it would be but a small compensation for what the people of England has lately granted in the construction of others.

Parliament, at no distant time, may insist on the alienation

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of what were royal domains until an equivalent was voted and accepted. It is only to scatter our money among the *Woods and Forests*, among rangers and wardens, among chancellors and commissioners, that the ministers of the crown retain what to the crown is of small benefit, and might be of great benefit to the people. Property to the amount of many millions, now uncultivated, might be sold at high prices to the intelligent and industrious; and a certain portion of the proceeds might be set apart to accumulate for the younger branches of the royal family. Purchasers will be more interested in preserving what is planted than they who have received enormous salaries for the office. Among the blessings we enjoy is the popularity of our rulers. But has popularity in any age been celebrated for constancy? where is that coast on which there has been an high tide without an ebb?

The architect who proposes to take down an inconvenient building, or to restore a dilapidated one, must not wait for a stormy day. Improvidence in the management of a man's affairs makes another provident, perhaps suspicious; and sometimes a wise man gathers more from an unwise than ever an unwise from a wise.

Integrity is for once united with sagacity in a Chancellor of the Exchequer; and we may confidently hope from Mr. Gladstone what we should vainly have expected from any of his predecessors.

EPITAPH ON LADY BLESSINGTON.

THE honor of literature, and of literary men, never was indifferent to you. Knowing this, I venture to solicit a small, yet perhaps undue, place in the *Athenæum*. I find in the "Memoir of Lady Blessington" an epitaph ascribed to me, which a verger or a gravedigger would be ashamed to have written; such are its bald latinity and trivial commonplace. It is only by placing in juxta-position the true and the fictitious, the favour which I am now requesting, that the reasonableness and the necessity of my appeal will be quite evident.

The original.

Infra sepvltvm est id omne qvod sepeliri potest
mvlieris qvondam pvlcherrimæ.
Ingenivm svvm svmmo stvdio colvit,
aliorvm pari adjvvit.

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Benefacta sva celare novit; ingenivm non ita.
Erga omneis erat largâ bonitate;
peregrinis eleganter hospitalis.
Venit Lvtetiam Parisiorvm Aprili mense:
qvarto Jvnii die svpremvm svvm obiit.

The substituted.

Hic est *depositum*
Quod superest mulieris
Quondam pulcherrimæ
Benefacta celare potuit
Ingenium *suum* non potuit
Perigrinos *quoslibet*
Gratâ hospitalitate convocabat
Lutetiæ parisiorum
Ad meliorem vitam abiit
Die IV mensis Junii
MDCCCXLIX.

Permit me, sir, here to remark, not for the observance of such conceited and incorrigible fools as this iconoclast, but for the benefit of other readers and writers of latin epitaphs, that the word *depositum*, which occurs in the greater part of them, is not latin in this signification. To specify all the blunders in the patchwork would be tedious. But, *benefacta celare potvit*, omitting *sva*, and putting *svvm* in the next line, would leave for interpretation that she could conceal another's beneficence, but could not her own talents. The *qvoslibet* would infer that she was not very choice; and the *convocabat* that she sounded a gong to bring people in promiscuously. The last two lines, properly construed, would inform us that she left Gore House for a better life at Paris.

Your lady readers may perhaps wish to see my english of the epitaph.

To the Memory of Marguerite, Countess of Blessington.

Underneath is buried all that *could* be buried of a woman once most beautiful. She cultivated her genius with the greatest zeal, and fostered it in others with equal assiduity. The benefits she conferred she could conceal, her talents not. Elegant in her hospitality to strangers, charitable to all, she retired to Paris in April, and there she breathed her last on the 4th of June 1849.

It may be thought superfluous to remark that epitaphs have certain qualities in common; for instance, all are encomiastic. The main difference and the main difficulty lie in the expression, since nearly all people are placed on the same level in the epitaph as in the grave. Hence, out of eleven or twelve

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thousand latin ones, ancient and modern, I find scarcely threescore in which there is originality or elegance. Pure latinity is not uncommon, and is perhaps as little uncommon in the modern as in the ancient, where certain forms exclude it, to make room for what appeared more venerable. Nothing is now left to be done but to bring forward, in due order and just proportions, the better peculiarities of character composing the features of the dead, and modulating the tones of grief.

TO THE REVEREND CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY ON HIS FATHER'S CHARACTER AND PUBLIC SERVICES.

It is not because I enjoyed your father's friendship, my dear sir, that I am now about to send you my testimony to his worth. Indeed that very friendship, and the frequent expression of it in his letters for more than forty years, have made me hesitate too long before the public.

Never in the course of my existence have I known a man so excellent on so many points. What he was as a son, is now remembered by few; what he was as a husband and a father, shows it more clearly than the best memory could represent it. The purity of his youth, the integrity of his manhood, the soundness of his judgment, and the tenderness of his heart, they alone who have been blest with the same qualities can appreciate. And who are they? Many with one, some with more than one, nobody with all of them in the like degree. So there are several who possess one quality of his poetry; none who possess the whole variety.

For poetry there must be invention, energy, truth of conception, wealth of words, and purity of diction. His were indeed all these, excepting one; and that one often came when called for; I mean energy. This is the chief characteristic and highest merit of Byron; it is also Scott's, and perhaps more than equally. Shelley is not deficient in it; nor is Keats, whose heart and soul is sheer poetry, overflowing from its fermentation. Wordsworth is as meditative and thoughtful as your father, but less philosophical; his intellect was less amply stored; his heart was narrower. He knew the fields better than men, and ordinary men better than extraordinary. He is second to your father alone, of all poets, ancient or modern, in local description. The practice of the ancients has inculcated the belief that scenery should be rare and scanty in

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heroic poetry. Even those among them who introduce us into pastoral life are sparing of it. Little is there in Theocritus, hardly a glimpse in Moschus or Bion: but Virgil has more and better of (what is called) *description*, in his *Æneid* than in his *Eclogues* or *Georgics*. The other epic poets, whatever the age or country, are little worth noticing, with the single and sole exception of Apollonius. I do not call *epic* that which is written in a *lyric* meter, nor indeed in any species of rhyme. For, the cap and bells should never surmount the helmet and breast-plate. To the epic not only a certain spirit but also a certain form is requisite, and not only in the main body, but likewise in the minute articulations. Ariosto and Tasso are lyric romancers. To call Milton epic or heroic would degrade him from his dignity. To call *Paradise Lost* a divine poem is in every sense of the word to call it rightly. I am inclined to think there is more of beautiful and appropriate scenery in *Roderic* alone, than the whole range of poetry, in all its lands, contains. Whatever may be the feeling of others in regard to it, I find it a relief from sanguinary actions and conflicting passions, to rest a while beyond, but within sight. However, the poet ought not at any time to grow cool and inactive in the field of battle, nor retire often, nor long.

The warmest admirers of Wordsworth are nevertheless so haunted by antiquity, that there are few among them, I believe, who would venture to call him, what I have no hesitation in doing, the superior both of Virgil and of Theocritus in description. And description, let it be remembered, is not his only nor his highest excellence. Before I come to look into his defects, I am ready to assert that he has written a greater number of good sonnets than all the other sonneteers in Europe put together: yet sometimes in these compositions, as in many others of the smaller, he is expletive and diffuse; which Southey never is. Rural and humble life has brought him occasionally to a comparison with Crabbe. They who in their metaphors are fond of applying the physical to the moral, might say perhaps that Wordsworth now and then labors under a diarrhœa; Crabbe under a constipation; each without the slightest symptom of fever or excitement. Immeasurably above Crabbe, and widely different, less graphic, less concise, less anatomical, he would come nearer to Cowper, had he Cowper's humour. This, which Wordsworth totally wanted your father had abundantly. Certainly the commentator

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who extolled him for *universality*, intended no irony, altho it seems one. He wanted not only universality, but variety, in which none of our later poets is comparable to Southey. His humour is gentle and delicate, yet exuberant. If in the composition of Wordsworth there had been this one ingredient, he would be a Cowper in solution, with a crust of prose at the bottom, and innumerable flakes and bee-wings floating up and down loosely and languidly. Much of the poetry lately, and perhaps even stil, in estimation, reminds me of plashy and stagnant water, with here and there the broad flat leaves of its fair but scentless lily on the surface, showing at once a want of depth and of movement. I would never say this openly, either to the censurers or favorers of such as it may appear to concern. For it is inhumane to encourage enmities and dislikes, and scarcely less so to diminish an innocent pleasure in good creatures incapable of a higher. I would not persuade, if I could, those who are enraptured with a morrice-dancer and a blind fiddler, that their raptures ought to be reserved for a Grisi and a Beethoven, and that if they are very happy they are very wrong. The higher kinds of poetry, of painture, and of sculpture, can never be duly estimated by the majority even of the intellectual. The marbles of the Parthenon and the Odes of Pindar bring many false worshippers, few sincere. Cultivation will do much in the produce of the nobler arts, but there are only a few spots into which this cultivation can be carried. Of what use is the plough, or the harrow, or the seed itself, if the soil is sterile and the climate uncongenial?

Remarks have been frequently and justly made, on the absurdity of classing in the same category the three celebrated poets who resided contemporaneously, and in fellowship, near the Lakes. There is no resemblance between any two of them in the features and character of their poetry. Southey could grasp great subjects, and completely master them; Coleridge never attempted it; Wordsworth attempted it, and failed. He has left behind him no poem, no series or collection of his, requiring and manifesting so great and diversified powers as are exhibited in *Marmion*, or *The Lady of the Lake*, in *Roderic*, or *Thalaba*, or *Kehama*. His *Excursion* is a vast congeries of small independent poems, several very pleasing. Breaking up this unwieldy vessel, he might have constructed but of its material several eclogues; craft drawing little water.

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Coleridge left unfinished, year after year, until his death, the promising *Christabel*. Before he fell exhausted from it, he had done enough to prove that he could write good poetry, not enough to prove that he could ever be a great poet. He ran with spirit and velocity a short distance, then dropt. Excelling no less in prose than in poetry, he raised expectations which were suddenly overclouded and blank, undertook what he was conscious he never should perform, and declared he was busily employed in what he had only dreamt of. Never was love more imaginary than his love of truth. Not only did he never embrace her, never bow down to her and worship her, but he never looked her earnestly in the face. Possessing the most extraordinary powers of mind, his unsteddiness gave him the appearance of weakness. Few critics were more acute, more sensitive, more comprehensive; but, like other men, what he could say most eloquently he said most willingly; and he would rather give or detract with a large full grasp, than weigh deliberately.

What a difference there is between the characters of Coleridge and of Southey! Coleridge was fond of indulging in a soft malignity, while all the energy of Southey lay in his benevolence. Southey had long and continuous trains of thought; Coleridge was unable to hold together, in poetry or prose, as much as might be contained in half a dozen pages. Southey often walkt upon tenacious clay; Coleridge on deep and sparkling shingle. Southey valued truth above all things; Coleridge prized the copy far more highly than the original, and would rather see it reflected in the glass than right before him. He was giddy by the plethora of power, and after a few paces he was constrained to stop. He wanted not time to finish the finest of his poems, the *Christabel*, but the means he wanted. I think more highly of his *Ancient Mariner* than Southey did; but there are several poems of Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth, incomparably better. Here I speak of poets who write no longer; I might speak it as justly of quite as many who are moving in the same path among us every day. Several of these have struck as deep a root, but in none of them are there such wide ramifications. Coleridge would have written a restless and rambling history; part very rich and part very ragged, its holes stuffed up with metaphysics and disquisition, without a man's face to be seen throughout: Southey has shown us he could do more than any other

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Englishman had done in this department, until Napier came and won from him the Peninsula.

Conscience with Southey stood on the other side of Enthusiasm. What he saw, he said; what he found, he laid open. He alone seems to have been aware that criticism, to be complete, must be both analytical and synthetic. Every work should be measured by some standard. It is only by such exposition and comparison of two, more or less similar in the prominent points, that correctness of arbitriment can be attained. All men are critics; all men judge the written or unwritten words of others. It is not in works of imagination, as you would think the most likely for it, but it is chiefly in criticism that writers at the present day are discursive and erratic. Among our regular bands of critics there is almost as much and as ill-placed animosity on one side, and enthusiasm on the other, as there is among the vulgar voters at parliamentary elections, and they who differ from them are pelted as heartily. In the performance of the ancient drama there were those who modulated with the pipe the language of the actor. No such instrument is found in the wardrobe of our critics, to temper their animosity or to direct their enthusiasm. Your father carried it with him wherever he sat in judgment; because he knew that his sentence would be recorded, and not only there. Oblivion is the refuge of the unjust; but their confidence is vain in the security of that sanctuary. The most idle and ignorant hold arguments on literary merit. Usually, the commencement is, '*I think with you, but,* &c., or '*I do not think with you.*' The first begins with a false position; and there is probably one, and more than one, on each side. The second would be quite correct if it ended at the word *think;* for there are few who can do it, and fewer who will. The kindlier tell us that no human work is perfect. This is untrue: many poetical works are; many of Horace, more of Catullus, stil more of Lafontaine; if indeed fable may be admitted as poetry by coming in its garb and equipage. Surely there are some of Moore's songs, and several of Barry Cornwall's, absolutely perfect: surely there are also a few small pieces in the italian and french. I wonder, on a renewed investigation, to find so few among the Greeks. But the fluency of the language carried them too frequently on the shallows; and even in the graver and more sententious the current is greater than the depth. The

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Ilissus is sometimes a sandbank. In the elegant and graceful arrow there is often not only much feather and little barb, but the barb wants weight to carry it with steddiness and velocity to the mark. Milton and Cowper were the first and last among us who breathed without oppression on the serene and cloudless highths where the Muses were born and educated. Each was at times a truant from his school; but even the lower of the two, in his *Task*, has done what extremely few of his preceptors could do. Alas! his attic honey was at last turned sour by the leaven of fanaticism. I wish he and Goldsmith, and your father, could call to order some adventurous members of our poetical yacht-club, who are hoisting a great deal of canvas on a slender mast, and 'unknown regions dare explore' without compass, plummet, or anchor. Nobody was readier than Southey to acknowledge that, in his capacity of laureate, he had written some indifferent poetry; but it was better than his predecessor's or successor's on similar occasions. Personages whom he was expected to commemorate lookt the smaller for the elevation of their position, and their naturally coarse materials crumbled under the master's hand. Against these frail memorials we may safely place his *Inscriptions*, and challenge all nations to confront them. We are brought by these before us to the mournful contemplation of his own great merits lying unnoticed; to the indignant recollection of the many benefices, since his departure, and since you were admitted into holy orders, bestowed by chancellors and bishops on clergymen undistinguished in literature or virtue.* And there has often been a powerful call where there has been a powerful canvasser. The father puts on the colors of the candidate; and the candidate, if successful, throws a scarf and a lambskin over the shoulder of the son. Meanwhile, the son of that great and almost universal genius, who, above all others, was virtually, truly, and emphatically, and not by a vain title, Defender of the Faith, defender far more strenuous and more potent than any prelatical baron since the Reformation; who has upheld more efficiently, because more uprightly, the assaulted and endangered constitution of the realm than any party-man within the walls of the Parliament-house; who declined the baronetcy which was offered to him and the seat to which he

* Subsequent to the date of this letter a living was bestowed on Cuthbert Southey by Lord Chancellor Truro.

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was elected; he leaves an only son, ill-provided for, with a family to support. Different, far different, was *his* conduct in regard to those whom the desire of fame led away from the road to fortune. He patronized a greater number of intellectual and virtuous young men, and more warmly, more effectually, than all the powerful. I am not quite certain that poets in general are the best deserving of patronage: he however could and did sympathise with them, visit them in their affliction, and touch their unsoundness tenderly. Invidiousness seems to be the hereditary ophthalmia of our unfortunate family; he tended many labouring under the disease, and never was infected. Several of those in office, I am credibly informed, have entered the fields of literature; rather for its hay-making, I presume, than for its cultivation. Whatever might have been the disadvantages to your father from their competition, will I hope, be unvisited upon you. On the contrary, having seen him safe in the earth, probably they will not grudge a little gold-leaf for the letters on his gravestone, now you have been able to raise it out of the materials he has left behind. We may expect it reasonably; for a brighter day already is dawning. After a quarter of a million spent in the enlargement of royal palaces and the accommodation of royal horses; after a whole million laid out under Westminster Bridge; after an incalculable sum devoted to another Tower of Babel, for as many tongues to wag in; the Queen's Majesty has found munificent advisers, recommending that the entire of *twenty-five pounds annually* shall be granted to the representative of that officer who spent the last years of his life, and life itself, in doing more for England's commerce than Alexander and the Ptolemies did for the world's. He quelled the terrors of the desert, and drew England and India close together.

ANECDOTE OF LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW.

Chancellor Thurlow, who was endowed with as little of religion as of morality, and with scarcely more of law than of either, was detained by a thunder storm at a country inn. The storm continued longer than such storms usually do, and the Chancellor, tired of waiting its termination, askt the hostess whether she had any books in the house. She brought the Bible, he tossed it away: "*What! nothing else, old lady?*"

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She then brought Horsley's Sermons. "*Who the Devil is he?*"

"*Our parson, Sir, left the book for me to read on Sundays: I don't know who wrote it.*"

To cure idleness by short distraction, his lordship opened the volume, and continued to read in it for a whole hour, even for some time after the rain had ceased. He was so struck and so occupied with it, that he carried it unconsciously quite up to the carriage steps. He then threw it back to the hostess, muttering "*I'll be damned if I don't make this fellow a bishop.*" He was as good as his word; which indeed it was easy to be. I am reminded of this occurrence by your mention of Lord Truro's wise and noble patronage of Southey's son. Never were two chancellors, or two men, more utterly dissimilar. If, as Lord John Russell proposes, church-livings are to be removed from the chancellor's gift to the premier's, we have probably seen the last instance of patronage bestowed for services rendered to the state, irrespective of party. His lordship has been unable to conceal this secret. Would it not be better to sell in perpetuity all the crown advowsons by public auction? The incumbents would then, in general, be known to the parishioners, and one source of baseness and corruption be cut clear off, and more than one year's window-tax redeemed.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE *Quarterly Review* for December, '49, was shown to me this morning, for the sake of a note in p. 130. A reviewer comes valiantly forth in his obscurity, and strikes at me in the bottom of a page, without provocation and without aim. Nothing of mine was in question: the subject was utterly remote. Rabid animals run strait: could not this? is he blind? apparently. The *Quarterly* would prolong its painful struggles for existence by clinging to my name.

Speaking of the Duke of Wellington's Dispatches, the Reviewer observes, "When French people could not resist the evidence of all great gifts and noble qualities with which that record was filled—when they owned that it would not do to persist in their old vein of disparagement now the world had before it that series of writings in which it was impossible to say whether one should admire most, the range of knowledge,

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reflection, sense, and wisdom, or the *unaffected display* of every manly, modest, and human feeling under an almost infinite variety of circumstances, and all conveyed in language of such inimitable simplicity, so thoroughly the style becoming a Captain and Statesman of the most *illustrious class;*—when this was the *result* in France, the *home faction* saw it was time to consider the matter, and they undoubtedly showed, and have continued to show, proper *signs of repentance.* The exceptions are very few. Here in England we know of none at all in what can be called society—of none in the periodical press, *beyond* its very lowest disgraces. Among authors," &c.

It would be well if the writer of this verbose and rambling note had *attempted,* at least the "inimitable simplicity" which he has been taught by some wiser authority to commend. No man ever praised more unreservedly or more heartily the Duke of Wellington's style, honesty, wisdom, and achievements, than I have always done; and though his Grace may care little for such commendations, he will probably, if ever he hears of them, set them somewhere apart from the *Quarterly Reviewer's.*

The Reviewer proceeds to number me among the *home faction.* Certainly I never was "at home" in it, and never knew where its home was; I never was at a public dinner, at a club, or hustings. I never influenced or attempted to influence a vote; yet many, and not only of my own tenants, have askt me to whom they should give theirs. If the Reviewer is desirous of obtaining any favour from the Duke of Wellington, let me assure him that the safest way is by descending from flattery to truth. Even the Duke (as future ages, like the present, will call him) could not make his actions greater than they are; they can only be diminisht, as the steps of holy places, by the groveling knees and importunate kisses of fanatic worshipers. When I commend the conciseness, the manliness, the purity, of the Duke's style, it is not, as it must be in the Reviewer, from hearsay and tradition. Let him also be taught, and repeat with less ostentation and more reverence, that far above the faded flowers wherewith his puny hands have bestrewn the great man's road, our Deliverer has confirmed the religious, more than all the theologians in the country, in the belief that there is a superintending and a ruling Power, under which, and by whose especial guidance,

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a single arm can scatter myriads of the powerful, and raise up prostrate nations.

I must now mount again the "bad eminence" on which it hath pleased this gentleman to place me. "Among authors *of* books *of* any sort *of* note," he continues, "verse or prose, we recollect *of* none, unless Mr. W. Savage Landor, who, however, clings with equal pertinacity to his ancient abuse of Bonaparte as a *blockhead and a coward*—of Byron as a *rhymer wholly devoid of genius or wit*—of Pitt as a *villain*—of Fox as a *scoundrel*—of Canning as a *scamp—and so on.*"

Now I appeal to you, and to every man who, however negligently or however malignantly, has red my writings, whether my education and habits of life have permitted me such language. It is such as no gentleman could either have used or have attributed to another. Even if the phrases were reduced to synonymes of more decorum, the falsehood of the statement would remain. I have never called Bonaparte a *blockhead* or a *coward*. I would not call by such a name even the writer of this criticism. Bonaparte committed many gross errors, some in polity, some in war; greater indeed and more numerous than any leader of equal eminence. He lost three great armies; he abandoned three in defeat.

It is curious that the *Quarterly Review* should rail against my opinion on Bonaparte, when the only man of genius connected with it, Southey, far exceeded me in hostility to that sanguinary and selfish despot. His laws against the press were more numerous and more stringent than ever had existed in any country, and alienate from him every true friend of liberty and letters. His cruelty to Toussaint L'Ouverture (omitting an infinitude of others) was such as Charles IX. would have discountenanced, and such as could hardly have been perpetrated by his compatriot Eccellino. His miscalculations in Syria, in Egypt, in Spain, in Germany, in Russia, where an open road to conquest lay before him along the Baltic, will supplant in another age the enthusiasm that now supports him. It is singular that a *Quarterly Reviewer* should assail me for joining all his leaders in hostility to this destroyer; and scarcely is it less so that I should continue on terms of intimacy with many the most prominent of his admirers. Throughout life it has been my good fortune to enjoy the unbroken and unaltered friendship of virtuous and illustrious men whose political opinions have been adverse.

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If it is any honor, it has been conferred on me, to have received from Napoleon's heir the literary work he composed in prison, well knowing, as he did, and expressing his regret for, my sentiments on his uncle. The explosion of the first cannon against Rome threw us apart for ever.

Of Byron I never have spoken as a *mere rhymer;* I never have represented him as destitute of genius or of wit. He had much of both, with much energy, not always well applied. Lord Malmesbury has informed us that Mr. Pitt entered into the war against France contrary to his own opinion, to gratify the king. If so, the word *villain* would carry with it too feeble a sound for me to employ it, even in the company of such persons as my critick, supposing me ever to have been conversant in such. My intimacy with the friends and near relatives of Mr. Fox would have certainly closed my lips against the utterance of the appellation of *scoundrel* in regard to him. He had more and warmer friends than any statesman upon record: he was ingenuous, liberal, learned, philosophical: he was the delight of social life, the ornament of domestick. Mr. Fox was a man of genius, and (what in the present day is almost as rare) a gentleman. Specimens of either character may never have fallen in the Reviewer's way; and if peradventure they should have, probably it was not very closely, and his inexperience may easily have mistaken them. Reverence for the unknown, or for the dimly seen, may indeed be common to the vulgar; but here is an instance that it is by no means universal.

Mr. Canning was a graceful writer both in poetry and prose: he had also the gift of eloquence in debate. His conduct towards his colleague in the Administration lost him all his popularity, which was not recovered by his asking an office from the Minister he had traduced and fought. The word *scamp* was applied to Mr. Canning by the late Lord Yarmouth, who certainly ought to have known its full signification. It was on the morning when, second to Lord Castlereagh, he saved Mr. Canning's life, desiring his cousin to give "the *scamp* a chance," by taking into the field, not his own well-tried pistols, but those which Lord Yarmouth had brought with him and laid upon the table. This account I received from the only other person then present, and now living. But whatever I may continue to think of Mr. Canning, I prefer a phraseology somewhat circuitous to a monosyllable better

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adapted to the style and temper of the Reviewer than to mine.

Few writers have been less obnoxious to rudeness and impertinence than I have been; and I should abstain from noticing them now, had they been unaccompanied by a misrepresentation of my manners and a forgery of my words. These are grave offences, such as public justice takes out of private hands. I remember a fable of Phædrus, in which a mischievous youth cast a pebble at a quiet way-farer, who, instead of resentment or remonstrance, advises him to perform the same exploit on a dignitary then coming up. I am quieter than the dignitary, and even than the quiet man. Instead of sending to the cross or to the whipping-post the mischievous youth who passes over the road to cast his pebble at me, altho I might not perhaps beg him off from the latter inflictions, I would entreat his employer, the moment I could learn the editor's name, to continue the payment of his wages, and to throw in an additional trifle for his (however ill-directed) originality. I suspect he will neither be so grateful nor so proud as he might be on obtaining this notice. Could he have hoped it? But thus is extracted from the dryest and hardest lichen in the coldest regions, where men are the most diminutive, a nutricious sustenance, often remedial in a low disease.

THE BENEFITS OF PARLIAMENT.

CLEARSIGHTED and farsighted men are discussing the benefit of Parliaments, such as time and decay, restoration and reform, have rendered them: and the blush of anger surmounts the blush of shame on the brow of duped credulity. Honester men, whoever they were, purchased those seats which the more cunning, from under the hedgerow and from under the counter, have crept into. This is the principal change we have hitherto seen effected: we shall presently see a greater, but not so soon a better; tempestuous times, and cruel throes, and carnage too probably, must intervene.

Surely such an air of insolence and indifference never was displayed before, at the exposure of broken promises, gross deceptions, connivance at torture, at murder, and somewhat more than connivance at the surreptitious concealment of damnatory evidence. Inertness ever looks like moderation: but violent changes are sometimes brought about by tranquil

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and temporizing men. Nothing is so liable to overturn a state laden with debt, as loose materials thrown into the middle of the road under the fallacious plea of mending and repairing. History opens her pages in vain to people who, without instruction, without reflection, without inquiry, call themselves practical. Never to have lookt at a demonstration or a theory is their only claim to the little they assume. And what, forsooth, is the practice of these practicals? To take another course from that which their predecessors had taken; to undo what little good they may have done; and to exhaust the people's strength in opening new roads without an object and without a resting-place. This in generalities is metaphor, but in particulars it is truth. Ireland hath exhibited such a wasteful and unprofitable expenditure as utterly demoralised the lower orders, and rendered them almost as contemptible as the higher. It caused improvidence in the one, peculation in the other, together with impudence, exaction, and ingratitude. The better part, which lay between, secreted their savings, left their country, and purchased freeholds in the United States. This fermenting leaven will there find room for expansion, and will work itself off innoxiously. The priest who would preach disaffection would be puzzled to discover an object for it in the woods and prairies. Quarrels and bloodshed there will be for a time, wherever that race exists, but they will be only internecive. Firmly do I believe that the calamities which have befallen Ireland were necessary for her welfare, and that never in thousands of years has the hand of Providence been more manifest. By the stupidity and blindness and deafness of rulers, this salutary infliction was providentially prolonged: on the other hand, by the formation of a police, the work of a great statesman now departed, that country has been preserved from as sanguinary a desolation as ravaged France at the close of last century. Want, in one form or other, the *malesuada Fames*, and *turpis Egestas*, lies at the bottom of that vast vacuity, where burn inextinguishably the central fires, which shake at uncalculated periods all the regions of the earth. Something may be done toward the prognostication. To swell the affluent with fresh profusion is sure to wear down the patience of those who are driven to the wall. Sympathy, at first weak, inoperative, and silent, stirs by degrees and ultimately speaks out. Resist-

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ance comes against it from the high and powerful; suppression is aimed at; force recoils, and recoils in splinters; society has then no stedfast basis: the foundations heave; the superstructure rocks. Look round, and see who are the men who make democrats. They stand close above you. Democracy is the blubbery spawn begotten by the drunkenness of aristocracy. Exposed, bare, thriftless, hardy, Envy, Hatred, and Malice are never apart from the ear of the disowned, until the child kills the parent or the parent kills the child. Whoever inherits lands, and the reminiscences growing out of them, deprecates the sad alternative.

"Give us peace in our time, O Lord!" is truly a pious and a righteous prayer: "Give us peace in all times," is one more pious and more righteous. Can we expect it, can we dare to hope it, if we squander on idle and luxurious princes the money extorted from toil and penury to purchase the light of day? Parliament must be commanded by its constituents to revoke all inordinate grants, ancient and recent. Charles II. had no right to confer on his bastards the patrimony of the people. Patent offices must be declared abuses: not only are they contrary to equity, but also to the usages of those forefathers to whose weakness we cling, but whose strength and manliness we seem to have forgotten. Let cause be shown why on the nephew or grandson of a king there be voted a dotation; let his services in war or peace be shown to us; let us measure his capacity, let us sound his depth, let us be made familiar with his merits. Sternly will it be askt before long, why the Parliament of 1850 has anticipated future years, and decided for future Parliaments, which alone can be competent arbiters of its necessity. Has it suspicions and doubts whether another house of representatives would be accompanied with other instructions? What one Parliament hath sanctioned, another may annull. If the people may give directions for revoking any old statute, it surely may give directions for revoking a grant of its money while the money is yet unpaid. To what extent of royal consanguinity must we carry our heavy taxation? By degrees there may be as many claimants as claim the green turban for descent from the Prophet. I never heard that the head of the family, reigning at Constantinople, allowed them more than this distinction; or demanded from his people, when he could demand all they possess, the value of one zecchin for

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his relatives. Little did he ever think of surrounding them with muftis and horse-tails, with the pageantry of religion and the pomp of war.

If we are to bow down and worship whatever images it may please the high menials of the palace to set up before us, be it permitted to remark that no images are rendered more venerable by a profusion of jewelry, a redundance of drapery, a flutter of embroidery, or gilding from head to foot. If we are to distinguish the features, if we are to admire the workmanship, it is of no advantage that they may be poised on columns a hundred feet above us. The barbarian may adore his own carving, a thing viler than himself; but civilised man requires the voice, the activity, the attention, the sympathy, of those to whom he assigns a station and is willing to respect.

COLONISATION, AND BY WHOM PROMOTED.

THERE are few desires which animate the patriot's breast with a more generous and wholesome temperature than the desire that nations should be attacht to his country by an identity of sympathies and interests. Neither of these will be felt to be the same where they are not exprest in the same language. The palace, yet warm with the revelry of the Stuarts, bore little love toward them; the mountains of their country, which they had never visited, rusht forward to pour out their blood in their defence. How was this? It was because the same Saxon tongue spoke and was answered in the cities of both nations, while the most generous of Celtic tribes stood aloof, and disowned the degenerate scions of the plains. The natural courtesy of his manners, and the pure elevation of his religion, brought the Highlander down to fraternity and union with the inhabitant of the south. Priestly domination, and the pride of a religion which asks all questions and which answers none, separate, and must long separate, the Irish from the English. A people so quick in ridicule and so sharp in sarcasm would have exploded the priesthood of Egypt and the mythology of Hindustan. They struggled, not against those who had laid the noose in the hedge, but against those who were taking it out. If the two races had only been instructed in the same language, the stumps of the old religion must have been overgrown by the branches of the fresher, and not

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enough for the exclusion of light or the exercise of activity. Perrot and Cromwell, the two greatest men that ever trod that soil, could not lay aside the sword, nor look beyond the field of battle. And indeed in their day that glorious vision had not yet been manifested; that vision more awful and more sublime than stood before the discoverer of another world; that vision which proclaims to the regenerate English in America the destiny their children must fulfil. No minister of the British crown ever cared a straw for the glory of his nation. It was enough to hang like a jewel at the royal ear, and to caress the staunch buckhounds of the court.

The Greeks and Romans knew, and acted on the knowledge, that by extending their language they extended their authority. The United States will continue to unite other states to them by pursuing the same course. They will not be negligent in establishing English schools wherever large bodies of foreners resort. Perjured and ferocious princes are as certainly the builders of republicks as slaves were of the Pyramids. Battered crowns, broken sceptres, and blunted swords, are the commemorative coins embedded under the broad foundation-stone. The philanthropist may then, but not earlier, look forward to the abolition of capital punishment, when the most capital of all crimes hath been smitten down by it; but he must not turn a tiger loose into the market-place, nor drive him across the way. Indigenous brutes, the reptiles and ravagers of forest and savannah, will be the only adversaries to the industry transferred from Europe. Southern races will press southward; but English laws and English language will embrace all fraternities and climates. Within two more centuries Rio de Janeiro and Valparaiso will be the richest of the cities in the forty United States, and will contend with each other which of the two speaks with most purity the Anglo-Saxon tongue. The German, the Hungarian, the Polander, will repeat in our language the battles of their forefathers against the despots of the north, and relate how one was poisoned like a weazel, another entrapt like a wolf, another stabbed like a wild boar; showing how vainly they were stockaded in their palaces by files of mercenaries. Substantial mansions with brief inscriptions will attract the curiosity of travellers, who stop to read carefully in what year they were erected by generous high-minded citizens, and with what quantity of ground allotted round about, as a reward for punishing such

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outlaws as only justice (law being under their feet) could reach. There also the Italian will close the warm evening, bright and serene as ever evenings were at Tivoli, by throwing aside his *Gerusalemme Liberata*, and by chaunting the hymn, not edited nor composed at present,

Fuggono i Galli; liberata è Roma.

"*Give it us in English,*" soft voices say; he springs on his feet from the slenderer he had leaned against, and sings,

Fled are the Gauls, and Rome again stands free.

The ancient and incessant destroyers of peace, order, and liberty in Europe will alone be without a welcome in America.

TRANQUILITY IN EUROPE.

EUROPE is now restored to such a state of tranquility as she never enjoyed before. The ramparts of constitutions have fallen under the cannon of kings: and kings have absolved themselves from oaths; oaths! barbarous inventions of ancient Paganism, continued through the dark ages, melted down by the burning light of France, resodered and reformed by her, and ultimately thrown into the smelting-pot, in order to be made into handles of sabres and crosses of honor. What a perfect state of peace and happiness does our world enjoy! Every prince in harmony with his neighbour; universal concord and decorous silence throughout rival nations; Religion reseated on her throne, and sanctioning in a voice from above the chastisement of the refractory. Forests, which supplied timber for the machinery of manufactories, where the ill-disposed became wealthy and turbulent, now supply it more copiously for gibbets; the lither twigs being tied up into rods for the flanks of ladies who bemoan their husbands. Not a vestige of what the factious call liberty is to be seen, either in the fields of industry or in the sandy and less fertile tracts of literature. To make amends, an electrical wire, stronger than that which unites France and England, is about to unite France and Ireland, and to be conveyed like gas from house to house. These blessings never would have been conferred upon Humanity, had Russia been deterred from interference in Hungary. Austria was repulsed and subdued: Italy had cast

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from her neck upon her toilet that beautiful chain which had so long adorned her, made froward by too much kindness. She now sings again in her chamber, delighted with her happy deliverance from incendiaries,

"Pope Pius he is God, and Louis is his Prophet."

We have no further trouble about politicks. Everything is now arranged for us according to the most approved system of *finality*. However, with all our prudence, and all our persuasion, some refractory minds will stand out against us, never to be convinced that "whatever is, is right" any more than the author himself of that saying was, who spent the greater part of his life in loud declamations, proofs, and examples to the contrary. Nothing is pleasanter, few things are more difficult, than to shut one's eyes before any imminent danger, especially a conflagration. We are doing it; but I sadly fear that before we open them, our eyelashes will be sorely singed, and our sinews seared into inactivity. The only turbulence we have lately seen is a turbulence for peace.

Certainly war is a grievous curse; but it is not an irreparable evil, it is not a mortal sin against society. Attribute both to those (and drive them beyond the pale of humanity) who deprive fellow man of his manhood; of natural law, of civil liberty, of locomotion; who lop him to a pollard in his early growth, cut him down in his maturity, and plane him and glue him and fashion him into various machines for their outlying farms or commodities for their domestick furniture. Against such men war is always just, but is not always expedient. Some virtuous men turn their attention more fixedly on economy than on humanity. It behoves us to consider both; but humanity in preference. Great offenders have always great defenders. What can the powerless do against the powerful? In the field nothing! Must then the destroyers of their species rest their heads quietly on the bodies of the fallen? Shall they who have broken every law of God enjoy in tranquillity the fruits of their crimes? Does Justice, does Reason, does Religion inculcate this? Yes, the religion of Montalembert; the religion of Catherine de Medici; the religion of Louis Bonaparte. M. de Montalembert calls upon all good Frenchmen to vote for this traitor, perjurer, and murderer: for what services? For cannonading Rome and Paris; for setting up

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God's image (such doubtless is Pio Nono) on the ruins of the two finest cities in the world.

Behold this Religion! behold her stalking up the Church amid halberts, and swords, and bayonets, and baldrics! a booted and spurred Religion, whose front outbrazens the brass helmet over it, and whose stride is the stride of Bellona. Here she comes! shaking at every step embroidery and horsehair, ring and dagger! Here she comes! marching to the clangor of regimental trumpets .. unmindful and reckless that behind, and near at hand, is also the Arc-angel's.

WHAT WE HAVE AND WHAT WE OWE.

At the close of this half-century the march of intellect is indeed a funeral march. What has been obtained by genius or by science for the benefit of mankind? Greater and more glorious discoveries have been made within our memory than ever were made before. We may with the rapidity of lightning

> "Speed the intercourse of soul with soul,
> And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."

Alas! we have little else to waft.

Dreamers have made others dream; and the rich gambler has ruined the poorer gambler at his first and last stake. History, in recording the crimes of princes, may record perhaps some more atrocious than those who now rule exhibit; but no future Tacitus or Suetonius will have patience to describe their obliquity, false promises, defection from duty, and from even kingly pride. Even that specious glitter, even that reptile's scale, appears not in the tortuous track they are pursuing. Two of these creatures are at this instant raising up a threatening crest against each other; the patron of Haynau and the persecutor of Waldeck. A million of men will be marshalled in arms to fight their battles. Each protests he fights for Germany; each lies. Whichever is the winner, Germany will gain nothing. Two swords will hew her through the centre: two eagles (vultures rather) will divide and devour her.

Of what use is any form of Government which fails to protect the lives and properties of the people? And what form of Government in Europe has done this? That Govern-

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ment which Austria, France, and Spain, have united to re-establish, not only failed to protect the lives and properties of the people, but paralysed their energies and stifled their consciences. Spain and Austria make no pretensions to honor or honesty in this aggression; but the President of the French Republick uses these words at the banquet in the *Hôtel de Ville:*

"It has often been said that honor finds an echo in France."

Never were words truer. There is mostly an echo where there is a hollow and a vacuity. Honor had an echo, and a very loud one too, every time an oath was taken and every time an oath was violated. I forget how many dozens of them Talleyrand said he remembered to have taken. The best Christians in France, catholick and philosophical, romantick and poetical, swore they would lend assistance to all nations that invoked them in the name of liberty; and within a few months they bombarded Rome, scattering the patriots who defended her, recalling the Pope who abandoned her, and restoring the Inquisition.

The Americans have declared their sentiments freely, loudly, widely, consistently, against the violence and perfidy of Russia and Austria. They must do greatly more; they must offer an asylum to whoever, rising up against oppression and indignity, shall, in the absence of law and equity, have slain those who caused it. For it is impossible that such iniquities, as certain men in high places have perpetrated, should be unavenged. Conspiracies will never more exist: two persons (but preferably one) will undertake the glorious task, which not only antiquity applauded, but which has been applauded also year after year, generation after generation, century after century, in the seclusion of colleges, and raised the first tumult in the boyish heart. To maintain the inordinate pride of a few worthless families, hecatombs of brave men have fallen, and industry has been turned into brutality. Even in our own country many millions have been idly squandered in ships unfit for sailing and unnecessary for fighting. This we know from one whose very name bears the warrant of truth and intelligence. There were times when the Lords of the Admiralty would have been fined to the full amount of the damages they have sanctioned. We may soon want the ships that are no more;

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for, ere six months are over, we shall have to support the Turkish empire. If we trust to France for help, we shall receive from her just as much as before. But there are masses now inert which our machinery may raise, combine, and make combustible. Turkey, Hungary, Poland, Circassia, Persia, will occupy the hundred hands of the Muscovite giant, vulnerable in many parts of his body, and liable to sudden death from that curial apoplexy which has carried off nearly all his predecessors.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THE *Examiner* has contained for many years the best commentaries on the English laws. Whoever will take the trouble to look back into it will find, within the ten last, a greater number of inconsiderate laws exposed to view, and the proof of a greater number mischievously applied, than could be collected within the same period from all the courts of judicature on the continent. Alterations, called *amendments*, have been made in most sessions of parliament; some by the hot-headed, some by the blunder-headed, and some (perhaps the best of them) by the empty-headed. It has been said, and has been repeated over and over again with less and less hesitation and reflection, that the reforming of the offender is the main purport of his punishment. I deny it totally. The offender is one; the injured are many, are all. Society is set at nought when the laws are. What is the meaning of *pains and penalties?* Is it the mere laying down of money for the luxury of a crime? Thousands are always in readiness to gamble at this table. Many trust in their sleight of hand; many to the chance of gaining a sufficiency for a night's riot and revel, with the certainty that, if they are losers, they have enough in their pockets to pay for it, and encouragement enough to start again.

There are three modes of punishment, in various degrees, suitable to all offenders: these are, imprisonment, hard labour, and scourging. Fantastical and false humanity rejects the most effectual of the three . . so incompatible with gentility! But is not crime so, too? Does not the same crime reduce all to the same level? If it does not, then poverty can be the only extenuation. Flogging is the more applicable to the well-educated than to the worse, being more merited. How often

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has our reason being insulted and our patience wearied by police-reports of decent women subjected to such outrages as even the most indecent should be protected from! and this by well-drest men of respectable parentage, which well-drest men have been liberated on paying a few shillings! Surely for such misdemeanours a year's hard labour and hard living, with a flogging at the termination of the imprisonment, would be no excessive retribution.

We protestants hold it a folly, an abomination, that a priest should publish a list of pardons, each at a fixed price. Is it no folly, no abomination, that a lawyer should do the like? Are bribery and corruption to be found only under the hustings? Must they lie warm and snug under the ermine? Wherever I differ from the *Examiner* and our friend Dickens, I doubt and suspend my judgment. I observe in the *Examiner* that you demur on the expediency of abolishing the punishment of death for murder. I do not approve of this homœopathick remedy. If you apply it to murder, consider whether no other crime requires it equally. Murder is not always committed by the stronger against the weaker. Law should most especially protect those who are most unable to protect themselves. Females are subjected to such violences and indignities as render their whole lives intolerable and their whole families disgraced. Is the crime less atrocious than murder? does it affect the sufferer less acutely, less durably? No; it withers every branch of the tree by striking one; it runs from the trunk to the root, and consumes from the tenderest sprig to the strongest fibre. Life alone can punish this; chains and scourges, solitude and darkness. I deprecate the punishment of death for every crime, excepting one; namely, the crime of a prince who wages war against his people. And this also is to be deprecated; for it must be, in most cases, inflicted without mature deliberation, and extra-judicially. It is, however, a case of necessity, and ought never to be remitted. No nation has a right to cancel or resign its title-deeds, for every one has its descendants and its heirs. Each of us possess, more or less, a private property at his own disposal; all possess in common one, which is inalienable.

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A DEACON AND CURATE TO HENRY LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

My Lord Bishop! Unknown as I am to your lordship and to the world, I feel but little at my ease even in the duty of offering my humble apology for addressing a personage of your dignity.

The momentous question, with which your lordship hath lately agitated the Church of England, continues still to vibrate in it, disquieting the conscience and perplexing the understanding of many. Among the rest I continue to be one, intellectually the lowest; but in sincerity I confidently trust I am more nearly on a level with my betters. In common with other aspirants after truth, I must be quite uncertain whether I have obtained it, until it pleases your lordship to illuminate priests and deacons by the publication of a sermon on the subject.

The importance of baptism is undoubted: but unhappily there are some (let us hope and pray there be but few) who doubt the entire regeneration thereby of an infant born in sin, even though a couple of godfathers and as many godmothers answered for the result of the water in the font. A short time ago, when a most cruel murder was the subject of conversation, I shuddered at the very mention of the name: imagine, my lord, how much more violently was I shocked when, referring to the efficacy of baptism, a magistrate said aloud, "If this rascal was regenerated by baptism, what the deuce was he made of before? It would have been better, both for himself and for society, that he never had been born at all than that he had been born again. I do not deny, sir, (said he, turning to me), that his original stains were washed away; but can you assure me that they were much uglier than those he hath since contracted?"

I was extremely mortified; for this language, until I had well considered it, seemed to me not unlike a scoff. He removed from me totally the momentary pain of this impression by adding,

"When we see young vagabonds and thieves, upon whose forehead the blessed water is (figuratively) yet standing, whipped and imprisoned a score times and stil somewhat like unregenerate, we are almost apt to fancy (God forgive me

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if I cannot help it!) that baptism in some cases is less efficient than in others, like mesmerism and vaccination. Yet it would be an impiety to repeat it."

The Church of Rome insists on more sacraments than ours (pardon me, my lord, if I am incorrect in the pronoun), yet the Church of Rome hath daily abundant proofs at her confessionals that extremely few of her members are regenerate. Often do I ask myself whether any man feels quite certain that all his sins have been washed away at the baptismal font? whether ambition and intolerance, qualities the most alien from the Christian, never intrude upon him, never are cherished and indulged; whether he never lies to his own heart, whether even in his prayers and supplications, he never lies to God himself, who fashioned that heart, and sees what is in it day and night. Then I ask and I tremble at my own interrogation, whether the original sin cleansed by baptism could be worse than the sin abiding with us. Whatever be the benefit of the ablution, do we not all (pardon me, my lord, an earnestness so indiscreet as such an appeal to a personage of your rank and station), do we not all feel the necessity of the great atonement? of that sorrowful solemnity, that awful supper, which would depress the stoutest and most confident heart if there stood not by, to support and raise it, the ministering angels of gratitude and love?

Like every other question, the sooner this also is set at rest the better. There is a moral, a religious, a political *gas*, which, instead of acquiring intensity or activity by concentration, acquires it by dilation. The devout are disturbed by the agitation it has been your will and pleasure to excite: scoffers are bold enough to deride the schism in the bench of bishops; Catholicks chuckle over its vacillation and disunion, repeating a coarse and vulgar adage about two stools; nay, some of them go so far a-field as to point out ox and ass at one plough dragging two different ways. Worse than all, there are persons who never raise their eyes to the elevation of the Church, and who keep them intently on the schoolroom. These whisper among themselves that mitred abbots have disappeared, and that mitred barons must soon follow. If the secular peers could profit by the spoil as they did under Henry, *actum esset;* but since they can gain nothing by it, and on the contrary would lose the heritage of their younger children, and moreover what is promised to the tutors of the elder, they

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certainly will resist, as long as resistance against the whole frantic people is feasible. I hope, my lord, the consideration of what is imminent and inevitable, uncertain as may be the hour of its befalling, will influence and animate the sermon I most devoutly expect; altho no worldly gain or loss ever entered into your lordship's calculation.*

PETITION TO PARLIAMENT FROM A BROTHERHOOD OF ANCIENT BRITONS.

We the oppressed and insulted Brotherhood of Ancient Britons, professing the Holy Druidic religion, beg humbly to submit to the wisdom of your Honorable House, the wrongs we, patiently and submissively, have undergone for ages, by following the footsteps of our forefathers. During the whole of nineteen hundred years we have endured in silence the manifold griefs of which we now complain. We have been forbidden to celebrate in public the mysteries of our holy faith, or to sacrifice even in private the victims most acceptable to our Gods. Perverse and obstinate men, who defied their power and denied their beneficence, were offered up in propitiation on their altars. The consecrated basket of wickerwork, in which these impious wretches were suspended on the trees of the forest, and consumed by fire, no longer are penetrated by their repentant cries, acknowledging the mercy of our Omnipotent Lords, and the enormity of their own transgressions. Since our oblations to the Powers above were abolished by innovating and cruel laws, the Earth, season after season, hath refused her fruits, or hath given only such as stink in our nostrils. We therefor do most humbly entreat of your Honorable House, that it will be graciously pleased to permit the importation, from France and other parts abroad, of any desirable quantity of wicker-baskets, not only duty-free, but also with a bounty; and that certain parts of all the royal forests, now about to be submitted to an Inclosure-Act, be left vacant, with the most ancient of the oak-trees now standing thereon, in order that our Druids may duly exercise their vocation. We entertain no doubt whatever that the Queen's Majesty

* Lord Normanton, when he married, had less (with his wife's fortune) than 1000*l.*: he was bishop and archbishop in Ireland, and left nearly 600,000*l.* No churchman ever left so much.

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will most graciously accede to our petition, seeing that the whole of these forests, together with the greater part of the land round about, did formerly of right belong to them. It by no means grieves their most uncraving and abstemious hearts to have been despoiled of their temporal goods, for which idlers and wranglers at this present hour are contending; but sorely indeed are they afflicted that they may offer up no longer the blood of the impious, nor scatter their ashes to the winds. Through us, in all humility, they require in the whole of the kingdom no more than forty-nine chief places where, amidst benedictions given and received, they may rest the soles of their feet; no more than forty-nine high altars whereupon the impious and malignant may be brought to due atonement. They would even limit the number of hebdomadal victims to nine in each basket. There are two places which we more especially desire for the celebration of our holocausts, such two places having been not only the most august, but also the last, in which they were offered up to the Almighties. The wisdom of Parliament and the clemency of Majesty will not, we are confident, be invoked in vain. Our blessed concremations rose above the fogs of Oxford and purified the contaminations of Smithfield. In Smithfield they have left only faint altho sweet remembrances: but in Oxford the ancient faith regerminates, and flies back into the fostering bosom of our priesthood. We claim nothing, but the miserable in their extremity are not forbidden to entreat and implore. Our institutions remain, and will remain for ever. Frail is the authority of learning when it is confronted with the authority of antiquity; otherwise we would appeal to the most sapient in the University of Oxford. We have venerable books which it is unlawful for any but the initiated to open; along the margin of these are documents and glosses upon matters of great import, unsuspected by antiquarians and historians. Illustrating the contents, in the proximate interior of the covers, are maps of wide domains, with grants of them from princes and archdruids. Generosity prompts us to concede a certain portion to the actual occupants. Ninetenths of Britain were woodland and swamp at the invasion of Julius Cæsar. The whole of this swamp and woodland, the whole of the mountains and downs, with enough of arable and pasture to support their dignity, belonged exclusively to our Druids. We can show the instruments under which they held the

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property, signed with their own seals, and with the seals of the shepherds on the hills and the fishermen on the marshes, and emperors and empresses on the throne. We require and want nothing more than what our ancient laws authorise, and what, as the truest of true Britons, we have the right to demand and the resolution to enforce. We humbly crave permission to remind and admonish your Honorable House, that the Druids, our ancestors and spiritual guides, know the secrets of sundry poisons and the methods of compounding them, in such a manner that the patient on taking them should be pleased with their taste and quite unconscious of their effect. These secrets they have bequeathed unto us: unfortunate should we deem ourselves if ever we were compelled to have recourse to them. Modern science hath also unrolled before us what are indeed no secrets, but simply means whereby we might involve our oppressors in confusion and consternation. There are vapours, now dormant in the laboratory, by which the most numerous assemblages of the most potential men conspiring against us, could be stifled. There are combustions which could annihilate armies. Electricity might be brought down from the heavens, and taught to run along the earth wherever we direct it, even into the dockyard, even into the palace. Such thoughts, praised be the Gods! have never once entered our hearts, have never once flitted across our imaginations. But against the enemies of the Almighties, who have too much patience, against the sworn enemies of their most faithful servants, ministers of their pure and only true religion, all weapons are lawful. We bear goodwill toward men of goodwill; toward none others. We must not trample on our ancient laws, nor tolerate those who do. Professing and maintaining such sentiments, we are and have always been the most dutiful of her Majesty's subjects, and wait with anxiety to be also the most grateful.

(Here follow the signatures.)

PETITION OF THE THUGS FOR TOLERATION.

We, the most religious fraternity of Thugs, having heard it reported throughout the whole extent of India, that toleration is granted by the wisdom of the British Parliament

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to every diversity of creed, do most humbly submit our grievances to the patient consideration of your Honorable House. We claim a much higher antiquity than the earliest of devotional institutions known in Britain. We are the first-born of Cain. We profit by the holy book he left behind him, covering with figleaf what we consider to be unessential or liable to misinterpretation. Our humanity teaches us to confine no dissidents in unhealthy prisons, to separate no husband from his wife, no father from his children, but merely to offer up man's lifeblood to Him who gave man life. Our forefather, Cain, did not cast his brother Abel into a dark cavern infested by bats and serpents, but slew him as manfully, and dexterously, and instantaneously, as could have been done by the best swordsman in the service of Hyder Ali.

It is reported to us, that there are religions by which it is declared lawful and right to disobey the prince they have sworn to obey, and even to select out of the rabble a leader of singing boys in flowing stoles, sable and white, purple and scarlet; and to place him in opposition to the rightful ruler of the land.

Fables are told in all countries, and this statement hath much the appearance of one. But if there is any truth in it, we would contrast it with the unquestionable history of our exploits and demeanour. Millions, in the vast country round about us, hold it a religious duty for wives to perish by fire at the side of their defunct husbands. We ask no such favour, nor do our wives. Moreover, it is reported that in some island or peninsula on our western coast, not, as here, the willing and wary, but they whose tender age exposes them to be warped at every breath, are sacrificed yearly, thousand after thousand. Inadvertently and involuntarily do they suffer. The unmarried, the adolescent, are debarred from the duties of marriage, the delights of adolescence. The boys are placed under a knife which would be more innocent were it murderous, that their voices may be acceptable to the chief-priest in his orgies. The girls, if their mothers are unable to sell them advantageously, are delivered up to the discretion of the inferior priesthood, and diligently taught by their spiritual guides, as they call themselves, to answer all psychological queries, and to undergo the most abstruse physiological examinations. We dispute not the propriety or the sanctity

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of this discipline, leaving it entirely to the arbitration of your Honorable House. We entreat the much smaller favour of liberty to take away life when life hath had its enjoyments, which we have always done gently, considerately, without pain and without passion. Never do we violate, under the cloak of religion, the prime ordinance of nature, the first command given by the Almighty to the father of our progenitor, Cain.

We lay our cause with confidence at the bar of your Honorable House, claiming and deserving no more than has already been granted by it, to the three or four last religions which have consecutively been dominant in Great Britain. We hear that these religions are rolling over one another at this instant, and exercising a prodigious volubility of limb and tongue; the elderly and decrepit thrown on its back, cursing and swearing, but holding down the younger by the throat. We take no delight, no interest, in these prolusions; and we demand only simple protection, in meet reward for undivided allegiance.

No prayers do we offer up to God that it may please his Divine Majesty to assist us in sweeping our enemies from his earth; no thanksgivings for having bestrewn it with limbs and carcases to satiate the hyæna and the vulture. We invite our fellow men to die as becomes them in his service. We lead death by the hand in quiet and silence to his own door, and we depart in peace. Therefor we, conscious of our innocence and purity, venture to remind our generous protectors that the few we sacrifice are sacrificed to our God alone, and neither to gratify pride nor vengeance; that if we slay a few hundreds in the space of a year, our gracious protectors slay occasionally as many thousands between the rising and setting sun. We do not, indeed, with the same fervour and magnificence as our gracious protectors, sing hymns, beat drums, blow trumpets, and swing bells from lofty towers in jubilee; but we wash our hands, lay aside our daggers, bend our knees, and pray.

Confidently then do we approach our gracious protectors, and entreat the same favour, the same liberty of worship, as our fellow subjects.

(Here follow the signatures.)

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THE SCHOOLMASTER OF THE NORTH.

THERE is somewhere in the north, I forbear to describe the locality, a schoolmaster as ferocious and grasping as that one depicted by Dickens. He was lately cited to appear before two justices of the peace, for a violent assault on a quiet neighbour, from whose poultry-yard he had abstracted at sundry times many fine fat birds, oftener in the dusk, but sometimes in open day, plucking and spitting them in sight of the whole parish. At last he picked a quarrel with him about an old barn, much frequented by wandering gangs of gypsies, and lying in the middle of the estate. Over this old barn the schoolmaster claimed a right of supervision, as trustee and guardian. Unjust as was the claim, it was conceded: and the only condition was that every gang of gypsies, which had formerly taken up night lodgings there, should continue to enjoy the same privilege. The reply was a smart blow in the face. The sufferer had been a powerful and courageous man, but was now grown old and feeble, and much disabled by former contusions from the same quarter: he therefor made no resistance, but applied to the two justices. The schoolmaster was indignant at this appeal: but aware that the two justices and their parishes had been usually on bad terms, he hoped and trusted that also on this occasion they would disagree. The aggression was, however, so audacious and flagrant, that every man in each parish who had a man's heart under his waistcoat cried out against it: both justices, instead of committing the offender, expostulated.

It may now be stated who the justices are.

One of them, altho he walks in some degree awry, is an able-bodied man, vigilant, active, sagacious, and with a remarkably quick eye. The people round about are almost unanimously favorable to him as nephew of one who kept the bull-ring. He has lately changed his name upon coming into a large estate. The other lives across the river, in the next Hundred, and was lately Chairman of the Sessions. The squires and the rural population call him familiarly Pam, as in the game of cards they call the Knave of Clubs. I know not whether the idea of clubs was suggested by his pugnacity in former days, or the idea of knave by some odd resemblance to

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the court card. He stil is mettlesome, and, when the market folks press him, he knows how to strike. But, having a step-mother who, altho young enough to be his daughter, can do great things for his family, he is indisposed to disoblige her, knowing that the schoolmaster has come over her by his winning ways. However he goes as far as he dares, and has shown on many occasions his dislike to the brawny bully, and how gladly he would see him taken down. But the elderly domestics are afraid of crossing the doorsill. Shame ultimately and shouts have impelled them to a distant and safe demonstration: they hesitated at the threat that, if they advanced a step farther, he would instantly set fire to the homestead. He proclaimed himself the injured man, protested his pure honor and strict integrity, and swore that no man living was ever so desirous of good-neighbourhood, peace, and justice. While they were pondering with downcast eyes, amazed by his impudence and intimidated by his menacing attitude, so different from his words, he ordered the big boys to leap over the garden-wall, and, before the old man could come up to them, ran against him furiously, aud knocked out three of his front teeth at a single blow, loosening as many more. The justices were alarmed at this fresh outrage, and were more and more afraid of encountering so resolute a fellow. In their consternation they could think of nothing better than to propose two arbitrators. These were more cowed than themselves, as they lived nearer, and they requested his permission to act. He gave it, reminding them that all three had been confederates in robberies, and that he had recently lifted up the strongest of them, who had been fairly knocked down and beaten ignominiously with his own scabbard. He commanded both to suspend the inquisition, and to defer it as long as possible.

The two justices had promised the maimed old man to protect him: and now was the performance of that promise claimed. They laid their heads together, and said dispassionately to him, "You have certainly had your garden broken into, your laborers driven out, your farmers plundered, your steward forbidden to receive your rents, and finally you have had your three front teeth knocked out, and perhaps as many, or a few more, loosened in their sockets. But be calm; be considerate. Do you really call it an outrage? If you do . . but it is impossible you should . . we may in due time remonstrate. If you

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reflect, like the reasonable man we have always taken you for, you will perceive that God, in his inscrutable wisdom, has only tried your constancy, and in his infinite mercy has left you all your grinders."

"But what to grind?" cried the impatient cripple. "My enemy has trampled me low enough already: in coming thus to protect me, fallen as I am, your friendly feet across my body serve only to stamp me deeper into the mire."

TRUE CHARACTER OF SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

ALL men most religiously hate injustice when it is committed against themselves, but the generality are latitudinarians in toleration when it is committed against another. Not so was it, but exactly the reverse, with Sir C. Napier. Indignantly, no doubt, but often in silence, he bore the heavy wrongs it was his destiny to bear with him to the grave; much slighter, when even a stranger suffered them, whether soldier or civilian, excited him to stern remonstrance. No wonder that, with his experience of Indian polity, he found fault with the latter; no wonder that, with his high sense of honor, he exposed it publickly; no wonder that the peculator, and such as connived at peculation, were his bitter enemies. By people of this character, stript bare by his exposure, and smarting under the scourges he had inflicted, he was accused of ill-temper. Is there any proof of it in any single instance, in his social or civil or military life, unless at falsehood, dishonesty, cruelty, or ingratitude? Of ingratitude no man ever experienced more with less complaint. His family, his intimates, his staff officers, his soldiers, his domestics, never saw it: his crosses, his indignities, his restless days and nights, his unrequited services, his agonizing wounds, excited him to no expression of resentment or disgust. A man more warmly beloved by all who knew him intimately is nowhere left among us. Neither he nor his family could be more highly gratified by any honors than by those which the Duke conferred on him in a speech before the House of Lords, placing his exploits (as was most due) above any that our contemporary generals had performed. Under the weight of such a man's word, a gross of ministerial coronets would have sunk into the dust.

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The great historian of English victories, the most eloquent, the most truthful, may from his own science and experience do justice to his brother; more than justice he neither could nor would. God grant that his failing health, and wounds which grief exasperates, may not quite disable him, nor long detain him from this sacred duty.

Thy greatest man from earth had past,
England! and now is gone thy last;
Thy last save one, whom thou hast borne
That loss, a brother's loss, to mourn.
In union history shall place
The noblest of a noble race;
For, just and grateful, she well knows
How much to each of them she owes.
High shines the soldier's sword of fire,
The record held by truth shines higher.

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POEMS.

UNDER the title of *Epigrams* some will be found here which the general reader may hardly recognise in that character. It will also easily be believed, from the subjects if not from the execution, that several of the lighter pieces were written in early youth. My thanks are now returned to those amiable friends who have thought them worthy of preservation so long. At the close of my seventy-ninth year I am amused in recollecting the occasions. W. S. L.

EPIGRAMS.

I. TO ONE WHO QUOTES AND DETRACTS.

ROB me and maim me! Why, man, take such pains
On your bare heath to hang yourself in chains?

II.

WHO never borrow and who never lend,
Whate'er their losses, will not lose their friend.

III.

POET! I like not mealy fruit; give me
Freshness and crispness and solidity;
Apples are none the better over-ripe,
And prime buck-venison I prefer to tripe.

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IV.

THE Rector of Saint Peter's, I know where,
Of erring ignorance takes special care;
Preaching, "It much behoves us that we pray
For these, our flock; none want it more than they.
For such benighted creatures all must feel . .
Scarce can they tell a lamprey from an eel!"

V.

SEEING Loreto's holy house descend,
Two robbers were converted. Into what?
Into more robbers; robbers without end,
Who grind men's bones and feed upon men's fat.

VI. ON CATULLUS.

TELL me not what too well I know
About the bard of Sirmio . .
Yes, in Thalia's son
Such stains there are . . as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
With nectar, and runs on.

VII.

MONTALEMBERT and Baraguay,
Rejoice! 'tis Freedom's closing day.
Rejoice! one only is the reign
Now from the Neva to the Seine.

VIII.

THERE falls with every wedding chime
A feather from the wing of Time.
You pick it up, and say "How fair
To look upon its colours are!"
Another drops day after day
Unheeded; not one word you say.
When bright and dusky are blown past,
Upon the herse there nods the last.

IX.

ACROSS, up, down, our fortunes go,
Like particles of feathery snow,
Never so certain or so sound
As when they're fallen to the ground.

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X.

EREWHILE exulting in its power
Rose thy bright form o'er worlds of sighs;
Graceful as then, at this late hour
Upon the scatter'd flowers it lies.

XI. DEFENDERS OF HAYNAU, &c.

A JEW apostate, a degenerate Scot,
Tongue after tongue, lick smooth the darkest blot,
But only widen what they would erase
And show more horrible the wretch they praise.
The scourge that lacerates the modest bride,
And swings about the matron's breast, they hide.
Bullet and halter for the brave and wise!
Honor and wealth for loyal perjuries!
Wait! there are thunderbolts not forged in heaven,
And crimes there only, if e'en there, forgiven.

XII.

EARLY I thought the worst of lies
In poets was, that beauty dies;
I thought not only it must stay,
But glow the brighter every day:
Some who then bloom'd on earth are gone,
In some the bloom is overblown.

XIII.

WINTER has changed his mind and fixt to come.
Now two or three snow-feathers at a time
Drop heavily, in doubt if they should drop
Or wait for others to support their fall.

XIV.

O WHAT a pleasant thing it is
To see our Derby and our Dis
Walk hand in hand together;
While Lord John Russell bites his nail
At whigs and liberals who turn tail,
And wince against the tether.
After his poor three pints of port
The farmer cries, "Ha! that's your sort
Of chaps to save the nation.

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Hip! for dear parsons and dear corn!
Hip! for the bull of crumpled horn!
Hip! hip! for Convocation!"
But no such pleasant thing it is
For Derby at the side of Dis
Cantering o'er the Commons,
When he believes he hears the bell
For dinner-time, it tolls his knell
Of parting power. Sad summons!

XV. A NOTE-COVER WITH SIX OF MY CARDS.

To her old friend does Rose devote
Sometimes two minutes, rarely three,
Yet never came there any note
(However kind) so full of me.

XVI.

I ENTREAT you, Alfred Tennyson,
Come and share my haunch of venison.
I have too a bin of claret,
Good, but better when you share it.
Tho 'tis only a small bin,
There's a stock of it within,
And as sure as I'm a rhymer,
Half a butt of Rudesheimer.
Come; among the sons of men is one
Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson?

XVII.

SMITHFIELD! thy festival prepare
And drive the cattle from the fair;
Another drove is coming fast . .
Tie, tie the faggot to the mast:
And purify the nation's crimes
Again as in the good old times.
"*Huzza!*" the children cry, "*huzza!*
Now then for one more holiday!"

XVIII.

JOY is the blossom, sorrow is the fruit,
Of human life; and worms are at the root.

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XIX.

"*Why do I smile?*" To hear you say
"*One month, and then the shortest day!*"
The shortest, whate'er month it be,
Is the bright day you pass with me.

XX.

MARTHA, now somewhat stern and old,
Found men grow every day less bold;
Yet bad enough; but tolerated
Because, poor souls! by God created.
She loved her dog (the worst do that)
And pamper'd him, morosely fat.
Rising up half-asleep, it hapt
She trod upon him and he snapt.
"Ah, what a pitch," good Martha says,
"Have dogs arrived at in our days!"

XXI. COWLEY'S STYLE.*

DISPENSER of wide-wasting woe,
Creation's laws you overthrow.
Mankind in your fierce flames you burn
And drown in their own tears by turn.
Deluged had been the world in vain,
Your fire soon dried its clothes again.

XXII.

YE who adore God's Vicar while he saith,
Blessed be every lie that props the faith,
Draw ye from Peter's fish no purer oil
To feed your *Lamp?* In vain then do ye toil.

XXIII.

THOUGHT fights with thought: out springs a spark of truth
From the collision of the sword and shield.

* Cowley's style in poetry is like Lamartine's in prose; he in his "Raphaelle" thus writes of a lover who burns the letters of his beloved. "*Je les ai brûlées parce que la cendre même en eût été trop chaude pour la pensée, et je l'ai jettée aux vents du ciel.*"

The French are returning to their *ancien régime*, we see.

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XXIV.

WHERE are the sounds that swam along
The buoyant air when I was young?
The last vibration now is o'er,
And they who listen'd are no more;
Ah! let me close my eyes and dream,
I see one imaged on the Leam.

XXV.

FAIR Love! and fairer Hope! we play'd together,
When ye were little ones, for many a day,
Sometimes in fine, sometimes in gloomier weather:
Is it not hard to part so soon in May?

XXVI.

ALAS! 'tis very sad to hear,
Your and your Muse's end draws near:
I only wish, if this be true,
To lie a little way from you.
The grave is cold enough for me
Without you and your poetry.

XXVII. E. ARUNDELL.

NATURE! thou mayest fume and fret,
There's but one white violet;
Scatter o'er the vernal ground
Faint resemblances around,
Nature! I will tell thee yet
There's but one white violet.

XXVIII.

KNOWN as thou art to ancient Fame
My praise, Ristormel, shall be scant:
The Muses gave thy sounding name,
The Graces thy inhabitant.

XXIX.

MILD is Euphemius, mild as summer dew
Or Belgic lion poked to Waterloo.

XXX.

A FRIENDSHIP never bears uncanker'd fruit
Where one of ancient growth has been blown down.

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XXXI.

PENTHEUS, by maddening Furies driven,
Saw, it is said, two suns in heaven,
And I believe it true;
I also see a double sun
Where calmer mortals see but one . .
My sun, my heaven . . in you.

XXXII.

GRACEFUL Acacia! slender, brittle,
I think I know the like of thee;
But thou art tall and she is little . .
What God shall call her his own tree?
Some God must be the last to change her;
From him alone she will not flee;
O may he fix to earth the ranger,
And may he lend her shade to me!

XXXIII.

WHETHER the Furies lash the criminal
Or weaker Passions lead him powerless on,
I see the slave and scorn him equally.

XXXIV.

UNKINDNESS can be but where kindness was;
Thence, and thence only, fly her certain shafts
And carry fire and venom on the point.

XXXV. TO POETS.

MY children! speak not ill of one another;
I do not ask you not to hate;
Cadets must envy every elder brother,
The little poet must the great.

XXXVI.

CAHILLS! do what you will at home,
Order'd, or order'd not, by Rome.
Teach Innocence the deeds of Shame,
Question her, what each act, each name?
Hear patiently, where, how, how often,
Ere ghostly commination soften.

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Brawl, bidding civil discord cease;
Murder, to please the Prince of Peace.
For Him who sees thro worlds set spies,
And guard the throne of Truth with lies.
Only, where Treason tempts you, pause,
And leave us house and home and laws.

XXXVII.

Love flies with bow unstrung when Time appears,
And trembles at the assault of heavy years;
A few bright feathers bear him on his flight
Quite beyond call, but not forgotten quite.

XXXVIII.

Matthias, Gifford, men like those,
Find in great poets but great foes;
In Wordsworth but a husky wheeze,
Or Byron but a foul disease,
In Southey one who softly bleats,
And one of thinnest air in Keats.
Yet will these live for years and years,
When those have felt the fatal shears.

XXXIX.

To his young Rose an old man said,
"You will be sweet when I am dead:
Where skies are brightest we shall meet,
And there will you be yet more sweet,
Leaving your winged company
To waste an idle thought on me."

XL. AMERICAN CHRISTMAS GAMES.

When eating and drinking and spitting and smoking
And romping and roaring and slapping and joking
Have each had fair play, the last toast of the night
Is "Success to the brave who have fought the good fight."
Then America whistles, and Hungary sings,
"The cards in the pack are not all knaves and kings.
There are rogues at Vienna, and worse at Berlin,
Who chuckle at cheating so long as they win;
For us yet remains a prime duty to do,
Tho we dirty the kennel by dragging them thro."

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XLI.

I, NEAR the back of Life's dim stage
Feel thro the slips the drafts of age.
Fifty good years are gone: with youth
The wind is always in the south.

XLII.

IN the odor of sanctity Miriam abounds,
Her husband's is nearer the odor of hounds,
With a dash of the cess-pool, a dash of the sty,
And the water of cabbages running hard-by.

XLIII.

THE crysolites and rubies Bacchus brings
To crown the feast where swells the broad-vein'd brow,
Where maidens blush at what the minstrel sings,
They who have coveted may covet now.

Bring me, in cool alcove, the grape uncrusht,
The peach of pulpy cheek and down mature,
Where every voice (but bird's or child's) is husht,
And every thought, like the brook nigh, runs pure.

XLIV.

"AMONG the few sure truths we know"
A poet, deep in thought and woe,
Says "Flowers, *when they have lived*, must die,"
And so, sweet maid! must you and I.

XLV.

I REMEMBER the time ere his temples were grey,
And I frown'd at the things he'd the boldness to say;
But now he grows old he may say what he will,
I laugh at his nonsense and take nothing ill.
Indeed I must say he's a little improved,
For he watches no longer the slily beloved;
No longer, as once, he awakens my fears,
Not a glance he perceives, not a whisper he hears;
If ever he heard one, it never transpired,
For his only delight is to see me admired;
And now, pray, what better return can I make
Than flirt, and be always admired . . for his sake.

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XLVI. DIALOGUE.

M.

WHY! who now in the world is this?
It cannot be the same . . I miss
The gift he always brought . . a kiss.
Yet stil I know my eyes are bright
And not a single hair turn'd white.

L.

O idol of my youth! upon
That joyous head grey hair there's none,
Nor may there ever be! grey hair
Is the unthrifty growth of Care,
Which she has planted . . you see where.

XLVII.

WE know a poet rich in thought, profuse
In bounty; but his grain wants winnowing;
There hangs much chaff about it, barndoor dust,
Cobwebs, small insects: it might make a loaf,
A good large loaf, of household bread; but flour
Must be well bolted for a dainty roll.

XLVIII.

WHAT garden but glows
With at least its one rose
Whether sunny or showery be June?
What heart so unblest
That it never possest
One treasure, tho perishing soon?

XLIX.

BE not in too great haste to dry
The tear that springs from sympathy.

L.

WE have survived three months of rain,
O come and bring the sun again;
Your *Rosebud*, tho she treads on air,
Is only yet the morning star;
Old January's nineteenth day
To me is like the first of May.
I drink your health . . but Time, alas!
Holds over mine another glass,

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In which no liquid rubies shine,
But whose dry sand drains all the wine:
Fain would I turn it upsidedown,
It will not do . . I fear his frown;
Tho on the whole (now come and see)
He has been somewhat mild with me.

LI.

I WILL not, dare not, look behind,
On days when you were true and kind,
Oh that I now could grow as blind.
Why did you ever tempt the sea
And the sea-breeze, if *there* must be
A lesson of inconstancy?

LII.

No easy thing to hit the mind
That wavers with each gust of wind,
Nor worth the while, unless to show
What a good blade and skill can do.
Damascus sabres at one stroke
Cut lightest plume or hardest oak.
I let your feathers sweep the plain
And sheath my scymeter again.

LIII.

THOU needst not pitch upon my hat,
Thou wither'd leaf! to show how near
Is now the winter of my year;
Alas! I want no hint of that.
Prythee, ah prythee get along!
Whisper as gently in the ear,
I once could whisper in, to fear
No change, but live for dance and song.

LIV.

Too mindful of the fault in Eve,
You ladies never will believe,
Else I would venture now to say
I love you quite as well this day
As when fire ran along my veins
From your bright eyes, and joys and pains
Each other's swelling nerves pursued,
And when the wooer too was wooed.

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LV.

NEITHER in idleness consume thy days,
Nor bend thy back to mow the weeds of praise.

LVI.

WHILE thou wert by
With laughing eye,
I felt the glow and song of spring:
Now thou art gone
I sit alone,
Nor heed who smile nor hear who sing.

LVII.

How many ages did the planets roll
O'er sapient heads that nightly watcht their course,
Ere the most sapient betwixt pole and pole
Believed them fleeter than the dustman's horse!

LVIII.

IN quadruped or winged game
Gourmands there are who like the *high:*
'Tis in society the same . .
A touch of taint is spicery.

LIX.

OUR days are number'd, O Eliza! mine
On the left hand have many numerals,
Few on the right; but while those days decline
May her's shine bright who graced these lonely halls!

LX.

CYPRESS and Cedar! gracefullest of trees,
Friends of my boyhood! ye, before the breeze,
As lofty lords before an eastern throne,
Bend the whole body, not the head alone.

LXI.

Love thou thy neighbour as thyself
Lies an old sawe upon the shelf.
With intercourse and accent bland
Dogs . . smooth Maltese, rough Newfoundland,
And spirited and faithful Spitz . .

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Accost me: let them teach the wits.
The greater have come up and done
All honor, the minuter none.
Singling me from amidst the crowd
My next-door neighbor barks most loud.

LXII.

Stop, stop, friend Cogan! would you throw
That tooth away? You little know
Its future: that which now you see
A sinner's, an old saint's may be,
And popes may bless it in a ring
To charm the conscience of some king.

LXIII.

Yes, I will come to Oxford now
Juicy and green is every bough,
Unfit as yet to roast a Froude:
Exeter cries, "To what a pass
Are we reduced! alas! alas!"
And Church and College wail aloud.

LXIV.

People may think the work of sleep
That deep-indented frown;
Its post of honor let it keep,
Nor draw the nightcap down.
Acknowledge that at every wheeze,
At every grunt and groan,
You hear his verses; do not these
Proclaim them for his own?

LXV.

Years, many parti-color'd years,
Some have crept on, and some have flown,
Since first before me fell those tears
I never could see fall alone.
Years, not so many, are to come,
Years not so varied, when from you
One more will fall: when, carried home,
I see it not, nor hear *adieu*.

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LXVI.

DEATH, in approaching, brings me sleep so sound
I scarcely hear the dreams that hover round;
One cruel thing, one only, he can do..
Break the bright image (Life's best gift) of you.

LXVII.

HERE stands a civil man, John Hickes,
Waiting, he says, to cross the Styx.
Check that dog's treble-bass, O Charon!
Take him, and lay the lighest fare on.

LXVIII. YOUNG.

THOU dreariest droll of puffy short-breath'd writers!
All thy *night-thoughts* and day-thoughts hung on miters.

LXIX. A QUARRELSOME BISHOP.

To hide her ordure, claws the cat;
You claw, but not to cover that.
Be decenter, and learn at least
One lesson from the cleanlier beast.

LXX.

"INSTEAD of idling half my hours,
I might have learnt the names of flowers
In gardens, groves, and fields."
Where then had been the sweet surprize
That sparkles from those dark-blue eyes?
Less pleasure knowledge yields.

LXXI.

HERE lies our honest friend Sam Parr,
A better man than most men are.
So learned, he could well dispense
Sometimes with merely common sense:
So voluble, so eloquent,
You little heeded what he meant:
So generous, he could spare a word
To throw at Warburton or Hurd:
So loving, every village-maid
Sought his caresses, tho afraid.

LXXII.

JACK CAMPBELL! if few are
So stealthy as you are,

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Few steal with so honest a face:
But recollect, when
You pluck a fresh pen,
That where the soil's richest is deepest the trace.
Beware lest Macaulay,
Hard-fisted, should maul ye
When he catches you sucking his Bacon.
At Lister's church-yard
There is station'd no guard;
Creep over; *his* spoils may be taken.

LXXIII.

Blythe bell, that calls to bridal halls,
Tolls deep a darker day;
The very shower that feeds the flower
Weeps also its decay.

LXXIV. TO AN OLD MULBERRY-TREE.

Old mulberry! with all thy moss around,
Thy arms are shatter'd, but thy heart is sound:
So then remember one for whom of yore
Thy tenderest boughs the crimson berry bore;
Remember one who, trusting in thy strength,
Lay on the low and level branch full length.
No strength has he, alas! to climb it now,
Nor strength to bear him, if he had, hast thou.

LXXV.

Hasten, O hasten, poet mine!
To give the hoarsest of the Nine
Her usual syrop; let her go
To sleep, as she lets others do.

LXXVI.

Weak minds return men hatred for contempt,
Strong ones contempt for hatred. Which is best?

LXXVII.

In port, beyond the swell of winds and tides,
My little skiff the *Independence* rides.
Scanty, tho strong and hearty is her crew,
So, come aboard; she can find room for *you*.

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LXXVIII. THE DUKE OF YORK'S STATUE.

ENDURING is the bust of bronze,
And thine, O flower of George's sons,
Stands high above all laws and duns.

As honest men as ever cart
Convey'd to Tyburn took thy part
And raised thee up to where thou art.

LXXIX.

WHY do the Graces now desert the Muse?
They hate bright ribbons tying wooden shoes.

LXXX.

WHEN a man truly loves he is at best
A frail thermometer to the beloved:
His spirits rise and fall but at her breath,
And shower and sunshine are divined from her.

LXXXI.

BETTER to praise too largely small deserts,
Than censure too severely great defects.

LXXXII.

HUNGARIANS! raise your laurel'd brows again,
Ye who can raise them from amid the slain,
And swear we hear but fables, and the youth
Who sways o'er Austria never "swerv'd from truth."

LXXXIII.

BIDDEN by Hope the sorrowful and fond
Look o'er the present hour for hours beyond.
Some press, some saunter on, until at last
They reach that chasm which none who breathe hath past.
Before them Death starts up, and opens wide
His wings, and wafts them to the farther side.

LXXXIV.

IRELAND never was contented . .
Say you so? you are demented.
Ireland was contented when
All could use the sword and pen,
And when Tara rose so high
That her turrets split the sky,

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And about her courts were seen
Liveried Angels robed in green,
Wearing, by Saint Patrick's bounty,
Emeralds big as half a county.

LXXXV. LADY HAMILTON.

LONG have the Syrens left their sunny coast,
The Muse's voice, heard later, soon was lost:
Of all the Graces one remains alone,
Gods call her Emma; mortals, Hamilton.

LXXXVI.

THERE is a time when the romance of life
Should be shut up, and closed with double clasp:
Better that this be done before the dust
That none can blow away falls into it.

LXXXVII.

NAY, thank me not again for those
Camelias, that untimely rose;
But if, whence you might please the more
And win the few unwon before,
I sought the flowers you loved to wear,
O'erjoy'd to see them in your hair,
Upon my grave, I pray you, set
One primrose or one violet.
. . . Stay . . . I can wait a little yet.

LXXXVIII.

EXPECT no grape, no fig, no wholesome fruit
From Gaul engrafted upon Corsican.

LXXXIX. AN IRISHMAN TO FATHER MATTHEW.

O FATHER Matthew!
Whatever path you
In life pursue,
God grant your Reverence
May brush off never hence
Our mountain dew!

XC.

"*A Paraphrase on Job*" we see
By Young: it loads the shelf:
He who can read one half must be
Patient as Job himself.

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XCI.

MEYRICK! surrounded by Silurian boors,
Against that rabble shut your castle-doors;
I mean that coarser rabble which aspires
To square its shoulders in the squad of squires;
Which holds the scholar under heavy ban,
And, drunk or sober, spurns the gentleman.
Meyrick! how wide your difference! hardly wider
Your mellow claret and their musty cider.

XCII.

IT often happens a bad pun
Goes farther than a better one.
A miss is often not a bit
Less startling than the fairest hit:
This (under high-raised eyebrows seen)
Poor Goldsmith proved on *Turnham-green*.

XCIII.

THE ancient Faith brings recreant Gauls
In guise of friends to scale the walls
Of manful Rome: as false their word
As ever, and more foul the sword.

XCIV.

"WHAT is my faith?" I do believe
That ladies never would deceive,
And that the little fault of Eve
Is very easy to retrieve.
"*She lost us immortality!*"
"Well, so she might; and what care I?
Eden and Paradise are nigh
As ever: should we pass them by?"

XCV. TO JOHN FORSTER.

CENSURED by her who stands above
The Sapphic Muse in song and love,
"*For minding what such people do,*"
I turn in confidence to you.
Now, Forster, did you never stop
At orange-peel or turnip-top,
To kick them from your path, and then
Complacently walk on agen?

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XCVI.

In summer when the sun's mad horses pass
 Thro more than half the heavens, we sink to rest
In Italy, nor tread the crackling grass,
 But wait until they plunge into the west:
And could not you, Mazzini! wait awhile?
 The grass is wither'd, but shall spring agen;
The Gods, who frown on Italy, will smile
 As in old times, and men once more be men.

XCVII.

God scatters beauty as he scatters flowers
O'er the wide earth, and tells us all are ours.
A hundred lights in every temple burn,
And at each shrine I bend my knee in turn.

XCVIII. THE DEATH OF MADAME ROLAND.

Genius and Virtue! dismal was the dearth
 Ye saw throughout all France when ye lookt down.
In the wide waste of blood-besprinkled earth,
 There was but one great soul, and that had flown.

XCIX.

There are certain blue eyes
 Which insist on your sighs,
And the readiest to give them is far the most wise;
 An obstinate lout
 Resolved to stand out
Cries at last like a criminal under the knout.

C.

Death stands above me, whispering low
 I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
 Is, there is not a word of fear.

CI. ROSE AYLMER'S HAIR, GIVEN BY HER SISTER.

Beautiful spoils! borne off from vanquisht death!
 Upon my heart's high altar shall ye lie,
Moved but by only one adorer's breath,
 Retaining youth, rewarding constancy.

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CII.

DESERTED in our utmost need
Was Peel, and what poor fags succeed!
Lie dead, ye bees! come forth, ye drones!
Malmsburies, Maidstones, Pakingtons!
Hum in the sunshine while ye may,
Tomorrow comes a rainy day.

CIII.

A FLIRT was Belinda! the more she reproved
Her lover for changing his mind.
"Say who," cried the youth, "O my dearly beloved!
Can be steddy that polks with the wind?"

CIV. THE ONE GRAVE.

THOUGH other friends have died in other days,
One grave there is where memory sinks and stays.

CV. HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THOU murderous man! a time there comes, we trust,
When, king's or peasant's, dust springs forth from dust:
Then, when the spirit its own form shall see,
Beauteous or hideous, woe then, wretch, to thee!

CVI.

WEARERS of rings and chains!
Pray do not take the pains
To set me right.
In vain my faults ye quote;
I write as others wrote
On Sunium's hight.

CVII.

COME forth, old lion, from thy den,
Come, be the gaze of idle men,
Old lion, shake thy mane and growl,
Or they will take thee for an owl.

CVIII.

THREATEN the wretch who rashly comes
To violate these tranquil tombs,
Eglantine! sweet protectress! you
Can threaten him and punish too.

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CIX.

ENVY ne'er thrust into my hand her torch,
The robe of those who mount up higher to scorch.
On old Greek idols I may fix my eyes
Oftener, and bring them larger sacrifice,
Yet on the altar where are worshipt ours
I light my taper and lay down my flowers.

CX.

STRIKE with Thor's hammer, strike agen
The skulking heads of half-form'd men,
And every northern God shall smile
Upon thy well-aim'd blow, Carlyle!

CXI.

BY learned men was England led,
When England follow'd men like these;
His father's speeches One had red, . . .
One, Ovid's Metamorphoses.

CXII.

OLD MAN.

WHAT wouldst thou say,
Autumnal day,
Clothed in a mist akin to rain?

DARK DAY.

Thus I appear,
Because next year,
Perhaps we may not meet again.

CXIII.

CHANGEFUL! how little do you know
Of Byron when you call him so!
True as the magnet is to iron
Byron hath ever been to Biron.
His color'd prints, in gilded frames,
Whatever the designs and names,
One image set before the rest,
In shirt with falling collar drest,
And keeping up a rolling fire at
Patriot, conspirator, and pirate.

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CXIV.

Love, flying out of sight, o'ershadows me,
And leaves me cold as cold can be;
Farewell *alasses!* and *no-mores!* and you,
Sweetest and saddest word, *adieu!*

CXV. 1853.

Sit quiet at your hearthstones while ye may;
Look to your arms; place them within your reach;
Keep dry the powder; throw none on the grate
In idle sport; it might blow up both roof
And door: and then the Bear that growls bursts in.

CXVI.

Blind to the future, to what lies before
The future, what our feet now stand upon,
We see not, look not for, nor think about.

CXVII.

Ye throw your crumbs of bread into the stream,
And there are fish that rise and swallow them;
Fish too there are that lie along the mud,
And never rise, content to feed on worms.
Thus do we poets; thus the people do.
What sparkles is caught up; what sparkles not
Falls to the bottom mingled with the sludge,
And perishes by its solidity.
The minnows twinkle round and let it pass,
Pursuing some minuter particle,
More practicable for the slender gill.

CXVIII.

My yarn in verse is short: I sit among
Our few old women who ne'er learnt to spin.

CXIX.

Treasures of greek has . . ? In vain I seek 'em,
Is all the greek he has worth *album græcum?*

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CXX.

ONE lovely name adorns my song,
And, dwelling in the heart,
For ever falters at the tongue,
And trembles to depart.

CXXI. ON SOUTHEY'S BIRTHDAY, NOV. 4.

No Angel borne on whiter wing
Hath visited the sons of men,
Teaching the song they ought to sing
And guiding right the unsteddy pen.
Recorded not on earth alone,
O Southey! is thy natal day,
But there where stands the choral throne
Show us thy light and point the way.

CXXII.

ALTHO my soberer ear disdains
The irksome din of tinkling chains,
I pat two steers more sleek than strong
And yoke them to the car of Song.

CXXIII.

O WRETCHED despicable slaves,
Accomplices and dupes of knaves!
The cut-throat uncle laid ye low,
The cut-purse nephew gags ye now.
Behold at last due vengeance come
For the brave men ye slew at Rome.

CXXIV.

PENTHESILEIA, bright and bold,
Led forth her Amazons of old,
And every man was fain to yield
Who met her on the Attic field
Save Theseus; by that bosom bare
Undazzled, or that golden hair;
He, without shuddering, dared to twist
Its rings around his stubborn fist.
The times are alter'd: now again
Our Attic virgins scour the plain,
And Pallas is observed to rear
O'er those her Ægis and her spear.

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CXXV.

THERE are some tears that only brave men shed,
The rest are common to the human race.
The cause of Hungary when Kossuth pled
Such tears as his roll'd down the sternest face.
Girls wonder'd, by the side of youths who loved,
Why they had never wept until that hour;
Tender they knew those hearts, but never moved
As then. Love own'd there was one greater power.

CXXVI.

THE fault is not mine if I love you too much,
I loved you too little too long,
Such ever your graces, your tenderness such,
And the music the heart gave the tongue.

A time is now coming when Love must be gone
Tho he never abandon'd me yet.
Acknowledge our friendship, our passion disown,
Our follies (ah can you?) forget.

CXXVII.

IF, when a man has thrown himself on flowers,
He feels a sharp flint under him and springs
Upon his legs, he feels the flint again
Tomorrow, not the flowers: they drifted down
The stream of Lethe imperceptibly,
Heavier and sooner to be now engulpht
For every surface-drop which they imbibed.
I have so much of leisure that I hate
To lose a particle; as hate the rich
To lose the dross they know not to employ;
Else would I moralize a good half-hour
On pleasure and its sequences, and speak
As ill of them as men whom they have left
Usually do . . ungrateful, like the rest.

CXXVIII.

LEAF after leaf drops off, flower after flower,
Some in the chill, some in the warmer hour:
Alike they flourish and alike they fall,
And Earth who nourisht them receives them all.

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Should we, her wiser sons, be less content
To sink into her lap when life is spent?

CXXIX. TO A CHILD.

POUT not, my little Rose, but take
With dimpled fingers, cool and soft,
This posy, when thou art awake . .
Mama has worne my posies oft:

This is the first I offer thee,
Sweet baby! many more shall rise
From trembling hand, from bended knee,
Mid hopes and fears, mid doubts and sighs.

Before that hour my eyes will close;
But grant me, Heaven, this one desire . .
In mercy! may my little Rose
Never be grafted on a briar.

CXXX.

REST of my heart! no verse can tell
My blissful pride, beloved by you;
Yet could I love you half so well
Unless you once had grieved me too?

CXXXI.

LET Youth, who never rests, run by;
But should each Grace desert the Muse?
Should all that once hath charm'd us, fly
At heavy Age's creaking shoes?
The titter of light Days I hear
To see so strange a figure come;
Laugh on, light Days, and never fear;
He passes you; he seeks the tomb.

CXXXII.

THE wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies
And love to hear 'em told.
Doubt not that Solomon
Listen'd to many a one,
Some in his youth and more when he grew old.

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I never was among
The choir of Wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I
As much as any king,
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot
When one pert lady said
"O Walter! I am quite
Bewilder'd with affright!
I see (sit quiet now) a white hair on your head."

Another more benign
Snipt it away from mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended it was found . . .
She lept, and twirl'd it round . .
Fair as she was, she never was *so* fair.

CXXXIII.

Ulysses-like had Myrrha known,
Aye, many a man in many a town:
At last she swore that she would be
Constant to one alone, to me.
She fails a trifle: I reprove:
Myrrha no longer swears her love;
One falsehood honest Myrrha spares,
And argues better than she swears.
"Look now," says she, "o'er these fair plains,
What find you there that long remains?
The rocks upon yon ugly hill
Are hard and cold and changeless stil."

CXXXIV. TO AN INNOCENT GIRL.

Maid! who canst hardly yet believe
The Tempter could have tempted Eve,
And wonderest with religious doubt
What the good angels were about
To let that horrid creature in
And try to teach her what is sin . .

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Trust me, my little girl, altho
Strange is the story, it was so.
Her whom the hollow world applauds
Where'er she moves, whate'er the gauds
Of wit and beauty she may wear,
One evil action strips her bare;
One groveling and seductive vice
Tempts her . . and farewel Paradise!

CXXXV.

THE Wine is murmuring in the gloom,
Because he feels that Spring is come
To gladden everything outside . .
To wing the dove to meet his bride,
And not disdainfully to pass
Even the snail along the grass;
Because he feels that on the slope
Of his own hill the vine-flowers ope;
Because he feels that never more
Will earth or heaven *his* past restore.
He beats against the ribs of iron
Which him and all his strength environ;
He murmurs, swells, and beats agen,
But murmurs, swells, and beats in vain.
"*Why think about it?*" Need I say,
Remembering one sweet hour last May?
We think and feel ('twas *your* remark)
Then most when all around is dark.

CXXXVI.

No insect smells so fulsome as that hard
Unseemly beetle which corrodes the rose.
Bring forth your microscope; about the bard
One very like it (only less) it shows.

CXXXVII.

A SENTIMENTAL lady sate
Lamenting thus a rose's fate,
As thirty of them, nay threescore,
Bard-bitten all, have done before.

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"My sweet and lovely one! ah why
Must you so soon decay and die?"
"I know not," with soft accents said,
And balmy breath the Rose, "kind maid!
I only know they call me fair,
And fragrant in this summer air.
If youths should push their faces down
On mine, I smile, but never frown,
And never ('twere affected) say
So much as '*wanton! go away.*'
I would not wish to stop behind
And perish in the wint'ry wind.
I have had sisters; all are gone
Before me, and without a moan.
Be thou as sweet and calm as they,
And never mind the future day."

CXXXVIII. SEPARATION.

THERE is a mountain and a wood between us,
Where the lone shepherd and late bird have seen us
Morning and noon and even-tide repass.
Between us now the mountain and the wood
Seem standing darker than last year they stood,
And say we must not cross, alas! alas!

CXXXIX.

IF wits and poets, two or three,
Four at the most, speak well of me,
It is because my lonely path
Lies hidden by the hills of Bath.
Neighbours who stir one step from prose
Become inevitable foes.
Poetic steamers rarely fail
Somehow to clash upon the rail.

CXL. IRISH THANKS FOR ROMISH MIRACLES.

SURE from thee, most Holy Father,
Miracles in heaps we gather:
We have one before us that's
Very like the Kerry cats,

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Which our history by Moore
Tells us were just twenty-four,
Others show the very house, and
Swear there were eleven thousand,
Keeping up a glorious fight
All the day and all the night,
Not a knuckle, not a rib,
Left at morn by Tab or Tib,
But one only tail to tell
What the Kerry cats befell.
Blessings on thee, Holy Father,
And thy miracles! We'd rather
See as many Frenchmen slain
Than those Kerry cats again,
Tho, as sure as you are born,
Few we want to watch our corn,
Since the Union-guardians eat
Most of that, and all the meat.
Hear those Frenchmen yonder cry
Freedom and fraternity!
See those pebble-loads of carts
Rumbling from their joyous hearts,
See those sabres hicking hacking,
And those rifles clicking clacking!
We may learn one lesson by 't..
Never go afield to fight.
Botheration! botheration!
Nation striving against nation!
When a single one can do
All the work as well as two.

CXLI. LIGHT AND DARK.

As trees that grow along the waterside,
However stiff and stately be their kind,
Forego their nature, put away all pride
And bend their lofty heads before the wind
Of spring, erect thro winter's; while a voice
From the mild ripples charms their branches down,
Branches and ripples each in each delight,
And these forget to swell and those to frown;
So does that grave stern man before you now

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Lose all his harshness while you sing or speak:
Methinks I see shot upward on his brow,
The tender radiance of your virgin cheek.

CXLII. MY LIZARD IN TUSCANY.

You pant like one in love, my Ramorino!
Can it be fear? Come Walter! come Carlino!
But not too nigh; just nigh enough to see
My lizard, greener than your rosemary.

CXLIII.

Know ye the land where from its acrid root
The sweet nepenthè rears her ripen'd fruit,
Which whoso tastes forgets his house and home?
Ye know it not: come on then; come to Rome.
Behold upon their knees with cord and scourge
Men, full-grown men, pale puffy phantasts urge!
Holiness lies with them in fish and frogs,
Mid squealing eunuchs and mid sculptured logs,
Mid gaudy dresses changed for every scene,
And mumbled prayers in unknown tongue between.
These wrongs imposed on them they call their rights!
For these the poor man toils, the brave man fights!
Exclaiming "Saints above! your triumphs o'er,
Shall roasted Ridleys crown the feast no more?
Shall all our candles gutter into gloom,
And faith sit still, or only sweep the room?

CXLIV. BRIGHTON 1807.

You ask what he's doing
Who lately was wooing
And fear'd but those frowns
That came dark o'er the downs:
When night is returning
He sighs for the morning
And ere the first light
Sighs again for the night.

CXLV.

If you no longer love me,
To friendship why pretend?

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Unworthy was the lover,
Unworthy be the friend.
I know there is another
Of late prefer'd to me:
Recover'd is my freedom,
And you again are free.
I've seen the bird that summer
Deluded from her spray
Return again in winter
And grieve she flew away.

CXLVI. THE BEES OF GUILLIVELLE.*

Bees! conscripts! braves of Guillivelle!
What poet, yet unborn, shall tell,
Not of your treasuries of sweets,
But of your more than manly feats?
Above the song of bard or bee,
French soldiers, truly French, are ye:
Your bayonets at once invade
The densest loftiest barricade,
And equally ye take it ill
Of all who stir or who sit still.
Beneath yon cart what Proudhons fall!
What Thierses, where those goslings sprawl,
In mire as deep, writhe, hiss, and gabble..
Excessively uncomfortable!
The President, as due, decrees
Your regiment for feats like these
Be called The Bonaparte Bees.

CXLVII. PRIMROSE TO BE DRIED IN A BOOK.

Humble flower! the gift of Rose!
If today thy life must close,
Yet for ever shalt thou be
Just as fair and fresh to me;

* A farmer at Guillivelle sent his carter, with a cart and five horses, to remove some rubbish from a wall, near which he had 250 hives. Returning to the house for something, the carter tied his horses to a tree. The bees issued forth; the horses were covered with them. Coming back, he found two dead, the three others rolling about in agony; and these also died soon after. The same swarms, some time before, had stung to death eighteen goslings.

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And when I am underground
Shalt among these leaves be found,
And the finder shall exclaim
"Up! arise! awake to fame!
He who gave thee length of days
Held her flower above his bays."

CXLVIII.

YOUR last request no fond false hope deceives;
Your's shall be, Rose! when all your days are o'er,
"The sighs of Zephyrs 'mid the nestling leaves;"
"And many more!
Many shall mourn around you, lovely Rose!
But there must one be absent; there is one
Who griev'd with you in all your little woes . .
He will be gone."

CXLIX. NIL ADMIRARI, &c.

HORACE and Creech!
Thus do ye teach?
What idle speech!

Pope! and could you
Sanction it too?
'Twill never do.

One idle pen
Writes it, and ten
Write it agen.

Sages require
Much to admire,
Nought to desire.

God! grant thou me
Nature to see
Admiringly.

Lo! how the wise
Read in her eyes
Thy mysteries!

CL.

WHEN the mad wolf hath bit the scatter'd sheep,
The madden'd flock their penfold overleap,
And, rushing blind with fury, trample down
The kindest master with the coarsest clown.

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CLI. ROME.

At Rome may everything be bought
But honesty, there vainly sought:
For other kinds of costly ware
The pontif opens a bazar.
If you have lost your soul, you may
Procure a better . . only pay.
If you have any favorite sin,
The price is ticketed . . walk in.
For a few thousand golden pieces
Uncles may marry here their nieces;
The pontif slips the maiden sash,
And winks, and walks away the cash.
Naples, so scant of blushes, sees
And blushes at such tricks as these,
Until a ghostly father saith
Behold, my sons! the ancient faith.
This ancient faith brought faithful Gauls,
In guise of friends to scale the walls
Of manfull Rome; and Louis' word
Unsheath'd Christina's tarnisht sword.

CLII.

Our youth was happy: why repine
That, like the Year's, Life's days decline?
'Tis well to mingle with the mould
When we ourselves alike are cold,
And when the only tears we shed
Are of the dying or the dead.

CLIII. MISTAKE RECTIFIED.

'Tis not Lucilla that you see
Amid the cloud and storm:
'Tis Anger . . What a shame that he
Assumes Lucilla's form!

CLIV. GARDEN AT HEIDELBERG.

Fill me the beaker!
Now, Rhine and Nekkar,
Health to ye both, ye noble streams!

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Yours is a power,
To wing the hour
High above Wisdom's heavy dreams.
Germans! beer-drinking,
Tobacco-stinking,
Gladly, how gladly! I resign
All you are worth,
From south to north
For this fresh air and fragrant wine.

CLV. ON A HEAVY EPITAPH.

He who hath piled these verses o'er thy head
Resolved, it seems, to bury thee in lead.

CLVI.

Easy I thought it to descry
In your heart's depths its purity.
It seem'd pellucid; but alas
Pellucid too is fragile glass!
What we see smooth we trust is sound,
Nor fear to slip on even ground:
I rise and rub my broken knee,
And so will they who follow me.

CLVII. TO THE GOD TERMINUS.

Terminus! whether stock or stone,*
We, like our sires, thy godhead own,
And may be pardon'd, let us hope,
If we have changed thy name to *pope*.

CLVIII. JUNE '51.

Versailles! Versailles! thou shalt not keep
Her whom this heart yet holds most dear:
In her own country she shall sleep;
Her epitaph be graven here.

CLIX. TO THE COUNTESS DE MOLANDÈ.

I wonder not that Youth remains
With you, wherever else she flies:
Where could she find such fair domains,
Where bask beneath such sunny eyes?

* Termine! sive lapis sive es defossus in agro Stipes.—Tibullus.

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CLX.

THERE are few on whom Fortune in one form or other,
So various and numberless, never hath smiled;
One fountain the sands of the desart may cover,
Another shall rise in the rocks of the wild.

We leave the bright lotus that floats on our river
And the narrow green margin where youth hath reposed.
Fate drives us; we sigh, but sigh vainly, that ever
Our eyes in a slumber less sweet should be closed:

Ah! while it comes over us let us assemble
What once were not visions, but visions are now,
Now love shall not torture, now hope shall not tremble,
And the last leaf of myrtle stil clings to the brow.

CLXI.

IN early spring, ere roses took
A matronly unblushing look,
Or lilies had begun to fear
A stain upon their character,
I thought the cuckoo more remote
Than ever, and more hoarse his note.
The nightingale had dropt one half
Of her large gamut, and the laugh
Of upright nodding woodpecker
Less petulantly struck my ear.
Why have the birds forgot to sing
In this as in a former spring?
Can it be that the days are cold.
Or (surely no) that I am old.
Strange fancy! how could I forget
That I have not seen eighty yet!

CLXII.

WHY do our joys depart
For cares to seize the heart?
I know not. Nature says,
Obey; and man obeys.
I see, and know not why
Thorns live and roses die.

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CLXIII.

ALL is not over while the shade
Of parting life, if now aslant,
Rests on the scene whereon it play'd
And taught a docile heart to pant.
Autumn is passing by; his day
Shines mildly yet on gather'd sheaves,
And, tho the grape be pluckt away,
Its colour glows amid the leaves.

CLXIV. TWO ROSES.

CAN ye not love more sisterly,
Ye roses, but must *you* keep down
The latest-born? *you* under, try
To push aside your sister's crown?

O shame upon you, envious pair!
Well may *you* blush; and well may *you*
Hide your young face. Look! one comes near
Who by her smile shall shame the two.

CLXV. YOUTH.

THE days of our youth are not over while sadness
Chills never, and seldom o'ershadows, the heart;
While Friendship is crowning the banquet of Gladness
And bids us be seated and offers us part;
While the swift-spoken *when?* and the slowly-breath'd *hush!*
Make us half-love the maiden and half-hate the lover,
And feel too what is or what should be a blush . .
Believe me, the days of our youth are not over.

CLXVI. AGE.

DEATH, tho I see him not, is near
And grudges me my eightieth year.
Now, I would give him all these last
For one that fifty have run past.
Ah! he strikes all things, all alike,
But bargains: those he will not strike.

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VARIOUS.

CLXVII.

A BIRD was seen aloft in air; the sun
Shone brightly round him, yet few eyes could see
His colour, few could scan his size; his form
Appear'd to some like a huge bow unbent,
To others like a shapeless stake hurl'd by,
With a stiff breeze against it in its flight.
It was an eagle all the while: he swoopt
Steddily onward, careless of the gang
Below him, talkative, disquisitive,
But all agreeing 'twas a bird on wing,
Some said nine inches, some said ten across.
There were old people who could recollect
That market-day, that crowd, that questioning,
Those outcries to drive off the fearless bird.
One of them I accosted; he replied,
"Yea, I have seen him, and must say for him
Now he is dead (and well it is for us)
He liked a coney or a lamb too much,
But never settled on dead carcases
To pluck out eye or tug at putrid tongue.
They who reviled him while he swept the air
Are glad enough to wear a feather now
Of that strong wing, and boast to have observ'd
Its sunny soaring on that market-day."

CLXVIII.

WHY do I praise a peach
Not on my wall, no, nor within my reach?
Because I see the bloom
And scent the fragrance many steps from home.
Permit me stil to praise
The higher Genius of departed days.
Some are there yet who, nurst
In the same clime, are vigorous as the first,
And never waste their hours
(Ardent for action) among meadow flowers.
Greece with calm eyes I see,
Her pure white marbles have not blinded me,

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But breathe on me the love
Of earthly things as bright as things above:
There is (where is there not?)
In her fair regions many a desart spot;
Neither is Dircè clear,
Nor is Ilissus full throughout the year.

CLXIX. TO A LADY ARCHER.

Two Goddesses, not always friends,
Are friends alike to you:
To you her bow for trial lends
The statelier of the two.

"Let Cupid have it," Venus cries,
Diana says "No! no!
Until your Cupid grows more wise
He shall not have my bow."

Her boy was sitting at her side,
His bow across his knee.
"Use thou thy own, use this," she cried:
"I did, in vain!" cried he.

"Mother! we may as well be gone;
No shaft of mine can strike
That figure there, so like thy own,
That heart there, so unlike.

CLXX.

It was a dream (ah! what is not a dream?)
In which I wander'd thro a boundless space
Peopled by those that peopled earth erewhile.
But who conducted me? That gentle Power,
Gentle as Death, Death's brother. On his brow
Some have seen poppies; and perhaps among
The many flowers about his wavy curls
Poppies there might be; roses I am sure
I saw, and dimmer amaranths between.
Lightly I thought I lept across a grave
Smelling of cool fresh turf, and sweet it smelt.
I would, but must not linger; I must on,
To tell my dream before forgetfulness

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Sweeps it away, or breaks or changes it.
I was among the Shades (if Shades they were)
And lookt around me for some friendly hand
To guide me on my way, and tell me all
That compast me around. I wisht to find
One no less firm or ready than the guide
Of Alighieri, trustier far than he,
Higher in intellect, more conversant
With earth and heaven and whatso lies between.
He stood before me . . Southey.
"Thou art he,"
Said I, "whom I was wishing."
"That I know,"
Replied the genial voice and radiant eye.
"We may be question'd, question we may not;
For that might cause to bubble forth again
Some bitter spring which crost the pleasantest
And shadiest of our paths."
"I do not ask"
Said I, "about your happiness; I see
The same serenity as when we walkt
Along the downs of Clifton. Fifty years
Have roll'd behind us since that summer-tide,
Nor thirty fewer since along the lake
Of Lario, to Bellaggio villa-crown'd,
Thro the crisp waves I urged my sideling bark,
Amid sweet salutation off the shore
From lordly Milan's proudly courteous dames."
"Landor! I well remember it," said he,
"I had just lost my first-born only boy,
And then the heart is tender; lightest things
Sink into it, and dwell there evermore."
The words were not yet spoken when the air
Blew balmier; and around the parent's neck
An Angel threw his arms: it was that son.
"Father! I felt you wisht me," said the boy,
"Behold me here!"
Gentle the sire's embrace,
Gentle his tone. "See here your father's friend!"
He gazed into my face, then meekly said
"He whom my father loves hath his reward
On earth; a richer one awaits him here."

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CLXXI. ON MOORE'S DEATH.

IDOL of youths and virgins, Moore!
Thy days, the bright, the calm, are o'er!
No gentler mortal ever prest
His parent Earth's benignant breast.
What of the powerful can be said
They did for thee? They *edited.*
What of that royal gourd? Thy verse
Excites our scorn and spares our curse.
Each truant wife, each trusting maid,
All loves, all friendships, he betraid.
Despised in life by those he fed,
By his last mistress left ere dead,
Hearing her only wrench the locks
Of every latent jewel-box.
There spouse and husband strove alike,
Fearing lest Death too soon should strike,
But fixt no plunder to forego
Til the gross spirit sank below.
Thy closing days I envied most,
When all worth losing had been lost.
Alone I spent my earlier hour
While thou wert in the roseate bower,
And raised to thee was every eye,
And every song won every sigh.
One servant and one chest of books
Follow'd me into mountain nooks,
Where shelter'd from the sun and breeze
Lay Pindar and Thucydides.
There antient days came back again,
And British kings renew'd their reign;
There Arthur and his knights sat round
Cups far too busy to be crown'd;
There Alfred's glorious shade appear'd,
Of higher mien than Greece e'er rear'd.
I never sought in prime or age
The smile of Fortune to engage,
Nor rais'd nor lower'd the telescope
Erected on the tower of Hope.
From Pindus and Parnassus far
Blinks cold and dim the Georgian star.

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CLXXII. TO VERONA.

VERONA! thy tall gardens stand erect
Beckoning me upward. Let me rest awhile
Where the birds whistle hidden in the boughs,
Or fly away when idlers take their place,
Mated as well, conceal'd as willingly;
Idlers whose nest must not swing there, but rise
Beneath a gleamy canopy of gold,
Amid the flight of Cupids, and the smiles
Of Venus ever radiant o'er their couch.
Here would I stay, here wander, slumber here,
Nor pass into that theater below
Crowded with their faint memories, shades of joy.
But ancient song arouses me: I hear
Cœlius and Aufilena; I behold
Lesbia, and Lesbia's linnet at her lip
Pecking the fruit that ripens and swells out
For him whose song the Graces loved the most,
Whatever land, east, west, they visited.
Even he must not detain me: one there is
Greater than he, of broader wing, of swoop
Sublimer. Open now that humid arch
Where Juliet sleeps the quiet sleep of death,
And Romeo sinks aside her.
Fare ye well,
Lovers! Ye have not loved in vain: the hearts
Of millions throb around ye. This lone tomb
One greater than yon walls have ever seen,
Greater than Manto's prophet eye foresaw
In her own child or Rome's, hath hallowed;
And the last sod or stone a pilgrim knee
Shall press (Love swears it, and swears true) is here.

CLXXIII. LOSS OF MEMORY.

MEMORY! thou hidest from me far,
Hidest behind some twinkling star
Which peers o'er Pindus, or whose beam
Crosses that broad and rapid stream
Where Zeus in wily whiteness shone
And Leda left her virgin zone.
Often I catch thy glimpses stil
By that clear river, that lone hill,

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But seldom dost thou softly glide
To take thy station at my side,
When later friends and forms are near;
From these thy traces disappear,
And scarce a name can I recall
Of those I value most of all.
At times thou hurriest me away,
And, pointing out an earlier day,
Biddest me listen to a song
I ought to have forgotten long:
Then, looking up, I see above
The plumage of departing Love,
And when I cry, *Art thou too gone?*
He laughs at me and passes on.
Some images (alas how few!)
Stil sparkle in the evening dew
Along my path: and must they quite
Vanish before a deeper night?
Keep one, O Memory! yet awhile
And let me think I see it smile.

CLXXIV.

O POLITICS! ye wriggling reptiles, hatcht
In hot corruption, head and tail alike,
Can no man touch you but his hand must stink
Throughout the day? must sound become unsound
In your inclosure? O ye busy mites
That batten on our cheese, and fatten there
And seem its substance! Ye shall feel the pure
And cutting air, drop, and be swept away,
Scullery and sink receiving you, sent down
Race after race; and yet your brood outlast
Old Memnon, with his obelisks for guards,
And older chiefs whose tents are pyramids,
Your generations numberless, your food
Man's corrupt nature, man's corroded heart,
Man's liquified and unsubstantial brain.
Yea, while the world rolls on, unfelt to roll,
There will be grubs and Greys within its core.
Divested of their marrow and their nerve,
Gigantic forms lie underneath our feet
Without our knowing it: we pass, repass,

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And only stop (and then stop heedlessly
Or idly curious) when some patient sage
Explores and holds a bone before our eyes,
And says "*Ye've trampled on it long enough,*
Now let it teach you somewhat; try to learn.
Meanwhile the meadow hums with insect sounds,
And gilded backs and wings o'ertop the grass:
These are sought keenly, highly prized, and cased
(With titles on) in royal cabinets."

CLXXV. NAPIER.

SCINDE conquer'd, England's power restored,
Napier return'd each prince his sword;
Knarled with jewels, there were ten,
And all unsheath'd by gallant men.
"*Give me your honor and take mine*"
Said he. "*Behold the terms we sign!*"
He wrote to those at home who stand
At ease, and give at ease command;
And much of peace he spake, and more
Of men who blest the wounds they bore
For England's glory; of his own
What word did Napier utter? . . none.
Ripon was as discreet; he kept
The letter from all eyes and slept
Upon that battle-field.
"*But where*
The letter?"
"*Letter?* I declare
I have forgotten it."
Forget
The blow that rings o'er Indus yet,
And whose eternal echoes roll
From sea to sea, from pole to pole!
To save him his last grain of credit,
Let us believe he lied who said it.

CLXXVI. NELSON, COLLINGWOOD, PELLEW.

STEDFAST, energic, iron, was Nelson's will
To man, to woman flexible as gold.
Who are the pair beside him that support
His steps?

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Two greater even than himself;
More virtuous, nor less valiant; years on years,
They toil'd upon the waves, nor rested *this*
His weary feet on his domestic hearth,
Nor felt the embraces of a tender brood
Or wife, the cherisht of his youthful days:
And *that*, with countenance as firmly mild,
Shared nearly the same lot; but more than once
He claspt his blooming offspring to his breast,
Then sprang afloat.
Our annals shall record
Actions more glorious than whatever shone
O'er other lands and other seas: not Blake,
Not even Blake, tho arm'd by God himself,
Displayed more active, more intrepid skill,
More calm decision, than was thine, Pellew,
Deliverer of all captives that the world
Bemoan'd as helpless, hopeless, in Algiers.
France came and strode upon those shatter'd walls
And waved her flag above them, and stil waves,
Regardless of her vows. But when were oaths
By her regarded? even with herself?
The Frank of old in wood and swamp was free,
The Arab in his desart: now alike
They share the chain; one proud to see it shine,
The other biting it with frantic tooth
Til burnt alive for such fierce contumacy.

Bitter are many tears, but sweet are some;
These have short courses, those run long and wide.
Who hath not struck his brow when Time hath plow'd
Its flowery fields, at thought of wrong and pain
A careless hour inflicted? Mere neglect
Of helping up a sufferer, is enough
By its reflection to o'ershadow years
Serenely lying on life's colder slope.
Well is it for us when we feel the power
To take another turn, a fairer view,
And bring back homeward little charities,
And hear kind words and grateful sighs again.
Ah! 'tis refreshing as the earlier breath
Of mower's morn: then tears are sweet indeed,
And from no earth-stain'd sources do they flow.

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CLXXVII. INGRATITUDE. 18th Nov. 1852.

INGRATITUDE! we seldom miss
Thy presence in a world like this;
But thou wert always fond of state,
A close attendant on the great.
So little mix I with mankind,
I am doubtful in what house to find
One whom scarce any but hath known . .
Ingratitude! where art thou flown?
O'er chariot-wheels and horns and drums
A voice (I think I know it) comes.
What says it? In my ear it says,
"Men differ in awarding praise;
But here the nations all unite
In one applause, since each one's right
His sword asserted; every prince
Swore under it" . . And unswore since.
Of iron crown and sour-krout heart,
Austria, she only, stands apart.
Is this a novelty? Before,
When the fierce Turk unhinged her door,
And Sobieski struggled hard
To bar it, what was his reward?
When Wallenstein no more enlarged
The lands he rescued, he was charged
With treason: when Savoy's Eugene
Saw her fly back, and stood between
Her recreant duke and rushing foe,
And warded off the final blow;
When Marlborough swell'd the Danau's flood
With Gallick and Bavarian blood;
What won they? what? Ingratitude.
Thus to herself is Austria true . .
Nought better, wiser, could she do,
Than from all honors thus abstain
To him who gave her power to reign.
Two chiefs hath Austria quite her own,
Two fit supporters of the throne:
One from the bailifs ran away,
And one from those who load the dray.
Ah! how much worthier such men are
Than Wellington, to wear her star,

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Her cross, inexplicable riddle,*
Her tup, hung dangling by the middle,
And, overgorged with gore at Pest,
Eagle, that now befouls the nest.

CLXXVIII. ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

ASKEST thou if in my youth I have mounted, as others have mounted,
Galloping Hexameter, Pentameter cantering after,
English by dam and by sire; bit, bridle, and saddlery, English;
English the girths and the shoes; all English from snaffle to crupper;
Everything English about, excepting the tune of the jockey?
Latin and Greek, it is true, I have often attacht to my phaeton
Early in life, and sometimes have I order'd them out in its evening,
Dusting the linings, and pleas'd to have found them unworn and untarnisht.
Idle! but Idleness looks never better than close upon sunset.
Seldom my goosequill, of goose from Germany, fatted in England,
(Frolicksome though I have been) have I tried on Hexameter, knowing
Latin and Greek are alone its languages. We have a measure
Fashion'd by Milton's own hand, a fuller, a deeper, a louder.
Germans may flounder at will over consonant, vowel, and liquid,
Liquid and vowel but one to a dozen of consonants, ending
Each with a verb at the tail, tail heavy as African ram's tail.
Spenser and Shakspeare had each his own harmony; each an enchanter
Wanting no aid from without. *Chevy Chase* had delighted their fathers,
Though of a different strain from the song on the *Wrath of Achilles*.
Southey was fain to pour forth his exuberant stream over regions
Near and remote: his command was absolute; every subject,
Little or great, he controll'd; in language, variety, fancy,
Richer than all his compeers, and wanton but once in dominion;
'Twas when he left the full well that for ages had run by his homestead,
Pushing the brambles aside which encumber'd another up higher,
Letting his bucket go down, and hearing it bump in descending,

* What the cross should mean on the breast of perjurers.

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Grating against the loose stones til it came but half-full from the bottom.
Others abstain'd from the task. Scott wander'd at large over Scotland;
Reckless of Roman and Greek, he chaunted the *Lay of the Minstrel*
Better than ever before any minstrel in chamber had chaunted.
Marmion mounted his horse with a shout such as rose under Ilion;
Venus, who sprang from the sea, had envied the *Lake and its Lady*.
Never on mountain or wild hath echo so cheerily sounded,
Never did monarch bestow such glorious meed upon knighthood,
Never had monarch the power, liberality, justice, discretion.
Byron liked new-paper'd rooms, and pull'd down old wainscoat of cedar;
Bright-color'd prints he preferr'd to the graver cartoons of a Raphael,
Sailor and Turk (with a sack) to Eginate and Parthenon marbles.
Splendid the palace he rais'd, the gin-palace in Poesy's purlieus;
Soft the divan on the sides, with spittoons for the qualmish and queesy.
Wordsworth, well pleas'd with himself, cared little for modern or ancient.
His was the moor and the tarn, the recess in the mountain, the woodland
Scatter'd with trees far and wide, trees never too solemn or lofty,
Never entangled with plants overrunning the villager's foot-path.
Equable was he and plain, but wandering a little in wisdom,
Sometimes flying from blood and sometimes pouring it freely:
Yet he was English at heart. If his words were too many; if Fancy's
Furniture lookt rather scant in a whitewasht and homely apartment;
If in his rural designs there is sameness and tameness; if often
Feebleness is there for breadth; if his pencil wants rounding and pointing;
Few of this age or the last stand out on the like elevation.
There is a sheepfold he rais'd which my memory loves to revisit,
Sheepfold whose wall shall endure when there is not a stone of the palace.

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Keats, the most Grecian of all, rejected the meter of Grecians;
Poesy breath'd over *him*, breath'd constantly, tenderly, freshly;
Wordsworth she left now and then, outstretcht in a slumberous languor,
Slightly displeased . . but return'd, as Aurora return'd to Tithonus.
Stil there are walking on earth many poets whom ages hereafter
Will be more willing to praise than we now are to praise one another:
Some do I know; but I fear, as is meet, to recount or report them,
For, be whatever the name that is foremost, the next will run over,
Trampling and rolling in dust his excellent friend the precursor.
Peace be with all! but afar be ambition to follow the Roman,
Led by the German uncomb'd and jigging in dactyl and spondee,
Lumbering shapeless jackboots which nothing can polish or supple.
Much as old meters delight me, 't is only where first they were nurtured,
In their own clime, their own speech: than pamper them here, I would rather
Tie up my Pegasus tight to the scanty-fed rack of a sonnet.

CLXXIX. TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Gale of the night our fathers call'd thee, bird!
Surely not rude were they who call'd thee so,
Whether mid spring-tide mirth thy song they heard
Or whether its soft gurgle melted woe.

They knew not, heeded not, that every clime
Hath been attemper'd by thy minstrelsy;
They knew not, heeded not, from earliest time
How every poet's nest was warm'd by thee.

In Paradise's unpolluted bowers
Did Milton listen to thy freshest strain;
In his own night didst thou assuage the hours
When Crime and Tyranny were crown'd again.

Melodious Shelley caught thy softest song,
And they who heard his music heard not thine;
Gentle and joyous, delicate and strong,
From the far tomb his voice shall silence mine.

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CLXXX. ROLAND.

WHEN she whose glory casts in shade
France and her best and bravest, was convey'd
Thither where all worth praise had bled,
An aged man in the same car was led
To the same end. The only way,
Roland! to soothe his fear didst thou essay.
"O sir! indeed you must not see
The blood that is about to flow from me.
Mount first these steps. A mother torne
From her one child worse pangs each day hath borne."
He trembled . . but obey'd the word . .
Then sprang she up and met the reeking sword.

CLXXXI. CORDAY.

HEARTS must not sink at seeing Law lie dead;
No, Corday, no;
Else Justice had not crown'd in heaven thy head
Profaned below.

Three women France hath borne, each greater far
Than all her men,
And greater many were than any are
At sword or pen.

Corneille, the first among Gaul's rhymer race
Whose soul was free,
Descends from his high station, proud to trace
His line in thee.

CLXXXII. JANE OF ARC.

O MAID of *Arc!* why dare I not to say
Of *Orleans?* There thro flames thy glory shone.
Accursed, thrice accursed, be the day
When English tongues could mock thy parting groan.

With Saints and Angels art thou seated now,
And with true-hearted patriots, host more rare!
To thine is bent in love a Milton's brow,
With many a Demon under . . and Voltaire.

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CLXXXIII.

ON THE STATUE OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT BY NEVILLE BURNARD, ORDERED BY THE WORKING MEN OF SHEFFIELD.

GLORY to those who give it! who erect
The bronze and marble, not where frothy tongue
Or bloody hand points out, no, but where God
Ordains the humble to walk forth before
The humble, and mount higher than the high.
Wisely, O Sheffield, wisely hast thou done
To place thy Elliott on the plinth of fame,
Wisely hast chosen for that solemn deed
One like himself, born where no mother's love
Wrapt purple round him, nor rang golden bells,
Pendent from Libyan coral, in his ear,
To catch a smile or calm a petulance,
Nor tickled downy scalp with Belgic lace;
But whom strong Genius took from Poverty
And said *Rise, mother, and behold thy child!*
She rose, and Pride rose with her, but was mute.
 Three Elliotts there have been, three glorious men
Each in his generation. One was doom'd
By Despotism and Prelaty to pine
In the damp dungeon, and to die for Law,
Rackt by slow tortures ere he reacht the grave.*
A second hurl'd his thunderbolt and flame
When Gaul and Spaniard moor'd their pinnaces,
Screaming defiance at Gibraltar's frown,
Until one moment more, and other screams
And other writhings rose above the wave,
From sails afire and hissing where they fell,
And men half burnt along the buoyant mast.
A third came calmly on, and askt the rich
To give laborious hunger daily bread,
As they in childhood had been taught to pray
By God's own Son, and sometimes have praid since.
God heard; but they heard not: God sent down bread;
They took it, kept it all, and cried for more,
Hollowing both hands to catch and clutch the crumbs.
 I may not live to hear another voice,
Elliott, of power to penetrate, as thine,
Dense multitudes; another none may see

* See Forster's *Statesmen of the Commonwealth.*

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Leading the Muses from unthrifty shades
To fields where corn gladdens the heart of Man,
And where the trumpet with defiant blast
Blows in the face of War, and yields to Peace.
Therefor take thou these leaves . . fresh, firm, tho scant
To crown the City that crowns thee her son.
She must decay; Toledo hath decaid;
Ebro hath half-forgotten what bright arms
Flasht on his waters, what high dames adorn'd
The baldric, what torn flags o'erhung the aile,
What parting gift the ransom'd knight exchanged.
But louder than the anvil rings the lyre;
And thine hath raised another city's wall
In solid strength to a proud eminence,
Which neither conqueror, crushing braver men,
Nor time, o'ercoming conqueror, can destroy.
So now, ennobled by thy birth, to thee
She lifts, with pious love, the thoughtful stone.
Genius is tired in search of Gratitude;
Here they have met; may neither say farewell!

CLXXXIV. GERMAN HEXAMETERS.

GERMANY! thou art indeed to the bard his Hercynian forest;
Puffy with tufts of coarse grass; much of stunted (no high-growing) timber;
Keeping your own, and content with the measure your sires have bequeath'd you,
Germans! let Latium rest, and leave the old pipe where ye found it;
Leave ye the thirtyfold farrow so quietly sucking their mother
On the warm sands; they will starve or run wild in the brakes and the brambles,
Swampy, intangled, and dark, and without any passable road through:
Yet there are many who wander so far from the pleasanter places,
Airy and sunny and sound and adorn'd with the garden and fountain,
Garden where Artemis stands, and fountain where Venus is bathing,
All the three Graces close by: at a distance, and somewhat above her,

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(Only the sky overhead) is Apollo the slayer of Python:
Opposite, minding him not, but intent upon bending his own bow,
Stands other archer, less tall, whom the slayer of Python had knelt to
Often, when Daphne was coy, and who laught at his handful of laurel.
Flounder in mud, honest men, then smoke to the end of the journey,
Only let me undisturb'd enjoy the lone scenes ye relinquish:
Strike we a bargain at once: give me these; and to you I abandon
Carpenter, cordwainer, tapster, host, pedlar, itinerant actor,
Tinker and tailor and baker and mender of saddles and bellows,
With whomsoever ye list of *Odd Fellows*, of *Old Free-And-Easy*.
Never shall enter my lips your tobacco-pipe, never your bevrage,
Bevrage that Bacchus abhors: let it fuddle the beast of Silenus.
Frere is contented to smile, but loud is the laughter of Canning.

CLXXXV. FABLE FOR POETS.

A FLEA had nestled to a dove
Closely as Innocence or Love.
Loth was the dove to take offence
As Love would be, or Innocence.
When on a sudden said the flea
"I wonder what you think of me."
Timidly, as becomes the young,
The dove thus answer'd.
"You are strong
And active, and our house's friend."
"No doubt! and here my merits end?"
Cried the pert flea. A moth flew by.
"Which pleases most, that moth or I?"
The dove said, "Should not I love best,
The constant partner of my nest?"
"Come! that won't do: I wish to hear
Which is most handsome, not most dear."
Innocence in advance of Love
Prompted, and thus replied the dove.
"He may have richer colors" . . .
"He?
What! and do you too speak of me
Disparaging?" Off bounced the flea.

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CLXXXVI.

THERE are some words in every tongue
That come betimes and linger long:
In every land those words men hear
When Youth with rosebud crown draws near;
Men hear those words when life's full stream
Is rushing to disturb their dream;
When slowly swings life's vesper bell
Between its throbs they hear it well,
Fainter the sound, but stil the same,
Recalling one beloved name;
And graven on ice that name they find
When Age hath struck them almost blind.

CLXXXVII. PHELIM'S PRAYER TO ST. VITUS.

THERE was a damsel ill in Limerick
Of that distemper which impels the nerves
To motion without will; a dance 'tis call'd,
Of which Saint Vitus is the dancing-master.
Phelim O'Murrough saw the damsel late
Recover'd from this malady: he askt
What it was call'd? who cured it? having heard,
Homeward he hasten'd; yet before the porch
Of the first chapel lying in his road
He fell upon his knees, and thus he pray'd:
"Ah! now, Saint Vitis! may it plaise yer Honor!
Ye know as well as any in the world
I never troubled ye, and seldom yours
By father's side or mother's, or presumed
To give the master of the house a wink,
Or bother his dear son about my wife.
But, now I know what ails her, I would fain
Jist tell ye what she suffers from . . the same
As lately visited Peg Corcoran
At the bridge-end (see ye) in Limerick,
She had it in her limbs, in every one,
Yet she found saints (your Honor above all)
Who minded her and set her up again.
Now surely, good Saint Vitis! bless your heart!
If you could cure (and who shall doubt you could?)

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Such awful earthquakes over every limb,
'Twould give your Honor mighty little trouble
To lay one finger on one spot alone
Of my poor wife. Unaisy soul! her dance,
The devil's own dance, she dances day and night;
But only with the tongue . . Save now and then
It seizes foot and fist and stirs them sore.
She can not help, poor crathur! but must hoot
Murther! bad luck to ye! and *bloody thief!*
At every kick and cuff that she vouchsafes.
These, plaise ye, are the burthen of the song,
And this the dance she leads me up and down,
Without one blest *vobiscum*, evermore.
Could not yer Honor stop that wagging tongue
And woeful fist and thundering foot of hers?
Do now! and Phelim will, when call'd upon,
Work for ye three hard days in Paradise."

CLXXXVIII. CONVERTERS.

All trifle life away; the light and grave
Trifle it equally. If 'twere at home
'Twere well; but they are busy too abroad.
They loudly cry, "Take not God's name in vain,"
And call God down to punish all he hates:
The fools are fewer than the hypocrites;
And yet the fools are Legion.
Viper brood!
Denounced by Him, the gentle and the pure,
Whom your transgressions persecute, look up
And read the tables of eternal law.
Idlers, and worse than idlers, ye collect
Pebbles and shells along the Red Sea coast,
Horeb and Sinai standing close before,
And you not looking from above the sands!

CLXXXIX. TO ANTINÖE IN PARIS, 1802.

I value not the proud and stern
Who ruled of old o'er bleak Auvergne,
Whose images you fear'd to pass
Recumbent under arching brass,

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Nor thought how fondly they had smiled
Could they have seen their future child.
And yet, Antinöe, I would pray
Saint after saint to see the day
When undejected you once more
Might pass along that chappel-floor;
When, standing at its altar crown'd
With wild flowers from the ruin round,
Your village priest might hear and bless
A love that never shall be less.

CXC.

Cistus! whose fragil flower
Waits but the vesper hour
To droop and fall,
Smoothen thy petals now
The Floral Fates allow . .
Ah why so ruffled in fresh youth are all?
Thou breathest on my breast,
"We are but like the rest
Of our whole family;
Ruffled we are, 'tis true,
Thro life; but are not *you?* . .
Without our privilege so soon to die."

CXCI. FABLE TO BE LEARNT BY BEGINNERS.

There lived a diver once whose boast
Was that he brought up treasures lost,
However deep, beneath the sea
Of glossy-hair'd Parthenope.
To try him, people oft threw in
A silver cross or gold zecchin.
Down went the diver "fathoms nine,"
And you might see the metal shine
Between his lips or on his head,
While lazy Tethys lay abed,
And not a Nereid round her heard
The green pearl-spangled curtain stir'd.
One day a tempting fiend threw down,
Where whirl'd the waves, a tinsel crown,
And said, "O diver, you who dive
Deeper than any man alive,

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And see, where other folks are blind,
And, what all others miss, can find,
You saw the splendid crown I threw
Into the whirlpool: now can you
Recover it? thus won, you may
Wear it . . not once, but every day,
So may your sons." Down, down he sprang . .
A hundred Nereids heard the clang,
And closed him round and held him fast . .
The diver there had dived his last.

CXCII. ODE TO SICILY.

I.

No mortal hand hath struck the heroick string
Since Milton's lay in death across his breast.
But shall the lyre then rest
Along tired Cupid's wing
With vilest dust upon it? This of late
Hath been its fate.

II.

But thou, O Sicily! art born agen.
Far over chariots and Olympic steeds
I see the heads and the stout arms of men,
And will record (God give me power!) their deeds.

III.

Hail to thee first, Palermo! hail to thee
Who callest with loud voice, "*Arise! be free;*
Weak is the hand and rusty is the chain."
Thou callest; nor in vain.

IV.

Not only from the mountain rushes forth
The knighthood of the North,
In whom my soul elate
Owns now a race cognate,
But even the couch of Sloth 'mid painted walls
Swells up, and men start forth from it, where calls
The voice of Honor, long, too long, unheard.

V.

Not that the wretch was fear'd
Who fear'd the meanest as he fear'd the best,
(A reed could break his rest)
But that around all kings
For ever springs

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A wasting vapor that absorbs the fire
Of all that would rise higher.

VI.

Even free nations will not let there be
More nations free.
Witness (O shame!) our own..
Of late years viler none.
The second Charles found many and made more
Base as himself: his reign is not yet o'er.

VII.

To gratify a brood
Swamp-fed amid the Suabian wood,
The sons of Lusitania were cajoled
And bound and sold,
And sent in chains where we unchain the slave
We die with thirst to save.

VIII.

Ye too, Sicilians, ye too gave we up
To drain the bitter cup
Ye now dash from ye in the despot's face..
O glorious race,

IX.

Which Hiero, Gelon, Pindar, sat among
And prais'd for weaker deeds in deathless song;
One is yet left to laud ye. Years have mar'd
My voice, my prelude for some better bard,
When such shall rise, and such your deeds create.

X.

In the lone woods, and late,
Murmurs swell loud and louder, til at last
So strong the blast
That the whole forest, earth, and sea, and sky,
To the loud surge reply.

XI.

Show, in the circle of six hundred years,
Show me a Bourbon on whose brow appears
No brand of traitor. Prune the tree..
From the same stock for ever will there be
The same foul canker, the same bitter fruit.
Strike, Sicily, uproot
The cursed upas. Never trust
That race agen; down with it, dust to dust.

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CXCIII.

MEN will be slaves; let them; but force them not;
To force them into freedom is stil worse;
In one they follow their prone nature's bent,
But in the other stagger all awry,
Blind, clamorous, and with violence overthrow
The chairs and tables of the untasted feast.
Bastiles are reconstructed soon enough,
Temples are long in rising, once cast down,
And ever, when men want them, there are those
Who tell them they shall have them, but premise
That they shall rule within them and without.
Their voices, and theirs only, reach to heaven,
Their sprinkler cleanses souls from inborn sin
With its sow-bristles shaken in the face,
Their surplice sanctifies the marriage-bed,
Their bell and candle drive the devil off
The deathbed, and their purchast prayers cut short
All pains that would await them after death.
O plains of Tours that rang with Martel's arms
Victorious! these are then the fruits ye bear
From Saracenic blood! one only God
Had else been worshipt . . but that one perhaps
Had seen less fraud, less cruelty, below.

CXCIV. AN OLD MAN TO A YOUNG GIRL.

I SAW the arrow quit the bow
To lay thy soaring spirits low,
And warn'd thee long ere now;
For this thou shunnest me, for this
No more the leap to catch the kiss
Upon thy calm clear brow.

I pitied thee, well knowing why
The broken song, the book thrown by,
And Fido's foot put down,
Who looks so sorrowing all the while,
To hear no name, to hope no smile,
To fear almost a frown.

Lovers who see thy drooping head
In lover's phrase have often said,

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"The lily drives the rose
In shame away from that sweet face,
Yet shall she soon regain her place
And fresher bloom disclose."

Show them, show one above the rest,
A lily's petals idly prest
Are firm as they are pure;
Those which but once have given way
Stand up erect no second day,
No gentlest touch endure.

CXCV. GONFALIONIERI.

I.

THE purest breast that breathes Ausonian air,
Utter'd these words. Hear them, all lands! repeat
All ages! on thy heart the record bear
Til the last tyrant gasp beneath thy feet,
Thou who hast seen in quiet death lie down
The skulking recreant of the changeling crown.

II.

"I am an old man now; and yet my soul
By fifteen years is younger than its frame:
Fifteen I lived (if life it was) in one
Dark dungeon, ten feet square: alone I dwelt
Six; then another enter'd: by his voice
I knew it was a man: I could not see
Feature or figure in that dismal place.
One year we talkt together of the past,
Of joys for ever gone . . ay, worse than gone,
Remember'd, prest into our hearts, that swell'd
And sorely soften'd under them: the next,
We exchanged what thoughts we found: the third, no thought
Was left us; memory alone remain'd.
The fourth, we askt each other, if indeed
The world had life within it, life and joy
As when we left it.
Now the fifth had come,
And we sat silent: all our store was spent.
When the sixth enter'd, he had disappear'd,
Either for death or doom less merciful:
And I repined not! all things were less sad
Than that dim vision, that unshapen form

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A year or two years after (indistinct
Was time, as light was, in that cell) the door
Crept open, and these sounds came slowly through:
His Majesty the Emperor and King
Informs you that twelve months ago your wife
Quitted the living . .
I did hear the words,
All, ere I fell, then heard not bolt nor bar."

III.

And shall those live who help with armed hand
The weak oppressor? Shall those live who clear
The path before him with their golden wand?
Tremble, vile slaves! your final hour draws near!
Purveyors of a panther's feast are ye,
Degenerate children of brave Maccabee!

IV.

And dare ye claim to sit where Hampden sate,
Where Pym and Eliot warn'd the men of blood;
Where on the wall Charles red his written fate,
And Cromwell sign'd what Milton saw was good?
Away, ye panders of assassin lust,
Nor ever hope to lick that holy dust.

CXCVI. TO FRANCIS HARE,

BURIED AT PALERMO, ON THE INSURRECTION OF SICILY AND NAPLES.

HARE! thou art sleeping where the sun strikes hot
On the gold letters that inscribe thy tomb,
And what there passeth round thee knowest not,
Nor pierce those eyes (so joyous once) the gloom;

Else would the brightest vision of thy youth
Rise up before thee, not by Fancy led,
But moving stately at the side of Truth,
Nor higher than the living stand the dead.

CXCVII. TO SAINT CHARLES BORROMEO,

ON THE MASSACRE AT MILAN.

I.

SAINT, beyond all in glory who surround
The throne above!
Thy placid brow no thorn blood-dropping crown'd,
No grief came o'er thy love,

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II.

Save what they suffer'd whom the Plague's dull fire
Wasted away,
Or those whom Heaven at last let worse Desire
Sweep with soft swoop away.

III.

If thou art standing high above the place
Where Verban gleams,
Where Art and Nature give thee form and space
As best beseems,

IV.

Look down on thy fair country, and most fair
The sister iles;
Whence gratitude eternal mounts with prayer,
Where spring eternal smiles;

V.

Watch over that brave youth who bears thy name,
And bears it well,
Unmindful never of the sacred flame
With which his temples swell

VI.

When praise from thousands breathes beneath thy shrine,
And incense steeps
Thy calm brow bending over them, for thine
Is bent on him who weeps;

VII.

And, O most holy one! what tears are shed
Thro all thy town!
Thou wilt with pity on the brave and dead,
God will with wrath, look down.

CXCVIII.

SLEEP, tho to Age so needful, shuns my eyes,
And visions, brighter than Sleep brings, arise.
I hear the Norman arms before me ring,
I see them flash upon a prostrate king.
They conquer'd Britain as they conquer'd France..
Far over Sicily was hurl'd the lance..
The barking heads by Scylla all croucht low,
And fierce Charybdis wail'd beneath the blow.
Now Sparta-sprung Taranto hail'd again
More daring Spartans on his fertile plain;

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Now Croton saw fresh Milos rise around;
And Sybaris, with recent roses crown'd,
Yielded to Valour her consenting charms
And felt the flush that Beauty feels from arms.

CXCIX. DANTE.

Ere blasts from northern lands
Had cover'd Italy with barren sands,
Rome's Genius, smitten sore,
Wail'd on the Danube, and was heard no more.
Twelve centuries had past
And crusht Etruria rais'd her head at last.
A mightier Power she saw,
Poet and prophet, give three worlds the law.
When Dante's strength arose
Fraud met aghast the boldest of her foes;
Religion, sick to death,
Lookt doubtful up, and drew in pain her breath.
Both to one grave are gone;
Altars stil smoke, stil is the God unknown.
Haste, whoso from above
Comest with purer fire and larger love,
Quenchest the Stygian torch,
And leadest from the *Garden* and the *Porch*,
Where gales breathe fresh and free,
And where a Grace is call'd a Charity,
To Him, the God of peace,
Who bids all discord in his household cease . .
Bids it, and bids again,
But to the purple-vested speaks in vain.
Crying, 'Can this be borne?'
The consecrated wine-skins creak with scorn;
While, leaving tumult there,
To quiet idols young and old repair,
In places where is light
To lighten day . . and dark to darken night.

CC.

I.

I told ye, since the prophet Milton's day
Heroic song hath never swept the earth
To soar in flaming chariot up to Heaven.

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Taunt, little children! taunt ye while ye may.
Natural your wonder, natural is your mirth,
Natural your weakness. Ye are all forgiven.

II.

One man above all other men is great,
Even on this globe, where dust obscures the sign.
God closed his eyes to pour into his heart
His own pure wisdom. In chill house he sate,
Fed only on those fruits the hand divine
Disdain'd not, thro his angels, to impart.

III.

He was despised of those he would have spilt
His blood to ransom. How much happier we,
Altho so small and feeble! We are taught
There may be national, not royal guilt,
And, if there has been, then there ought to be,
But 'tis the illusion of a mind distraught.

IV.

This with a tiny hand of ductile lead
Shows me the way; this takes me down his slate,
Draws me a line and teaches me to write;
Another pats me kindly on the head,
But finds one letter here and there too great,
One passable, one pretty well, one quite.

V.

No wonder I am proud. At such award
The Muse most virginal would raise her chin
Forth from her collar-bone. What inward fire
Must swell the bosom of that favor'd bard
And wake to vigorous life the germ within,
On whom such judges look with such regard!

CCI. TO VERONA.

To violate the sanctitude of song,
Of love, of sepulture, have I abstain'd,
Verona! nor would let just wrath approach
Garden or theater: but wrongs are heapt
On thy fair head: my pen must help the sword
To sweep them off.
Shall Austria hatch beneath
Thy sunny citadel her mealworm brood?
Shall Austria pluck thy olives, press thy grapes,

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Garner thy corn, thy flocks and herds consume?
Enough 'tis surely that Parthenopè
Bends under the false Bourbon. Foren force
Crushes, and let it crush, the unmanly race,
Degenerate even from Sybarites; but thine
The warlike Gaul and Rome's austerer son
Rear'd up to manhood and begirt in arms.
Rise then, Verona! Lift the wave of war,
As Nature lifts Benacus at thy side,
Tempestuous in its surges, while the banks
Are blithe around, and heaven above serene.
The toad's flat claws hold not the dolphin down,
Nor sinks and sewers pollute the Adrian wave.

CCII.

I.

Few poets beckon to the calmly good,
Few lay a hallowing hand upon the head
Which lowers its barbarous for our Delphick crown:
But loose strings rattle on unseason'd wood
And weak words whiffle round where Virtue's meed
Shrines in a smile or shrivels in a frown.

II.

He shall not give it, shall not touch it, he
Who crawls into the gold-mine, bending low
And bringing from its dripples with much mire
One shining atom. Could it ever be,
O God of light and song? The breast must glow
Not with thine only, but with Virtue's fire.

CCIII. SAPPHO'S EXPOSTULATION.

Forget thee? when? *Thou* biddest me? dost *thou*
Bid me, what men alone can, break my vow?
O my too well beloved! is there aught
I ever have forgot which thou hast taught?
And shall the lesson first by thee imprest
Drop, chapter after chapter, from my breast?
Since love's last flickering flame from thine is gone,
Leave me, O leave me stil, at least my own.
Let it burn on, if only to consume,
And light me, tho it light me to the tomb.

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False are our dreams or there are fields below
To which the weariest feet the swiftest go;
And there are bitter streams the wretched bless,
Before whose thirst they lose their bitterness.
'Tis hard to love! to unlove harder yet!
Not so to die . . and then . . perhaps . . forget.

CCIV.

WHAT slender youth perfused with fresh macassar
Wooes thee, O England, in St. Stephen's bower?
For whom unlockest thou the chest that holds thy dower?

Simple as ever! Is there a deluder
Thou hast not listen'd to, thou hast not changed,
Laughing at one and all o'er whom thy fancy ranged?

The last that won thee was not overhappy,
And people found him wavering like thyself:
The little man looks less now laid upon the shelf.

While the big waves against the rocks are breaking,
And small ones toss and tumble, fume and fret,
Along the sunny wall I have hung up my net.

CCV. THE HALL AND THE COTTAGE.

A MAN there sate, not old, but weak and worn
Worse than age wears and weakens, near a wall
Where dogs inside were playing round the court,
While, conscious of his station in the house,
Deep-sided, ebon-footed, and ring-tail'd,
Stalkt the gray cat, and all about gave way.
Yet, fearless of her talon, pigeons dropt,
First one, and then another, from the roof,
To pick up crumbs, shaken from snow-white cloth.
Winter had now set in, and genial fires
Drew families around them; near the grate
The small round table left the large behind;
And filberts bristled up, and medlars oped
Their uncouth lids, and chesnuts were reveal'd
Beneath the folded napkin, moist and hot.
Scant had the bounty been if all this store,

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Supervacaneous, had gone forth bestow'd
On the poor wretch outside: he never rais'd
His hopes, he never rais'd his thoughts, so high.
Dinner was over in that pleasant home,
And worthy were its inmates to enjoy
In peace its plenteous yet uncostly fare.
Little they thought that while the dogs within
The court were playing, some of them erect
Against their adversary, couchant some
And panting to spring forward, while the doves
Cooed hoarse with crop replenisht, and walkt round
Each his own mate, trailing along the tiles
His wing, his bosom purpling with content;
Little thought they how near them loiter'd one
Who might have envied the least happy cur
Or cat or pigeon. To his cottage bent
His fancy, from his own sad cares repel'd.
Fancies are fond of lying upon down,
Tho they are often bred and born elsewhere;
His was a strange one. But men's minds are warpt
By fortune or misfortune, weal or woe,
By heat and cold alike. The hungry man
Thought of his children's hunger; the sharp blast
Blew from them only. When he rais'd his eyes
And saw the smoke ascending o'er the hall,
He said . . his words are written . . God knows where . .
"O! could I only catch that smoke which wreathes
And riots round the rich man's chimney-vane,
And bring it down among my ice-cold brats,
They would not look and turn away from me,
And rather press the damp brick floor again
With their blue faces, than see him they call'd
Father! dear father! when they woke ere dawn."

CCVI. ON THE SLAUGHTER OF THE BROTHERS BANDIERI, BETRAYED TO THE KING OF NAPLES.

Borne on white horses, which the God of Thrace
Rein'd not for wanton Glory in the race
Of Elis, when from far
Ran forth the regal car,
Even from Syracuse, across the sea,
To roll its thunder thro that fruitless lea;

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No; but on steeds whose foam
Flew o'er the helm of Rome,
Came Castor and his brother; at which sight
A shout of victory drown'd the din of fight.
O Rome! O Italy!
Doom'd are ye, doom'd to see
Nor guides divine nor high-aspiring men,
Nor proudly tread the battle-field agen?
Lo! who are they who land
Upon that southern strand?
Ingenuous are their faces, firm their gait . .
Ah! but what darkness follows them? . . 'tis Fate!
They turn their heads . . and blood
Alone shows where they stood!
Sons of Bandiera! heroes! by your name
Evoked shall inextinguishable flame
Rise, and o'er-run yon coast,
And animate the host
As did those Twins . . the murderers to pursue
Til the same sands their viler blood imbue.

CCVII. PROPER LESSON FOR CHARLES'S MARTYRDOM.

TO DIXWELL,

Who sate in judgment on Charles I., and whose descendant is erecting a monument to him in Boston, U. S.

THERE are whose hand can throw the shafts of song
Athwart wide oceans; barb'd with burning light
Do they dispell all mists Time throws around,
And where they fall men build the beacon-tower
And watch the cresset, age succeeding age.
Dixwell! whose name sounds highest toward heaven
Of all but one* the fresher earth hath seen,
Honor to thee! and everlasting praise!
Thou shrankest not at smiting Perjury
Under the crown: thou shrankest not at rocks
And shoals and ice-tower'd firths, and solitudes
And caverns where the hunter hunted man,
Remote from birthplace, kindred, comrade, friend.
Of seed like thine sprang Freedom strong and arm'd,
Whose empire shall extend beyond the shore
Where Montezuma's plumed head lies low,

* Washington.

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(A shore whose waters waft the name of Peace)
To realms more ancient than all realms beside,
Where the sun rises over far Cathay.
Blest be thy country! blest in sons like thine!
If lust of gold forbids it . . if the slave
Raises his manacle and pleads to God
And they who see and hear it mock the prayer,
At least shall thousands in my words exclaim
"Honor to *thee!* and everlasting praise!
Happy beyond all glory's happiness,
Look down on thy young nation; there alone
The weak and the distorted from the womb
Never are dandled into frowardness,
Never may seize and fracture what they list,
Striking at random stern and mild alike;
Nor floats the chaff above, nor sinks the grain."

CCVIII.

TENDEREST of tender hearts, of spirits pure
The purest! such, O Cowper! such wert thou,
But such are not the happiest: thou wert not,
Til borne where all those hearts and spirits rest.
Young was I, when from latin lore and greek
I played the truant for thy sweeter Task,
Nor since that hour hath aught our Muses held
Before me seem'd so precious; in one hour,
I saw the poet and the sage unite,
More grave than man, more versatile than boy!
Spenser shed over me his sunny dreams;
Chaucer far more enchanted me; the force
Of Milton was for boyhood too austere,
Yet often did I steal a glance at Eve:
Fitter for after-years was Shakespeare's world,
Its distant light had not come down to mine.
Thy milder beams with wholesome temperate warmth
Fill'd the small chamber of my quiet breast.
I would become as like thee as I could;
First rose the wish and then the half-belief,
Founded like other half and whole beliefs
On sand and chaff! "We must be like," said I,
"I loved my hare before I heard of his."
'Twas very true; I loved him, though he stampt

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Sometimes in anger, often moodily.
I am the better for it: stil I love
God's unperverted creatures, one and all,
I dare not call them brute, lest they retort.
And here is one who looks into my face,
Waving his curly plumes upon his back,
And bids me promise faithfully, no hare
Of thine need fear him when they meet above.

CCIX. TO YOUTH.

WHERE art thou gone, light-ankled Youth?
With wing at either shoulder,
And smile that never left thy mouth
Until the Hours grew colder:

Then somewhat seem'd to whisper near
That thou and I must part;
I doubted it; I felt no fear,
No weight upon the heart:

If aught befell it, Love was by
And roll'd it off again;
So, if there ever was a sigh,
'Twas not a sigh of pain.

I may not call thee back; but thou
Returnest when the hand
Of gentle Sleep waves o'er my brow
His poppy-crested wand;

Then smiling eyes bend over mine,
Then lips once prest invite;
But Sleep hath given a silent sign
And both, alas! take flight.

CCX. TO AGE.

WELCOME, old friend! These many years
Have we lived door by door:
The Fates have laid aside their shears
Perhaps for some few more.

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I was indocil at an age
When better boys were taught,
But thou at length hast made me sage,
If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,
Too little they from me,
But thou hast pointed well the pen
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope,
One vile, the other vain;
One's scourge, the other's telescope,
I shall not see again:

Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage . .
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of Age.

CCXL.

Now yellow hazels fringe the greener plain
And mountains show their unchain'd necks again,
And little rivulets beneath them creep
And gleam and glitter in each cloven steep;
Now, when supplanted by insidious snow
The huge stone rolls into the lake below,
What can detain my lovely friend from home,
Fond in these scenes, her earlier scenes, to roam?
'Tis that mid fogs and smoke she hears the claim
And feels the love of freedom and of fame:
Before those two she bends serenely meek . .
They also bend, and kiss her paler cheek.

CCXII. ON MUSIC.

Many love music but for music's sake,
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast half-dead,
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.

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What various feelings come from days gone by!
What tears from far-off sources dim the eye!
Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play
And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,
Mind how at every touch, at every tone,
A spark of life hath glisten'd and hath gone.

CCXIII. TYRANNICIDE.

DANGER is not in action, but in sloth;
By sloth alone we lose
Our strength, our substance, and, far more than both,
The guerdon of the Muse.
Men kill without compunction hawk and kite;
To save the folded flock
They chase the wily plunderer of the night
O'er thicket, marsh, and rock.
Sacred no longer is Our Lord the wolf
Nor crown'd is crocodile:
And shall ye worship on the Baltick Gulph
The refuse of the Nile?
Among the myriad men of murder'd sires
Is there not one stil left
Whom wrongs and vengeance urge, whom virtue fires?
One conscious how bereft
Of all is he . . of country, kindred, home . .
He, doom'd to drag along
The dray of serfdom, or thro lands to roam
That mock an unknown tongue?
A better faith was theirs than pulpits preach
Who struck the tyrant down,
Who taught the brave how patriot brands can reach
And crush the proudest crown.
No law for him who stands above the law,
Trampling on truth and trust;
But hangman's hook or courtier's "privy paw"
Shall drag him thro the dust.
Most dear of all the Virtues to her Sire
Is Justice; and most dear
To Justice is Tyrannicide; the fire
That guides her flashes near.

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See o'er the desert God's red pillar tower!
Follow, ye Nations! raise
The hymn to God! To God alone be power
And majesty and praise! *

CCXIV. THE MOTHER OF PRINCE RUPERT.†

Sole one of all thy race
Who never brought disgrace
Upon thy native land!
Against the ruin'd wall
Where rang thy marriage-hall,
Now still as heaven, I stand,

And think upon thy son,
Who many laurels won
Where laurels should not grow,
Til England's star prevail'd
And Caledonia's paled,
And the dim crown lay low.

CCXV. JEALOUSY ACKNOWLEDGED.

Too happy poet! true it is indeed
That I am jealous of thee. Bright blue eyes
(Half eye half heaven) look up into thy face
From Tuscan bonnet of such sunny straw,
In wonderment . . Glorious is poetry;
But give me pretty girls, give youth, give joy;
If not *my* youth, another's; not *my* joy,
Then too another's. I, alas! have lost
My quailpipe: I must not approach thy marsh,
To lift the yellow goslings off the ground
And warm them in my bosom with my breath.
Sorely this vexes me; not all thy wares.
I have mill'd verses somewhat solider
And rounder and more ringing: what of that?

* Sciebat homo sapiens, jus semper hoc fuisse ut quæ tyranni eripuissent, ea *tyrannis interfectis*, ii quibus erepta essent, recuperarent. Ille vir fuit, nos quidem contemnendi. Cicero, Philip. 2.

† Justice has been lately done to his memory by the discriminating pen of Eliot Warburton. He died poor: his calumniator Clarendon was no "*whited sepulcher*," but a treasury of which the vault fell in.

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Meanwhile the bevy flutters home again,
And thou canst blandly lower thy head to one,
Murmuring the sonnet, whispering the roundelay,
Or haply . . such things *have* been done before . .
Give her, as from thy pantry, not from mine,
The crumbs of my seed-cake, all soakt in milk.

CCXVI. APPEAL TO SLEEP.

Soon to waken, may my Rose
Early sink in soft repose!
Mine! ah! mine she must not be,
But, O gentle Sleep, to thee
One as dear do I resign
As if Heaven had made her mine.
Gentle Sleep! O let her rest
Upon thy more quiet breast!
When pale Morn returns again,
She returns to gloom and pain,
For how many friends will say,
As their pride is torn away,
"Sweetest Rose! adieu! adieu!"
I may bear to say it too,
But afar from her and you.

CCXVII. A RAILROAD ECLOGUE.

FATHER.

What brought thee back, lad?

SON.

Father! the same feet
As took me brought me back, I warrant ye.

FATHER.

Couldst thou not find the rail?

SON.

The deuce himself,
Who can find most things, could not find the rail.

FATHER.

Plain as a pike-staff miles and miles it lies.

SON.

So they all told me. Pike-staffs in your day
Must have been hugely plainer than just now.

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FATHER.

What didst thou ask for?

SON.

Ask for? Tewkesbury,
Thro Defford opposite to Breedon-hill.

FATHER.

Right: and they set ye wrong?

SON.

Me wrong? not they;
The best among 'em should not set me wrong,
Nor right, nor anything; I'd tell 'em that.

FATHER.

Herefordshire's short horns and shorter wits
Are known in every quarter of the land,
Those blunt, these blunter. Well! no help for it!
Each might do harm if each had more of each . .
Yet even in Herefordshire there are some
Not downright dolts . . before the cider's broacht,
When all are much alike . . yet most could tell
A railroad from a parish or a pike.
How thou couldst miss that railroad puzzles me,
Seeing there lies none other round about.

SON.

I found the rails along the whole brook-side
Left of that old stone bridge across yon Avon.

FATHER.

That is the place.

SON.

There was a house hard-by,
And past it ran a furnace upon wheels,
Like a mad bull, tail up in air, and horns
So low ye might not see 'em. On it bumpt,
Roaring, as strait as any arrow flits,
As strait, as fast too, ay, and faster went it,
And, could it keep its wind up and not crack,
Then woe betide the eggs at Tewkesbury
This market-day, and lambs, and sheep! a score

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Of pigs might be made flitches in a trice,
Before they well could knuckle.
Father! father!
If they were ourn, thou wouldst not chuckle so,
And shake thy sides, and wipe thy eyes, and rub
Thy breeches-knees, like Sunday shoes, at that rate.
Hows'ever

FATHER.

'Twas the train, lad, 'twas the train.

SON.

May-be: I had no business with a train.
"*Go thee by rail,*" you told me; "*by the rail*
At Defford" . . and didst make a fool of me.

FATHER.

Ay, lad, I did indeed: it was methinks
Some twenty years agone last Martinmas.

CCXVIII. SOME ANCIENT POET'S DITTY.

A LURID day is coming on, Melissa!
A day more sad than one of sleet and storm.
Together we, Melissa, *we* have spent
. . 'Twas not the summer of my life, 'twas not
The earliest, brightest, of autumnal hours,
Yet your sweet voice persuaded me 'twas spring:
You said you felt it so, and so must I.
My hedge begins to show the naked thorn,
The glow-worm disappears from under it:
Impending is that hour when I must lay
My brow no longer on the placid lap
Of my beloved, bending my right arm,
Around her ancle in a sad constraint,
And fearing to look up and wake reproof
Which fain would slumber: then were lost that hand
Compressing now its petals over mine
And now relaxing to compress again,
Moist as was ever Hebè's or the Morn's.
I go where, sages tell us, bloom afresh
Heroines, divinities: I would not change
(Credulous as I am, and pious too)
Certainties for uncertainties; beside,
My soul is only soul enough for one.

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CCXIX. LEDA.

WONDER we that the highest star above
Sprang forth to thy embrace,
O Leda! wonder we, when daring Love
Turn'd thy averted face?

Smiles he had seen in Hebè, such as won
Him of the poplar crown.
Jove, until then half-envious of his son,
Then threw his scepter down.

Loose hung his eagle's wings; on either side
A dove thrust in her head:
Eagle had lost his fierceness, Jove his pride . .
And Leda what? . . her dread.

CCXX.

WHEN closes overhead the warmer ray,
And love has lived his little life away,
How dull and lingering comes the ancient tale,
How sorrowful the song of nightingale!
At last by weariness, not pain, opprest,
We pant for sleep, and find but broken rest;
A rest unbroken in due order comes,
And friends awake us in their happier homes.

CCXXI. ON THE APPROACH OF A SISTER'S DEATH.

SPIRIT who risest to eternal day,
O hear me in thy flight!
Detain thee longer on that opening way
I would not if I might.

Methinks a thousand come between us two
Whom thou wouldst rather hear:
Fraternal love thou smilest on; but who
Are they that press more near?

The sorrowful and innocent and wrong'd,
Yes, these are more thy own,
For these wilt thou be pleading seraph-tongued
(How soon!) before the Throne.

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CCXXII.

ON THE DEATH OF M. D'OSSOLI AND HIS WIFE MARGARET FULLER.

OVER his millions Death has lawful power,
But over thee, brave D'Ossoli! none, none.
After a longer struggle, in a fight
Worthy of Italy to youth restored,
Thou, far from home, art sunk beneath the surge
Of the Atlantick; on its shore; in reach
Of help; in trust of refuge; sunk with all
Precious on earth to thee . . a child, a wife!
Proud as thou wert of her, America
Is prouder, showing to her sons how high
Swells woman's courage in a virtuous breast.
She would not leave behind her those she loved:
Such solitary safety might become
Others; not her; not her who stood beside
The pallet of the wounded, when the worst
Of France and Perfidy assail'd the walls
Of unsuspicious Rome. Rest, glorious soul,
Renown'd for strength of genius, Margaret!
Rest with the twain too dear! My words are few,
And shortly none will hear my failing voice,
But the same language with more full appeal
Shall hail thee. Many are the sons of song
Whom thou hast heard upon thy native plains
Worthy to sing of thee: the hour is come;
Take we our seats and let the dirge begin.

CCXXIII.

AVON that never thirsts, nor toils along,
Nor looks in anger, listen'd to my song,
So that I envied not the passing names
Whose gilded barges burnisht prouder Thames,
Remembering well a better man than I,
Whom in those meads the giddy herd ran by,
What time the generous Raleigh bled to death,
And Lust and Craft play'd for Elizabeth.
While Murder in imperial robe sat by
To watch the twinkling of that sharp stern eye,
Til when a sister-queen was call'd to bleed,
Her fingers cased in jewels sign'd the deed!

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CCXXIV.

THERE was a lovely tree, I knew
And well remember where it grew,
And very often felt inclined
To hear its whispers in the wind.
One evening of a summer day
I went, without a thought, that way,
And, sitting down, I seem'd to hear
The tree's soft voice, and some one's near.
Yes, sure enough I saw a maid
With wakeful ear against it laid.
Silent was everything around
While thus the tree in quivering sound:
"They pant to cull our fruit, and take
A leaf, they tell us, for our sake,
On the most faithful breast to wear
And keep it, til both perish, there.
Sad pity such kind hearts should pant
So hard! We give them all they want.
They come soon after and just taste
The fruit, and throw it on the waste.
Again they come, and then pluck off
What poets call our hair, and scoff;
And long ere winter you may see
These leaves fall fluttering round the tree.
They come once more: then, then you find
The root cut round and undermined:
Chains are clencht round it: that fine head,
On which stil finer words were said,
Serves only to assist the blow
And lend them aid to lay it low."
Methinks I hear a gentle sigh,
And fain would guess the reason why;
It may have been for what was said
Of fruit and leaves, of root and head.

CCXXV. TO THE WORM.

FIRST-BORN of all creation! yet unsung!
I call thee not to listen to my lay,
For well I know thou turnest a deaf ear,
Indifferent to the sweetest of complaints,
Sweetest and most importunate. The voice

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Which would awaken, and which almost can,
The sleeping dead, thou rearest up against
And no more heedest than the wreck below.
Yet art thou gentle; and for due reward,
Because thou art so humble in thy ways,
Thou hast survived the giants of waste worlds,
Giants whom chaos left unborn behind,
And Earth with fierce abhorrence at first sight
Shook from her bosom, some on burning sands,
Others on icy mountains, far apart;
Mammoth, and mammoth's architype, and coil
Of serpent cable-long, and ponderous mail
Of lizard, to whom crocodile was dwarf.
Wrong too hath oft been done thee: I have watcht
The nightingale, that most inquisitive
Of plumed powers, send forth a sidelong glance
From the low hazel on the smooth footpath,
Attracted by a glimmering tortuous thread
Of silver left there when the dew had dried,
And dart on one of thine, that one of hers
Might play with it. Alas! the young will play,
Reckless of leaving pain and death behind.
I too (but early from such sin forbore)
Have fasten'd on my hook, aside the stream
Of shady Arrowe or the broad mill-pond,
Thy writhing race. Thou wilt more patiently
Await my hour, more quietly pursue
Thy destined prey legitimate.
First-born,
I call'd thee at the opening of my song;
Last of creation I will call thee now.
What fiery meteors have we seen transcend
Our firmament! and mighty was their power,
To leave a solitude and stench behind.
The vulture may have revell'd upon men;
Upon the vulture's self thou revellest:
Princes may hold high festival; for thee
Chiefly they hold it. Every dish removed,
Thou comest in the silence of the night,
Takest thy place, thy train insinuatest
Into the breast, lappest that wrinkled heart
Stone-cold within, and with fresh appetite

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Agen art ready for a like carouse.
Behold before thee the first minstrel known
To turn from them and laud unbidden guest!
He, who hath never bent his brow to king,
Perforce must bend it, mightier lord, to thee.

CCXXVI. ON SWIFT JOINING AVON NEAR RUGBY.

SILENT and modest Brook! who dippest here
Thy foot in Avon as if childish fear
Witheld thee for a moment, wend along;
Go, follow'd by my song,
Sung in such easy numbers as they use
Who turn in fondness to the Tuscan Muse,
And such as often have flow'd down on me
From my own Fiesole.
I watch thy placid smile, nor need to say
That Tasso wove one looser lay,
And Milton took it up to dry the tear
Dropping on Lycidas's bier.
In youth how often at thy side I wander'd!
What golden hours, hours numberless, were squander'd
Among thy sedges, while sometimes
I meditated native rhymes,
And sometimes stumbled upon Latian feet;
Then, where soft mole-built seat
Invited me, I noted down
What must full surely win the crown,
But first impatiently vain efforts made
On broken pencil with a broken blade.
Anon, of lighter heart, I threw
My hat where circling plover flew,
And once I shouted til, instead of plover,
There sprang up half a damsel, half a lover.
I would not twice be barbarous; on I went . .
And two heads sank amid the pillowing bent.
Pardon me, gentle Stream, if rhyme
Holds up these records in the face of Time:
Among the falling leaves some birds yet sing,
And Autumn hath his butterflies like Spring.
Thou canst not turn thee back, thou canst not see
Reflected what hath ceast to be:
Haply thou little knowest why
I check this levity, and sigh.

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Thou never knewest her whose radiant morn
Lighted my path to Love; she bore thy name,
She whom no Grace was tardy to adorn,
Whom one low voice pleas'd more than louder fame:
She now is past my praises: from her urn
To thine, with reverence due, I turn.
O silver-braided Swift! no victim ever
Was sacrificed to thee,
Nor hast thou carried to that sacred River
Vases of myrrh, nor hast thou run to see
A band of Mænads toss their timbrels high
Mid *io-evohes* to their Deity.
But holy ashes have bestrewn thy stream
Under the mingled gleam
Of swords and torches, and the chaunt of Rome,
When Wiclif's lowly tomb
Thro its thick briars was burst
By frantic priests accurst;
For he had enter'd and laid bare the lies
That pave the labyrinth of their mysteries.
We part . . but one more look!
Silent and modest Brook!

CCXXVII.

A voice in sleep hung over me, and said
"Seest thou him yonder?" At that voice I raised
My eyes: it was an Angel's: but he veil'd
His face from me with both his hands, then held
One finger forth, and sternly said agen,
"Seest thou him yonder?"
On a grassy slope
Slippery with flowers, above a precipice,
A slumbering man I saw: methought I knew
A visage not unlike it; whence the more
It troubled and perplext me.
"Can it be
My own?" said I.
Scarce had the word escaped
When there arose two other forms, each fair,
And each spake fondest words, and blamed me not,
But blest me, for the tears they shed with me
Upon that only world where tears are shed,
That world which they (why without me?) had left.

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Another now came forth, with eye askance:
That she was of the earth too well I knew,
And that she hated those for loving me
(Had she not told me) I had soon divined.
Of earth was yet another; but more like
The heavenly train in gentleness and love:
She from afar brought pity; and her eyes
Fill'd with the tears she fear'd must swell from mine:
Humanest thoughts with strongest impulses
Heav'd her fair bosom; and her hand was raised
To shelter me from that sad blight which fell
Damp on my heart; it could not; but a blast,
Sweeping the southern sky, blew from beyond
And threw me on the ice-bergs of the north.

CCXXVIII.

From leaves unopen'd yet, those eyes she lifts
Which never youthful eyes could safely view.
"A book, a flower, such are the only gifts
I like to take . . nor like them least from you."

A voice so sweet it needs no Muse's aid
Spake it, and ceast. We, offering both, reply
"*These* tell the dull old tale that youth must fade,
This, the bright truth that genius shall not die."

CCXXIX. ELIOT WARBURTON.

Above what head more hopeful ever closed
The gates of Ocean, Warburton, than thine?
Thou mightest in that mansion have reposed
Where Valor's and where Wisdom's trophies shine:
God will'd it otherwise; nor anthem swells
Around thy mortal spoils; but, passing o'er
The Atlantick wave, in grief the sailor tells
Where last was seen whom earth shall see no more.

CCXXX. ITALY IN JANUARY 1858.

O nation of Alfieri! thou
Before the cope and cowl must bow,
And Gallick herds from Tiber drink
Until the stagnant water sink,
And nothing be there left but mud
Dark with long streaks of civic blood,

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Mark, Galileo, with what glee,
From sorcery's fragile thraldom free,
The sun spins round thy worlds and thee!
Above, to keep them in, is bent
A solid marble firmament,
Which saints and confessors hold down
Surmounted with a triple crown.
Torture had made thee (never mind!)
A little lame, a little blind:
God's own right-hand restores thy sight,
And from his own he gives thee light;
His arm supports thy mangled feet,
Now firm, and plants near His thy seat.
Savonarola! look below,
And see how fresh those embers glow
Which once were faggots round the stake
Of him who died for Jesu's sake,
Who walkt where his apostles led,
And from God's wrath, not mortal's, fled.
Come, Dante! virtuous, sage, and bold,
Come, look into that miry fold;
Foxes and wolves lie there asleep,
O'ergorged; and men but wake to weep:
Come, Saints and Virgins! whose one tomb
Is Rome's parental catacomb;
Above where once ye bled, there now
Foul breath blows blushes from the brow
Of maidens, whipt until they fall
To feed the plump confessional.
O earlier shades! no less revered!
In your Elysium ye have heard
No tale so sad, no tale so true,
None so incredible to you.
Gloomy as droops the present day,
And Hope is chill'd and shrinks away,
Another age perhaps may see
Freedom raise up dead Italy.

CCXXXI. SHAKSPEARE AND MILTON.

The tongue of England, that which myriads
Have spoken and will speak, were paralyzed
Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth

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Above the flight of ages, two alone;
One crying out,
All nations spoke thro me.
The other:
True; and thro this trumpet burst
God's word; the fall of Angels, and the doom
First of immortal, then of mortal, Man,
Glory! be glory! not to me, to God.

CCXXXII. TO MIDSUMMER DAY.

Crown of the Year, how bright thou shinest?
How little, in thy pride, divinest
Inevitable fall! albeit
We who stand round about fore-see it.
Shine on; shine bravely. There are near
Other bright children of the Year,
Almost as high, and much like thee
In features and in festive glee:
Some happy to call forth the mower,
And hear his sharpen'd scythe sweep o'er
Rank after rank: then others wait
Before the grange's open gate,
And watch the nodding wane, or watch
The fretted domes beneath the thatch,
Til young and old at once take wing
And promise to return in spring.
Yet I am sorry, I must own,
Crown of the Year! when thou art gone.

CCXXXIII.

So then, I feel not deeply! if I did,
I should have seized the pen and pierced therewith
The passive world!
And thus thou reasonest?
Well hast thou known the lover's, not so well
The poet's heart: while that heart bleeds, the hand
Presses it close. Grief must run on and pass
Into near Memory's more quiet shade
Before it can compose itself in song.
He who is agonised and turns to show
His agony to those who sit around,
Seizes the pen in vain: thought, fancy, power,

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Rush back into his bosom; all the strength
Of genius can not draw them into light
From under mastering Grief; but Memory,
The Muse's mother, nurses, rears them up,
Informs, and keeps them with her all her days.

CCXXXIV.

LITTLE you think, my lovely friend,
While o'er these easy lines you bend
That they can give you many days,
You little think, to whom belong
The purer streams of sacred song,
He from the tomb the prey of Death can raise:
He can, and will; for this is due
From him above the rest to you,
Tho with the rest he shares your smile:
Ah! most he wants it, as you know . .
One, only one, would soothe his woe . .
Beguile not him . . and all but him beguile!

CCXXXV. TO SHELLEY.

SHELLEY! whose song so sweet was sweetest here,
We knew each other little; now I walk
Along the same green path, along the shore
Of Lerici, along the sandy plain
Trending from Lucca to the Pisan pines,
Under whose shadow scatter'd camels lie,
The old and young, and rarer deer uplift
Their knotty branches o'er high-feather'd fern.
Regions of happiness! I greet ye well;
Your solitudes, and not your cities, stay'd
My steps among you; for with you alone
Converst I, and with those ye bore of old.
He who beholds the skies of Italy
Sees ancient Rome reflected, sees beyond,
Into more glorious Hellas, nurse of Gods
And godlike men: dwarfs people other lands.
Frown not, maternal England! thy weak child
Kneels at thy feet and owns in shame a lie.

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CCXXXVI. WRITTEN AT HURSTMONCEAUX.

ON READING A POEM OF WORDSWORTH'S.

DERWENT! Winander! sweetest of all sounds
The British tongue e'er utter'd! lakes that Heaven
Reposes on, and finds his image there
In all its purity, in all its peace!
How are your ripples playing round my heart
From such a distance? while I gaze upon
The plain where William and where Cæsar led
From the same Gaulish strand each conquering host,
And one the Briton, one the Saxon name,
Struck out with iron heel. Well may they play,
Those ripples, round my heart, buoyed up, entranced.
Derwent! Winander! your twin poets come
Star-crown'd along with you, nor stand apart.
Wordsworth comes hither, hither Southey comes,
His friend and mine, and every man's who lives,
Or who shall live when days far off have risen.
Here are they with me yet again, here dwell
Among the sages of Antiquity,
Under his hospitable roof whose life
Surpasses theirs in strong activity,
Whose Genius walks more humbly, stooping down
From the same highth to cheer the weak of soul
And guide the erring from the tortuous way.
Hail ye departed! hail thou later friend,
Julius!* but never by my voice invoked
With such an invocation . . hail, and live!

CCXXXVII.

AGEN, perhaps and only once agen,
I turn my steps to London. Few the scenes
And few the friends that there delighted me
Will now delight me: some indeed remain,
Tho changed in features . . friend and scene . . both changed!
I shall not watch my lilac burst her bud
In that wide garden, that pure fount of air,
Where, risen ere the morns are warm and bright,
And stepping forth in very scant attire,
Timidly, as became her in such garb,

* Archdeacon Hare.

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She hasten'd prompt to call up slumbering Spring.
White and dim-purple breathed my favorite pair
Under thy terrace, hospitable heart,*
Whom twenty summers more and more endear'd;
Part on the Arno, part where every clime
Sent its most graceful sons to kiss thy hand,
To make the humble proud, the proud submiss,
Wiser the wisest, and the brave more brave.
Never, ah never now, shall we alight
Where the man-queen† was born, or, higher up
The nobler region of a nobler soul,‡
Where breathed his last the more than kingly man.
Thou sleepest, not forgotten, nor unmourn'd,
Beneath the chesnut shade by Saint Germain;
Meanwhile I wait the hour of my repose,
Not under Italy's serener sky,
Where Fiesole beheld me from above
Devising how my head most pleasantly
Might rest ere long, and how with such intent
I smooth'd a platform for my villagers,
(Tho stood against me stubborn stony knoll
With cross-grain'd olives long confederate)
And brought together slender cypresses
And bridal myrtles, peering up between,
And bade the modest violet bear her part.
Dance, youths and maidens! tho around my grave
Ye dance not, as I wisht: bloom, myrtles! bend
Protecting arms about them, cypresses!
I must not come among you; fare ye well!

EPISTLES.

CCXXXVIII. TO THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS." ON THE CLASSICK AND ROMANTICK.

Philip! I know thee not, thy song I know:
It fell upon my ear among the last
Destined to fall upon it; but while strength
Is left me, I will rise to hail the morn
Of the stout-hearted who begin a work
Wherin I did but idle at odd hours.

* Lady Blessington. † Elizabeth. ‡ The Protector.

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The Faeries never tempted me away
From higher fountains and severer shades;
Their rings allured me not from deeper track
Left by Olympick wheel on ampler plain;
Yet could I see them and can see them now
With pleasurable warmth, and hold in bonds
Of brotherhood men whom their gamesome wreath
In youth's fresh slumber caught, and stil detains.
I wear no cestus; my right-hand is free
To point the road few seem inclined to take.
Admonish thou, with me, the starting youth,
Ready to seize all nature at one grasp,
To mingle earth, sea, sky, woods, cataracts,
And make all nations think and speak alike.
Some see but sunshine, others see but gloom,
Others confound them strangely, furiously;
Most have an eye for colour, few for form.
Imperfect is the glory to *create*,
Unless on our creation we can look
And see that all is good; we then may rest.
In every poem train the leading shoot;
Break off the suckers. Thought erases thought,
As numerous sheep erase each other's print
When spungy moss they press or sterile sand.
Blades thickly sown want nutriment and droop,
Although the seed be sound, and rich the soil;
Thus healthy-born ideas, bedded close,
By dreaming fondness perish overlain.
A rose or sprig of myrtle in the hair
Pleases me better than a far-sought gem.
I chide the flounce that checks the nimble feet,
Abhor the cruel piercer of the ear,
And would strike down the chain that cuts in two
The beauteous column of the marble neck.
Barbarous and false are all such ornaments,
Yet such hath poesy in whim put on.
Classical hath been deem'd each Roman name
Writ on the roll-call of each pedagogue
In the same hand, in the same tone pronounced;
Yet might five scanty pages well contain
All that the Muses in fresh youth would own
Between the grave at Tomos, wet with tears

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Rolling amain down Getick beard unshorn,
And that grand priest whose purple shone afar
From his own Venice o'er the Adrian sea.
We talk of schools . . unscholarly; if schools
Part the romantick from the classical.
The classical like the heroick age
Is past; but Poetry may reassume
That glorious name with Tartar and with Turk,
With Goth or Arab, Sheik or Paladin,
And not with Roman and with Greek alone.
The name is graven on the workmanship.
The trumpet-blast of *Marmion* never shook
The God-built walls of Ilion; yet what shout
Of the Achaians swells the heart so high?
Nor fainter is the artillery-roar that booms
From *Hohenlinden* to the *Baltick* strand.
Shakespeare with majesty benign call'd up
The obedient classicks from their marble seat,
And led them thro dim glen and sheeny glade,
And over precipices, over seas
Unknown by mariner, to palaces
High-archt, to festival, to dance, to joust,
And gave them golden spur and vizor barred,
And steeds that Pheidias had turn'd pale to see.
The mighty man who open'd Paradise,
Harmonious far above Homerick song,
Or any song that human ears shall hear,
Sometimes was classical and sometimes not:
Rome chain'd him down; the younger Italy
Dissolved (not fatally) his Sampson strength.
I leave behind me those who stood around
The throne of Shakespeare, sturdy, but unclean,
To hurry past the opprobrious courts and lanes
Of the loose pipers at the Belial feast,
Past mime obscene and grinder of lampoon . .
Away the petty wheel, the callous hand!
Goldsmith was classical, and Gray almost;
So was poor Collins, heart-bound to Romance:
Shelley and Keats, those southern stars, shone higher.
Cowper had more variety, more strength,
Gentlest of bards! stil pitied, stil beloved!
Shrewder in epigram than polity

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Was Canning; Frere more graceful; Smith more grand;*
A genuine poet was the last alone.
Romantick, classical, the female hand
That chain'd the cruel Ivan down for ever,
And follow'd up, rapt in his fiery car,
The boy of Casabianca to the skies.
Other fair forms breathe round us, which exert
With Paphian softness Amazonian power,
And sweep in bright array the Attick field.
To *men* turn now, who stand or lately stood
With more than Royalty's gilt bays adorn'd.
Wordsworth, in sonnet, is a classick too,
And on that grass-plot sits at Milton's side;
In the long walk he soon is out of breath
And wheezes heavier than his friends could wish.
Follow his pedlar up the devious rill,
And, if you faint not, you are well repaid.
Large lumps of precious metal lie engulpht
In gravely beds, whence you must delve them out
And thirst sometimes and hunger; shudder not
To wield the pickaxe and to shake the sieve,
Well shall the labour be (tho hard) repaid.
Too weak for ode and epick, and his gait
Somewhat too rural for the tragick pall,
Which never was cut out of duffel grey,
He fell entangled, "on the grunsel-edge
Flat on his face, and shamed his worshipers."
Classick in every feature was my friend
The genial Southey: none who ruled around
Held in such order such a wide domain..
But often too indulgent, too profuse.
The ancients see us under them, and grieve
That we are parted by a rank morass,
Wishing its flowers more delicate and fewer.
Abstemious were the Greeks; they never strove
To look so fierce: their Muses were sedate,
Never obstreperous: you heard no breath
Outside the flute; each sound ran clear within.
The Fauns might dance, might clap their hands, might shout,
Might revel and run riotous; the Nymphs

* Bobus Smith.

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Furtively glanced, and fear'd, or seem'd to fear;
Descended on the lightest of light wings,
The graceful son of Maia mused apart,
Graceful, but strong; he listen'd; he drew nigh;
And now with his own lyre and now with voice
Temper'd the strain; Apollo calmly smiled.

CCXXXIX. TO FRIEND JONATHAN.

Friend Jonathan! for friend thou art,
Do prythee take now in good part
Lines the first steamer shall waft o'er.
Sorry am I to hear the Blacks
Still bear your ensign on their backs;
The stripes they suffer make me sore.

So! they must all be given up
To drain again the bitter cup.
Better, far better, gold should come
From Pennsylvanian wide-awakes,
Ubiquitarian rattlesnakes,
Or, pet of royalty, Tom Thumb.

Another region rolls it down,
Where soon will rise its hundredth town:
The wide Pacifick now is thine.
With power and riches be content;
More, more than either, God hath sent.
A man is better than a mine.

Scarce half a century hath past
Ere closed the tomb upon your last,
The man that built the western world:
When gamblers, drunkards, madmen rose,
He wrencht the sword from all such foes
And crusht them with the iron they hurl'd.

Beware of wrong. The brave are true:
The tree of Freedom never grew
Where Fraud and Falsehood sow'd their salt.
Hast thou not seen it stuck one day
In the loose soil, and swept away
The next, amid the blind and halt,

Who danced like maniacs round about?
The noisiest, foulest, rabble-rout!

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Earth spurns them from her, half-afraid.
Slaves they will ever be, and shou'd,
Drunken with every neighbour's blood,
By every chief they arm betray'd.

CCXL. TO CHARLES DICKENS.

CALL we for harp or song?
Accordant numbers, measured out, belong
Alone, we hear, to bard.
Let him this badge, for ages worn, discard;
Richer and nobler now
Than when the close-trim'd laurel markt his brow.
And from one fount his thirst
Was slaked, and from none other proudly burst
Neighing, the winged steed.
Gloriously fresh were those young days indeed!
Clear, tho confined, the view;
The feet of giants swept that early dew;
More graceful came behind,
And golden tresses waved upon the wind.
Pity and Love were seen
In earnest converse on the humble green;
Grief too was there, but Grief
Sat down with them, nor struggled from relief.
Strong Pity was, strong he,
But little Love was bravest of the three.
At what the sad one said
Often he smiled, tho Pity shook her head.
Descending from their clouds,
The Muses mingled with admiring crowds:
Each had her ear inclined,
Each caught and spoke the language of mankind
From choral thraldom free..
Dickens! didst thou teach *them* or they teach *thee?*

CCXLI. TO ROBERT EYRES LANDOR.
ON HIS *FAWN* AND HIS *ARETHUSA*.
'Αλλ' οὐδὲ ταυταγὰ νὸυ ἰαινει φθονερων. PINDAR.

RARE, since the sons of Leda, rare a twain,
Born of one mother, which hath reacht the goal
Of Immortality: the stem is rare
Which ripens close together two rich fruits.

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Two Scipios were "the thunderbolts of war,"
And blasted what they fell upon: the arm
Of Napier, far more glorious, bent each horn
Of Indus to his yokemate Ganges, hail'd
For higher victory, hail'd for rescueing
A hundred nations from barbaric sway.
The light of Scipio was outshone by him
He vanquisht, by the Julian star eclipst,
And Scipio had no brother who could lift
The scroll of Mars above the reach of Time.
We too, alike in studies, we have toil'd,
In calmer fields and healthier exercise,
Not without Honor: Honor may defer
His hour of audience, but he comes at last.
Behold! there issue from one house two chiefs*
Beyond all contest; one in shafts of wit
Hurl'd o'er the minster to the Atlantic strand,
The other proudly unapproachable
Striking a rock whence gush the founts of song;
Dull sands lie flat and dwarf shrubs writhe around.
Twice nine the centuries since the Latian Muse
Wail'd on the frozen Danube for her son
Exiled, her glory to revive no more
Until that destined period was fulfil'd.
Scaring the wrens at Cam's recumbent side,
Never by Tiber's one of statelier step
Or loftier mien or deeper tone than he
Whom, bold in youth, I dared to emulate,
Nor stoopt my crest to peck light grain among
The cackling poultry of the homestead yard.
Thine is the care to keep our native springs
Pure of pollution, clear of weeds; but thine
Are also graver cares, with fortune blest
Not above competence, with duties charged
Which with more zeal and prudence none perform.
There are who guide the erring, tend the sick,
Nor frown the starving from a half-closed door,
But none beside my brother, none beside,
In stall thick-litter'd or on mitred throne,
Gives the more needy all the Church gives him.
Unaided, tho years press and health declines,

* Sydney and Bobus Smith.

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By aught of clerical or human aid,
Thou servest God, and God's poor guests, alone.
Enough were this to damn thee here below,
But not enough to drive those forms away
Which to pure votary morn and eve descend,
The Muse, the Grace, the Nymph of stream and grove;
But not enough to make the sun less warm
On thy smooth walks and pleasant glades close mown,
Or lamplight duller on thy pictured walls.
Thy Fancy rests upon deep-bosomed Truth,
And wakes to Harmony; no word is tost
To catch the passing wind like unmade hay.
Few can see this, whirl'd in the dust around,
And some who can would rather see awry.
If such could add to their own fame the fame
Their hands detract from others, then indeed
The act, howbeit felonious, were less vile;
They strip the wealthy, but they clothe the poor.
Aside thy *Fawn* expect some envious stab,
Some latent arrow from obscure defile;
Aside thy *Arethusa* never hope
Untroubled rest: men will look up and see
What hurts their eyes in the strong beams above,
And shining points will bring fierce lightnings down
Upon thy head, and mine by birth so near.
Heedless of brawlers in the pit beneath,
To whosoe'er enacts the nobler part,
Known or unknown, or friendly or averse,
I will throw crowns, and throw unsparingly;
Nor are these crowns too light to fly direct,
Nor fall they short, far as the scope may be.
Better I deem it that my grain of myrrh
Burn for the living than embalm the dead.
Take my fraternal offering, not composed
Of ditch-side flowers, the watery-stalkt and rank,
Such as our markets smell of, all day long,
And roister ditty-roaring rustics wear;
But fresh, full, shapely, sprinkled with that lymph
Which from Peneios on the olive-wreath
Shook at loud plaudits under Zeus high-throned.

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CCXLII. TO GUYON.

GUYON! thy praises few dare sing,
But not so few shall hear.
From virgin earth thy laurels spring
O'er fountain deep and clear.

Honor, not Glory, led thee forth,
Young, ardent: at thy word
Uprose the Danube; and the North
Saw the last sheath'd thy sword.

CCXLIII. TO AUBREY DE VERE.

WELCOME! who last hast climb'd the cloven hill
Forsaken by its Muses and their God!
Show us the way; we miss it, young and old.
Roses that can not clasp their languid leaves,
Puffy and odorless and overblown,
Encumber all our walks of poetry;
The satin slipper and the mirror boot
Delight in pressing them: but who hath trackt
A Grace's naked foot amid them all?
Or who hath seen (ah! how few care to see!)
The close-bound tresses and the robe succinct?
Thou hast; and she hath placed her palm in thine.
Walk ye together in our fields and groves:
We have gay birds and graver, we have none
Of varied note, none to whose harmony
Time long will listen, none who sings alone.
Make thy proud name yet prouder for thy sons,
Aubrey de Vere! Fling far aside all heed
Of that hyæna race which growls and smiles
Alternate, and which neither blows nor food
Nor stern nor gentle brow, domesticate.
Await some Cromwell, who alone hath strength
Of heart to dash down its wild wantoness
And fasten its fierce grin with steddy gaze.
Come, re-ascend with me the steeps of Greece,
With firmer foot than mine. None stop the road,
And few will follow: we shall breathe apart
That pure fresh air, and drink the untroubled spring.

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Lead thou the way; I knew it once; my sight
May miss old marks; lend me thy hand; press on;
Elastic is thy step, thy guidance sure.

CCXLIV. TO A FRIEND'S REMONSTRANCE.

Preacher of discontent! Then large indeed
Would be my audience, copious my display
Of common-places. Better curb and quell
Not by the bridle but the provender.
Sportsmen! manorial lords! of you am I.
Let us, since game grows scarcer every day,
Watch our preserves near home: we need but beat
About the cottage-garden and slim croft
For plenteous sport. Catch up the ragged child,
Kiss it, however frighten'd: take the hand
Of the young girl from out the artizan's
Who leads her to the factory, soon to wear
The tissue she has woven dyed in shame:
Help the halt eld to rule the swerving ass,
And upright set his crutch outside the porch,
To reach, nor stoop to reach, at his return.
'Tis somewhat to hear blessings, to confer
Is somewhat more. Wealth is content to shine
By his own light, nor asks he Virtue's aid;
But Virtue comes sometimes, and comes unaskt,
Nay, comes the first to conference.
There is one,
One man there is, high in nobility
Of birth and fortune, who erects his house
Among the heathen, where dun smoke ascends
All day around, and drearier fire all night.
Far from that house are heard the church's bells,
And thro deep cinders lies the road, yet there
Walks the rich man, walks in humility,
Because the poor he walks with, and with God.
No mitred purple-buskin'd baron he,
Self-privileged to strip the calendar
Of Sabbath days, to rob the cattle's rest,
And mount, mid prance and neighing, his proud throne.
Of what is thinking now thy studious head,
O artist! in the glorious dome of Art,

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That thou shouldst turn thine eyes from Titian's ray,
Or Raffael's halo round the Virgin's head
And Child's, foreshowing Paradise regain'd?
Of Ellesmere thou wert thinking; so was I.

CCXLV. TO LORD DUDLEY C. STUART,

WITH AN ODE TO KOSSUTH.

THIS is my hour
To bow to Power.
"*What* Power?" you ask, with wonder in your eye.
Soon said and heard
The simple word . .
That Power which bends before Humanity.
Go then, my line!
His knees entwine
(Better than garter) who hath cheer'd the slave.
Little can you,
Poor infant! do . .
Be led by Stuart to the just and brave.

CCXLVI. TO KOSSUTH.

DEATH in the battle is not death.
Deep, deep may seem the mortal groan,
Yet sweeter than an infant's breath
Is Honor's, on that field alone

Where Kossuth call'd his Spirits forth
Aloft from Danaw's heaving breast:
They quell'd the south, they shook the north,
They sank by fraud, not strength, represt.

If Freedom's sacred fire lies quencht,
O England! was it not by thee?
Ere from such hands the sword was wrencht
Thine was the power to shield the free.

Russells erewhile might raise their crest
Proud as the elder of our land,
Altho I find but, in the best,
The embroider'd glove of Sidney's hand.

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Rachel may mourn her children now,
From higher source her glory springs,
Where Shakspeare crowns Southampton's brow,
Above the reach or gaze of kings.

Russells? where? where? To wave on high
Faction her slender twig may place,
And cover when that twig shall die,
With plumes as dark the dark disgrace.

Drive the drear phantom from my sight,
O Kossuth! Round our wintery shore
Spread broad thy strong and healthy light . .
Crush we these slippery weeds no more.

Each, be he soldier, sage, or bard,
Must breast and cross the sea of strife,
Ere swells the hymn, his high reward,
Sung from the one true Book of Life.

What casket holds it? in what shrine
Begem'd with pearl and priceless stone?
The treasury is itself divine . .
The poet's breast . . 'tis there alone.

CCXLVII. TO THE CONQUEROR OF SCINDE.

Welcome to England, thou whom peace
More than triumphant war delights,
Welcome to England, thou whom Greece
Had chosen to protect her rights,

Had chosen to arouse her bands
When Sloth and Pleasure held them down;
Upon thy brow her grateful hands
Had often placed the double crown.

Napier! I praise thee not because
Of powerful princes overthrown,
But for those just and equal laws,
Napier! thy gift, and thine alone.

May years far hence, when British feet
Tread Waterloo's historick plains,
Some pious voice these words repeat,
Thank Heaven! one hero yet remains.

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CCXLVIII.—TO CAVAIGNAC.

And shall the bloody wave agen,
Dissevering freedom's bravest men,
Dash all ashore? and civic fight
Demolish wrong, establish right!
Alas! it must be! Well for France,
Awakening from her frantic trance,
She finds at last a virtuous man
To regulate her rushing van.
Never wilt thou, sage Cavaignac!
Pursue Ambition's tortuous track.
The shade of Glory seems to tend
That way, but melts before its end.
What name more glorious than was his
Whose life midway went all amiss?
He well survey'd the battle-field,
But ill what that soakt soil should yield.
Losing the train that limpt behind,
He lost all energy of mind;
Like smitten viper, now aloof
To bite, now crusht by heel or hoof.
Mindful of Washington, who hurl'd
Back from the new the worn-out world,
Remember, First of Men! that thou
To thy own heart hast made the vow
That France henceforward shall be free . . .
Henceforward is her trust in thee.

CCXLIX. TO GENERAL SIR W. NAPIER.

Over these solid downs eight years have past,
Since, with that man who taught how fields were won,
By every river of Iberia's realms,
And under every mountain, and against
Every beleaguer'd city, I return'd,
While Jupiter shone forth severely bright,
Watcher of all things in the world below.
Napier, how art thou changed! The brow, the soul,
Serene as ever, but deep-biting wounds,
And, keener than deep-biting wounds, the fangs
Of malice and ingratitude corrode
Thy generous heart. Bear bravely up, O friend!

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O glory of all those who call thee so!
Thy spirit is unchanged. That deathless bird,
The black Caucasian, hither wings his way,
Swooping from sunny Scinde o'er foggy Thames,
And fain would pounce: he may have tugg'd and torn
Thy breast awhile; it springs again elate,
And the foul bird flies at the shout of Fame.

CCL. TO THE REVEREND CUTHBERT SOUTHEY.

CUTHBERT! whose father first in all our land
Sate in calm judgment on poetic peer,
Whom hatred never, friendship seldom, warpt . .
Agen I read his page and hear his voice;
I heard it ere I knew it, ere I saw
Who utter'd it, each then to each unknown.
Twelve years had past when upon Avon's cliff,
Hard-by his birth-place, first our hands were join'd;
After three more he visited my home.
Along Lantony's ruin'd ailes we walkt
And woods then pathless, over verdant hill
And ruddy mountain, and aside the stream
Of sparkling Hondy. Just at close of day
There by the comet's light we saw the fox
Rush from the alders, nor relax in speed
Until he trod the pathway of his sires
Under the hoary crag of Comioy.
Then both were happy.
War had paused: the Loire
Invited me. Agen burst forth fierce War.
I minded not his fury: there I staid,
Sole of my countrymen, and foes abstain'd
(Tho sore and bleeding) from my house alone.
But female fear impell'd me past the Alps,
Where, loveliest of all lakes, the Lario sleeps
Under the walls of Como.
There he came
Agen to see me; there agen our walks
We recommenced . . less pleasant than before.
Grief had swept over him; days darken'd round:
Bellagio, Valintelvi, smiled in vain,
And Monterosa from Helvetia far
Advanced to meet us, mild in majesty

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Above the glittering crests of giant sons
Station'd around . . . in vain too! all in vain!
Perhaps the hour may come when others, taught
By him to read, may read my page aright
And find what lies within it; time enough
Is there before us in the world of thought.
The favor I may need I scorn to ask.
What sovran is there able to reprieve,
How then to grant, the life of the condemn'd
By Justice, where the Muses take their seat?
Never was I impatient to receive
What any man could give me: when a friend
Gave me my due, I took it, and no more . .
Serenely glad because that friend was pleas'd.
I seek not many, many seek not me.
If there are few now seated at my board,
I pull no children's hair because they munch
Gilt gingerbread, the figured and the sweet,
Or wallow in the innocence of whey;
Give *me* wild-boar, the buck's broad haunch give *me*,
And wine that time has mellow'd, even as time
Mellows the warrior hermit in his cell.

CCLI. TO ELIZA LYNN, ON HER *AMYMONE*.

High names, immortal names, have women borne;
In every land her amaranthine crown
Virtue hath placed upon the braided brow;
In many, courage hath sprung up and shamed
The stronger man's unbrave audacity;
In many, nay in all, hath Wisdom toucht
The fairer front benignly, and hath kist
Those lids her lessons kept from their repose.
Only for Hellas had the Muses dwelt
In the deep shadow of the gentler breast,
To soothe its passion or repeat its tale.
They lived not but in Hellas. *There* arose
Erinna, *there* Corinna, *there* (to quench
The torch of poesy, of love, of life,
In the dim water) Sappho. Far above
All these, in thought and fancy,* she whose page

* Savary, by order of Bonaparte, seized the whole impression of Madame de Staël's *Germany*, and forced her to take refuge in Sweden.

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The world's last despot seiz'd and trampled on,
Casting her forth where Summer's gladden'd sun
Shone o'er the nightless laurel from the Pole.
Before her advent, England's maidens heard
The *Simple Story:* other voices since
Have made their softness sound thro manly tones
And overpower them. In our days, so sweet,
So potent, so diversified, is none
As thine, Protectress of Aspasia's fame,
Thine, golden shield of matchless Pericles,
Pure heart and lofty soul, Eliza Lynn!

CCLII. TO SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

No bell, no cannon, by proud Ocean borne
From Ganges or from Tagus or from Rhine,
Striking with every fiery pulse (nor less
In every panting interval between)
England's deep heart, sounds now. The world revives:
Grief for the saviour of our country sinks
At last into repose. We look around
On those who stood with him and heard his voice
Amid the uproar of domestic strife;
We spurn, as well we may do, all who left
Their sinking leader in his bravest fight,
Fight against Famine, fight enthroning Peace.
He who wins power is sure of winning praise,
Sweeter unearn'd than earn'd, and he may sing,
As sang in listless bower the Venusine,
"*The ready and the facile one for me!*"
I laud the man who struggles hard for Fame.
Borne o'er false suitors and invidious elds,
O'er impotent and sterile blandishments,
O'er sounding names that worthless wealth acquires
Or recreant genius self-exiled from heaven,
Faithful is Fame to him who holds her dear.
Napiérs and Wellingtons not every day
March out before us; no, nor every day
Are wanted; but for every day we want
Integrity, clear-sighted, even-paced,
Broad-breasted, single-hearted, single-tongued,
Such as in Peel. Longer and quicker step
Sometimes is needful.

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Thou whose patient care,
Patient but zealous, anxious but serene,
Hath watcht o'er every region of our rule
With calm keen eye, undazzled and undim'd.
Molesworth! watch on! The false, the insolent,
Who riveted erewhile Australia's chain,
And shook it in her ear to break her rest,
Then call'd up Hope, then call'd up Tantalus,
And rub'd his knees at their credulity . .
Him thou well knowest . . him with hand and foot
Spurn down, and hold him lifelong from the forge.

CCLIII. TO THEODOSIA GARROW AT FLORENCE.

FONDLER and mourner of *The Two Gazelles*,
At your approach the heart of Florence swells.
Nobly, O Theo! has your verse call'd forth
The Roman valour and Subalpine worth.
So stored with poetry what British mind
Have you, departed from us, left behind?
This makes a pretty garden, which he fills
With tiny castles and with tinkling rills;
Then calls the Faeries from their steril ground,
And ranker funguses spring thick around.
This, blear and languid, stiff in beak and claw,
With smaller vermin crams his puffy maw,
Pursues with flapping wing a hedgerow flight
And revels in the richness of the night.
While owls sweep on, and humming-birds flit past,
Your bower, where cedars spring aloft, shall last.

CCLIV. TO THE PRINCESS BELGIOIOSO.

RIGHT in my path what goddess stands?
Whose is that voice? *whence* those commands?
I see thy stately step again,
Thine eyes, the founts of joy and pain,
Daughter of the Triulzi! those
But now on Lario's lake arose,
Shedding fresh blessings, purer light . .
And hast thou left the Alpine hight,
The yellow vale, grey-budding vine
Whom guardian maple's nets entwine,
The villa where from open sash

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We heard columnar fountains dash,
While candid Gods unmoved above
Soften and quietly reprove
Such restlessness, and citron's bloom
Waves from clear gem its warm perfume.
No loitering here: we must obey,
Where the loud trumpet points the way,
Where new-born men Ausonia calls,
And standards shine from mouldering walls
O'er dark Albunea's woods, and o'er
Where graceful Tibur's temples soar.
Cornelia's race lives yet; nor drown'd
In the drear gulph is Clelia; found
Again is Arria's dagger; now
Who bears it? Belgioioso, thou.
Light on the wounded rests a hand
Kings may not kiss, much less command;
Nor shrinkest thou to hear the shrill
Cry thro' gnasht teeth, nor (oozing stil)
To staunch the dense dark blood. At feats
Like these the prowling thief retreats.
Untrue to Italy, to all,
Untruest to himself, the Gaul!
The splayfoot of our British Muse
Wags woefully in wooden shoes;
Nor will the Graces bind their zone
Round panting bosom overgrown;
But thou shalt never feel the wrong
Of bruises from a barbarous tongue:
No, nor shall ditty dull and weak
Raise wrath or blushes to thy cheek;
Nor shall these wreaths which now adorn
Thy brow, drop off thee, dead ere morn.
When wars and kingly frauds are past,
With Justice side by side, the last
Sad stain of blood (O blessed day!)
Egeria's lymph shall wash away.

CCLV. TO LUISINA DE SODRE.

A GENERATION's faded skirts have swept
Thro that door* opposite, since one beloved

* The Bath Rooms.

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(Before your mother's eyes gave heaven its light,
And made *her* * mother's brighter, even hers)
Behind these benches lean'd upon my arm,
Nor heard the musick that provoked the dance.
And, Luisina! with a man so old
Rather would you converse than show the waltz
Its native graces? rear'd in courts, and first
With boys to empire born, with Kaisar's self,
In early girlhood nightly exercised.
Blush not to have been chosen: 'twas that blush,
The dawn of beauty in the pure fresh mind,
Which won the choice: 'twas not Pereira's name,
'Twas not De Sodre's, not Macèdo's, sent
To Austria's throne with delegated power,
Well weigh'd, the brightest jewel of Brazil.
To-day he left us: thro the Atlantic wave
To-morrow will he turn his large clear eye
(Mirrour where Honor sees himself full-sized)
Toward the city where God's man elect,
Above all other of created men,
Guided the courses of His last-launcht world,
And stampt a name to live when not a wreck
Of that young city shall o'ertop the dust.
My happiness is tranquil; thus may yours
Be ever! But *so* tranquil? no, not quite.
Youth has its gales; weeds grow where ripples cease,
And life in steril sands forgets its course.
If I might whisper in a lady's ear,
Which Memory tells me I have done erewhile,
This is the harmless whisper I would breathe;
"Winter's rare suns are welcome, Luisina!
But Spring and Summer bring the flower and fruit.
Fain would I live for one more bridal day.

CCLVI. TO A PROFESSOR IN GERMANY.

Tell me; which merits most the hangman's hold?
This, who leaps boldly in the crowded fold
And kills your sheep before your eyes, or that
Whom your too plenteous kitchen clothed with fat;
Who, mischievous from idleness, repairs,
To steal the cupboard-keys you keep upstairs,

* Countess de Molandé.

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And, when you catch him, suddenly turns round
And throws you, bruised and maim'd, along the ground?
The choice has puzzled you? and you are loth
To favour either! Well then, give him both.
Had my last words been heard by yon wise folk,
Your necks no longer had endured the yoke.
Were but some twenty perjurers driven forth,
Fear would have chain'd the wolf that gnaws the north:
Poland had risen from her death-like trance,
And shamed, the foulest of seducers, France.
Kossuth and Klapka then at home might die,
Nor Turks alone teach Christianity;
Rome on no weak old wanton place her trust,
But stamp her brittle idols into dust.
Perjurers, traitors, twenty at the most,
Cast upon Britain's weed-collecting coast,
Unharm'd, and carrying with them all their own,
Leaving but what they forfeited . . the throne . .
Had left each German people safely free,
And shown what princes are, and men can be.
While cries of anguish pierce thro cries of joy,
Moves the huge God who moves but to destroy:
O'er India's children the grim idol lours,
Its weaker shadow, westering, reaches ours.
Kings in their madness trample nations down,
Madder are nations who adore a crown:
One only shines beneficent: the love
Of England guard it! guard it His above!

CCLVII. TO MESCHID THE LIBERATOR.

VALOR not always is propel'd by War;
Often he takes a seat
Under the influence of a milder star,
More happy and more great.

Foremost in every battle waved on high
The plume of Saladin;
He chased our northern meteors down the sky,
And shone in peace serene.

In vain two proud usurpers side by side,
Meschid! would shake thy throne:

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Sit firm; these outlaws of the world deride,
And fear thy God alone.

No God who winks from canvas at the crowd,
No God who sweats from wood,
No God at whose high-cross priests chaffer loud,
No God who sells his blood;

But merciful and mighty, wise and just,
Who lays the proud man low,
Who raises up the fallen from the dust,
And bids the captive go.

In these thou followest Him, thou one sublime
Among the base who press
Man's heart, man's intellect; the wrongs their crime
Inflicts, thy laws redress.

Justice hath rais'd thee higher than him whose blade
The Drave and Danube won,
Fastening the towers of Widdin and Belgrade
To his Byzantine throne.

Can Egypt, Syria, can the land of myrrh,
Can all thou rulest o'er,
Such glory on thy diadem confer?
. . Thy path leads on to more.

Meschid! I pick up paras in no court,
To none I bend the knee,
But, Virtue's friend! Misfortune's sole support!
I give my hand to thee.

CCLVIII. TO BERANGER AT TOURS.

O HARP of France! why hang unstrung
Those poplar-waving iles among
Which thinly shade the sunny Loire?
Beranger! bid that harp once more
Resound to Seine's polluted shore,
And wake to shame thy slumbering choir.

Beauty and love and joyous feast
Become thee, but become thee least

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In these dark days when none rejoice;
Yet thou hast deeper tones, and those
Can shake with terror freedom's foes:
Strike, sing; they shall not drown thy voice.

Bid France lift up her brow agen,
Nor cower before the bravest men,
Remembering those her prime had borne;
Hated, distrusted, hath she been,
But never until now hath seen
So near, so dark, the scowl of scorn.

Write on the rampire of Marseilles
Here Power in Virtue's presence quails,
And warns the patriot from the pier:
Yet the self-exiled sons of Greece *
Reposed their shatter'd limbs in peace,
With barbarous nations round them, here.

In inextinguishable flame
Write thine with Abdel-Kader's name.
On Amboise's high prison-wall:
Add, Beranger, these words below,
Defiance to the advancing foe!
Grace to the vanquisht! faith to all!

CCLIX. TO LAMARTINE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

History lies wide open: the first page
Of every chapter blood illuminates,
And ductile gold embosses, dense and bright.
Not children only, but grave men admire
The gaudy grand distortions; hippogryphs,
Unicorns, dragons, infant heads enlarged
To size gigantic, seraph visages,
And scaly serpents trailing underneath.
I trill no cymbal, and I shake no bells
To thee, pacific ruler! On the plains
Be thou establisht, where power rests secure,
Unshaken by the tempests: there my muse
Shall find and cheer thee when the day is o'er,
And other notes are silent all around.

* The Phocæans, founders of Marseilles.

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'Twas not unseemly in the bravest bard
From Paradise and angels to descend,
And crown his country's saviour with a wreath
Above the regal: few his words, but strong,
And sounding through all ages and all climes.
He caught the sonnet from the dainty hand
Of Love, who cried to lose it; and he gave
The notes to Glory. Darwen and Dunbar
Heard him; Sabrina, whom in youth he wooed,
Croucht in the sedges at the clang of war,
Until he pointed out from Worcester walls
England's avenger awfully sedate.
In our dull misty day what breast respires
The poetry that warms and strengthens man
To glorious deeds, and makes his coronet
Outlive the festival, nor droop at last?
Alas! alas! the food of nightingales
Is foul; and plumeless bipeds who sing best
Desert the woods for cattle-trodden roads,
And plunge the beak, hungry and athirst, in mire.
Prince! above princes! may thy deeds create
A better race! meanwhile from peaceful shores
Hear, without listening long (for graver cares
Surround and press thee), hear with brow benign
A voice that cheers thee with no vulgar shout,
No hireling impulse, on thy starry way.

CCLX. TO ANOTHER PRESIDENT.

Hast thou forgotten, thou more vile
Than he who clung to Helen's ile
Rather than fall among the brave!
Hast thou forgotten so thy flight,
When sparing Philip's peaceful might
Disdain'd to hurl thee to thy grave?
Forgotten the chain'd eagle, borne
Shaken by ridicule and scorn
Up Boulogne's proud columnar hill?
Twice traitor, ere a nation's trust
Rais'd thee a third time from the dust
For what? . . to be a traitor stil.
The hands that thrust thy uncle down,
And threw into his face his crown,

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Contemptuous, were held forth to thee;
Not for thy valour or thy worth,
Believe me, were those hands held forth,
No, but from joy that thou wert free.
O brow of brass! O heart of stone!
Dost thou of Europe's sons alone
Repell the exile from thy shore,
Whom Plague's implacable disease,
Whom murderous men, tempestuous seas,
Had spared, whose wrongs far worlds deplore.
Him when the sons of Ismael saw,
The man who gave free men the law,
They stopt the camel-train to gaze;
For in the desert they had heard
The miracles of Kossuth's Word,
The myriad voices of his praise.
Him, ever mindful of her trust,
America, the firm, the just,
Beneath her salutary star
Invokes, and bears across the main,
Until his native land again
Avenges an unrighteous war.
England! I glory that mine eyes
First open'd on thy sterner skies,
Where the most valiant of mankind
Bear gentlest hearts; I glory most
At the proud welcome on thy coast
Of him, the brave, the pure, the wise.
My England, look across the Strait!
Behold the chief whom thousands hate,
But fear to touch; because the Tzar
Nods at him from his saddle-bow,
And says, "*If any strike a blow*
Against my slave, I rush to war."
Safe art thou, Louis! . . for a time;
But tremble . . never yet was crime,
Beyond one little space, secure.
The coward and the brave alike
Can wait and watch, can rush and strike. . .
Which marks thee? one of them, be sure.
Some men love fame, despising power,
Well shelter'd from its sultry hour,

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And some love power, despising fame;
Among the crowd of these art thou,
And soon shalt reach it . . but below
A Jellachich's and Görgey's name.

CCLXI. TO ARNDT.

AGAINST the frauds of France did Europe rise
And seize the robber who had lost his way,
Blinded with blood; she threw him upon rocks
Where none but gulls wail'd over him; she heaved
(Well may the Muses blush to speak the word)
A tallow tub on her indignant breast,
And, midst her shrieks and writhings, the sword's point
Graved on the foul bulk-head four letters, K.I.N.G.
'Twas at thy voice, O Arndt, that Europe rose,
England's was weak, and Germany's was tuned
To theatres, and lower'd to ducal ears;
But thy loud clarion waked all living, waked
The dead to march among them. Prussia saw
Her warrior burst his covenants; Bluker strode
Aside the old man's charger, even paced
Along the path where glory shines austere,
Shedding a dim but no uncertain light.
Cry out again, brave Arndt! cry out the words
Proclaim'd of old, "*Learn justice!** *Be forwarn'd!*"
And tell the princes of thy native land
That, sprung from robbers, they are robbers too:
Cry out, "*Abstain! or forfeit crown and life!*"
There is a nation high above the rest
In virtue and in valour we have wrong'd,
We Englishmen have wrong'd her, we her sons.
We owe her more than riches can repay
Or penitence or sympathy atone.
Let us at least the arms we seized restore
And drive the coward invader from her coast.
Arndt! thou art stronger than the strongest arm
That wields in Germany a patriot sword;
How much then stronger than whichever wields
One temper'd not by justice! 'Tis to thee
Alone, the greatest of God's great, I call,
I, who alone can now be heard so far,

* Discite justitiam; moniti. VIRGIL.

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For (let me whisper) we have ribbon'd lute
And rural fiddle but trumpet we have none.
He who had bled for Wallace, at his side,
Lies with due honors; due, but long deferr'd;
He too, the great magician, multiform,
Who sang the fate of Marmion, and convoked
From every country all who shone most high
In arms or beauty, drain'd the bowl of grief
And sleeps! Another, his compatriot bard,
Whose thunder shook the Baltick and the Nile,
And stay'd the Danaw swoln with ice and blood,
Lies . . . dead as Nelson . . . nor more dead than he.
Our richest fruits grew under northern skies;
We have no grafts; we have but twigs and leaves.
Up thou! burst boldly thro the palace-gate,
Announce thy errand, bid a king be just,
So mayest thou, good Arndt, as heretofore
When first I claspt that guiding hand at Bonn,
Return with other laurels, and enjoy
Thy ripening orchard and domestic peace.

CCLXII. FROM FRANCE TO THE POPE.

MADE our God again, Pope Pius!
Worthy to be worshipt by us!
Come to Paris, and put on
Thy true son Napoleon
(Blest afresh) that glorious crown
Crushing crippled Europe down,
Leaving not a house but shed
Tears for some one maim'd or dead,
None but where some father sate
Or some mother, desolate,
Or some maiden tore her hair,
Or some widow shriekt despair,
Or the wolf, when all were gone,
Claim'd the ruin for his own,
Drowsy, and his only fear
When the viper crept too near.
Men three millions, French the most,
Each a soldier, now a ghost,
Watch his tomb. We venerate
(Name he chose) the *Man of fate.*

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Come, our God again, Pope Pius!
Worthy to be worshipt by us!
Not for him thy help we call
Who built up an icy wall
Of men's bodies, all the way
From where Moscow's cinders lay
To the Danube's fetter'd flood,
Where side-looking Franz then stood,
Salesman of his flesh and blood . . .
But for one who far outwits
Keenest-witted Jesuits,
And without a blush outlies
Thee and all thy perjuries.

CCLXIII. TO AMERICA.

DAUGHTER of Albion! thou hast not
The lesson of thy sire forgot;
Listening at times to Power or Pride,
Readier thou turnest to attend
On bleeding Valor, and befriend
Him who can hope no friend beside.

Long ere the patriarchs of the west
Lands, three vast oceans bound, possest,
When all around was dark and wild,
Adventurous rowers row'd from Greece,
And upward on a sun-like fleece
The maids of ocean gazed and smiled.

Our maidens with no less delight
Survey'd around the cliffs of Wight
Thy swifter pinnace glide along:
Altho the conqueror was not one
Their gentle heads might rest upon
When cease the dance and supper-song,

Yet from their thresholds went they forth
To hail the youths of kindred worth,
And clapt uplifted hands, altho
Louder, and with less pause between,
The vollies of their palms had been
For some behind they better know.

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To teach the mistress of the sea
What beam and mast and sail should be,
To teach her how to walk the wave
With graceful step, is such a lore
As never had been taught before . .
Dumb are the wise, aghast the brave.

To strike the neck of Athos thro
Was children's play: man's work they do
Who draw together distant seas,
On Andes raise their starry throne,
Subdue tumultuous Amazon,
And pierce the world of pale Chinese.

The dawn is reddening of the day
When slender and soft-voiced Malay
Shall learn from thee to love the Laws.
Europe in blood may riot stil;
Only do thou pronounce thy will,
And War, outside her gates, shall pause.

Garlands might well adorn the mast
Which first the Isthmian cleft had past,
And shouts of jubilee might well
Arise when those return'd who first
The bonds, imposed by Nature, burst,
And boldest hearts more boldly swell:

Yet sails there now across the main
A prouder ship than e'er again
Shall ride its billows: at her head
Stands Kossuth: there that hero stands
Whom royal Perjury's trembling hands
Struck from afar and left for dead.

Daughter of Albion! we avow
That worthy of thy sire art thou,
That thou alone his glory sharest:
Raise up thy head, yea, raise it high
Above the plume of Victory;
The plumed brow is not the fairest.

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CCLXIV. TO THE LADY OF LT. COLONEL PAYNTER.

THERE is a pleasure the support of grief
Where duty calls and, listen'd to, directs.
Sad was the wound to thee which pierced that breast
Than which none braver ever breathed the air
Of torrid India, when impetuous Gough
Order'd the readiest forth to certain death.
Among the men he led the higher fell,
The lower follow'd: one among the higher
Was left alone, transfixt with mortal wound
All thought; but Providence decreed, if tears
Must flow for him in near and distant lands,
From kindred, comrade, friend, the same decreed
Tho the wife's must, the widow's should not fall.*
Rejoice then! for thyself and him rejoice!
Heaven gave him courage, glory, victory,
Adding one gift more precious . . not mere life
Rescued when little hoped for, but a life
For Love and Honor to partake with thee.

CCLXV. LAST OF DECEMBER, 1851.

BRIGHT sets the year in yonder sky,
A flood of glory fills the west,
The two-neckt eagles' hungry cry
Disturbs not there man's wholesome rest.
Enjoy it, Kossuth! rest awhile,
Awaken'd only from thy sleep
By those *hurrahs* that rent our Ile
And follow'd thee across the deep.
Three nations upon earth remain
Who earn'd their freedom; one is crost
By adverse fate; the other twain
Light her to find the gem she lost.

CCLXVI. THE HEROINES OF ENGLAND.

HEREDITARY honors who confers?
God; God alone. Not Marlboro's heir enjoys
A Marlboro's glory. Ye may paste on walls,
Thro city after city, rubric bills,
Large-letter'd, but ere long they all peel off,
And others take their places. 'Tis not thus

* He died of his wounds at last.

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Where genius stands; no monarch here bestows,
No monarch takes away; above his reach
Are these dotations, yea, above his sight.
Despise I then the great? no; witness Heaven!
None better knows or venerates them higher,
Or lives among them more familiarly.
Am I a sycophant, and boaster too?
A little of a boaster, I confess,
No sycophant. Now let me teach my lore.
Those are the great who purify the hearts,
Raise lofty aspirations from the breasts,
And shower down wisdom on the heads of men.
Children can give, exchange, and break their toys,
But giants can not wrench away the gifts
The wise, however humble, may impart.
I have seen princes, but among them all
None I would own my equal; I have seen
Laborious men, and patient, Virtue's sons,
Men beyond Want, yet not beyond the call
Of strict frugality from ember'd hearth,
And inly cried, "*O, were I one of these!*"
How many verses, verses not inept,
But stampt for lawful weight and sterling ore,
Are worth one struggle to exalt our kind!
Here let me back my coursers, and turn round.
Hereditary honors! few indeed
Are those they fall to. Norton! Dufferin!
Rich was your grandsire in the mines of wit,
Strong in the fields of eloquence, but poor
And feeble was he when compared with you.
O glorious England! never shone the hour
With half so many lights; and most of these
In female hands are holden. Gone is she
Who shrouded *Casa-Bianca*,* she who cast
The iron mould of *Ivan*, yet whose song
Was soft and varied as the nightingale's,
And heard above all others. Few are they
Who well weigh gems: instead of them we see
Flat noses, cheek by jowl, not over-nice,
Nuzzle weak wash in one long shallow trough:
Let me away from them! fresh air for me!

* Felicia Hemans.

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I must to higher ground.
What glorious forms
Advance! No *man* so lofty, so august.
In troops descend bright-belted Amazons . .
But where is Theseus in the field to-day?

CCLXVII. TO NEW YORK ON ITS RECEPTION OF KOSSUTH.

City of men! rejoice!
Not to have heard the voice
That raised up millions to Pannonia's side,
But that thy sons respond
With voice that sounds beyond,
And shakes across the sea the despot's pride.

My native Albion! thou
Mayst also glory now;
These are thy sons; altho like Ismael driven
To desert lands afar,
Yet o'er them hung the star
That show'd the sign of freedom bright in heaven.

Iron and gold are theirs:
And who so justly shares
These powerful gifts as they whose hands are strong,
Whose hearts are resolute
To quell the biped brute
Trampling on law and rioting on wrong?

Rise, one and all, as when
Ye hail'd the man of men,
And give not sumptuous feast nor sounding praise
To that brave Magyar,
But wage a pious war
And shed your glory round his closing days.

CCLXVIII. TO THE AUTHOR OF "MARY BARTON."

A few have borne me honor in my day,
Whether for thinking as themselves have thought
Or for what else I know not nor inquire.
Among them some there are whose name will live
Not in the memories but the hearts of men,
Because those hearts they comforted and cheer'd,

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And, where they saw God's images cast down,
Lifted them up again, and blew the dust
From the worn feature and disfigured limb.
Such thou art, pure and mighty! such art thou,
Paraclete of the Bartons! Verse is mute
Or husky in this wintery eve of time,
And they who fain would sing can only cough:
And yet we praise them. Some more strong have left
The narrow field of well-trim'd poetry
For fresher air and wider exercise;
And they do wisely: I might do the same
If strength could gird and youth could garland me.
Imagination flaps her purple wing
Above the ancient laurels, and beyond;
Aye, there are harps that never rang aloft
Olympic deeds or Isthmian; there are hands
Strong even as those that rein'd the fiery steeds
Of proud Achilles on the Dardan plain;
There are clear eyes, eyes clear as those that pierced
Thro Paradise and Hell and all between.
The human heart holds more within its cell
Than universal Nature holds without.
This thou hast shown me, standing up erect
While I sat gazing, deep in reverent awe,
Where Avon's Genius and where Arno's meet;
And thou hast taught me at the fount of Truth,
That none confer God's blessing but the poor,
None but the heavy-laden reach His throne.

CCLXIX. HELLAS TO AUBREY DE VERE ON HIS DEPARTURE.

TRAVELER! thou from afar that explorest the caverns of Delphi,
Led by the Muses, whose voice thou rememberest, heard over ocean,
Tell the benighted at home that the spirit hath never departed
Hence, from these cliffs and these streams: that Apollo is stil *King* Apollo,
And that no other should rule where Olympus, Parnassus, and Pindus
Are what they were, ages past; that, if barbarous bands have invaded
Temple and shrine heretofore, it is time the reproach be abolisht,

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Time that the wrong be redrest, and the stranger no more be the ruler.
Whether be heard or unheard the complaint of our vallies and mountains,
From the snow-piles overhead to the furthermost iland of Pelops,
Peace be to thee and to thine! And, if Deities hear under water,
Blandly may Panopè clasp and with fervor the knee of Poseidon!
Blandly may Cymodameia prevail over Glaucos, dividing
With both her hands his white beard and kissing it just in the middle,
So that the seas be serene which shall carry thee back to thy country
Where the sun sinks to repose. But ever be mindful of Hellas!

CCLXX. TO LAYARD, DISCOVERER OF NINEVEH.

No harps, no choral voices, may enforce
The words I utter. Thebes and Elis heard
Those harps, those voices, whence high men rose higher
And nations crown'd the singer who crown'd *them*.
His days are over. Better men than his
Live among *us*: and must they live unsung
Because deaf ears flap round them? or because
Gold lies along the shallows of the world,
And vile hands gather it? My song shall rise,
Altho none heed or hear it: rise it shall,
And swell along the wastes of Nineveh
And Babylon, until it reach to thee,
Layard! who raisest cities from the dust,
Who driest Lethe up amid her shades,
And pourest a fresh stream on arid sands,
And rescuest thrones and nations, fanes and gods
From conquering Time; he sees thee and turns back.
The weak and slow Power pushes past the wise,
And lifts them up in triumph to her car:
They, to keep firm the seat, sit with flat palms
Upon the cushion, nor look once beyond
To cheer thee on thy road. In vain are won
The spoils; another carries them away;

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The stranger seeks them in another land,
Torn piecemeal from thee. But no stealthy step
Can intercept thy glory.
Cyrus raised
His head on ruins: he of Macedon
Crumbled them, with their dreamer, into dust:
God gave thee power above them, far above;
Power to raise up those whom they overthrew,
Power to show mortals that the kings they serve
Swallow each other like the shapeless forms
And unsubstantial which pursue pursued
In every drop of water, and devour
Devoured, perpetual round the crystal globe.*

CCLXXI. TO THE HON. CAROLINE COURTENAY BOYLE.

From Marston's shady paths what Genius led
Your later steps to sandy Portishead?
Has Fortune frown'd? then leave her and pursue
Guides, to their holier votary, far more true.
I call you not, nor would you hear the call,
Where tasteless fruits and scentless blossoms fall,
Where plodding Learning plows some barren shore
Or worthless Wealth counts and recounts his store,
But where, in lovely silence, Nature spreads
Her heaven-crown'd mountains and submissive meads,
Rivers, which now stand still, now swiftly run,
Proud, overjoy'd, to catch the stealthy sun,
And seas, in sadden'd calm, as day declines
O'er the broad headland of umbrageous pines.
Think not ingenuous Art and virtuous Toil
Bend down to common peers the stem of Boyle.
Above the earth are greater than the great
Whom in his image mortal can create.
To a stern mother struggling Honor clings
And sees a sponsor, not a sire, in kings.
A name, a bell-hung whistle, kings may give,
But Toil must brace the creature born to live.
The mine is lower than the fertile sod,
And Man's best gift than the least gift of God.
Behold the noblest of the Howard race
Among the sons of labour take his place.

* Seen thro a solar microscope.

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Beyond all other claims he claims the right
And shows the power to teach and to delight.
Behold Azeglio; him whose hand imparts
A help at once to Freedom and the Arts:
He quits the pomp of courts, the pride of power,
To spend with Painture an untroubled hour,
Nor scorns his generous heart, his manly sense,
What *we* call tribute, fools call recompense.
The pencil is a scepter in the hand
That wields it well, and wide is its command:
Exert its sway and (for you can) combine
Turner's warm zeal with Poussin's wise design,
O'er England's mist bid timid gleams arise,
And pour fresh glory from Italian skies.
Such o'er Boccaccio's happy valley shone,
Valley which I, as happy, call'd my own,
When my young chivalry begirt your side
With Tuscan courtesy and English pride.

CCLXXII. TO ELIZA LYNN, WITH THE *FIVE SCENES*.

Eloquence often draws the mind awry
By too much tension, then relaxes it
With magic fires round which the Passions stand
Crazed or perverse; but thine invigorates,
By leading from the flutter of the crowd,
And from the flimsy lace and rank perfume
And mirror where all faces are alike,
Up the steep hill where Wisdom, looking stern
To those afar, sits calm, benign; the Gods
But just above, the Graces just below,
Regarding blandly his decorous robe:
There are, my lovely friend, who twitch at thine;
Suffer it; walk strait on; they will have past
Soon out of sight. The powerfulest on earth
Lose all their potency by one assault
On Genius or on Virtue. Where are they
Who pelted Milton? Where are they who raised
Fresh Furies round Rousseau? Where he accurst,
Thrice a deserter, thrice a fugitive,
Always a dastard, who by torchlight shedd
A Condé's blood? His march the wolf and bear

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Most signalized; he gorged them til they slept,
And howl'd no longer; men alone howl'd there,
Under sharp wounds and Famine's sharper fang.
He ridged the frozen flats of Muscovy
And bridged the rivers, paved the roads, with men, . .
Men in the morning, blocks of ice at noon.
Myriads of these are less than one he threw
To death more lingering in a dungeon's damp,
The sable chief who made his brethren free.
Malevolence in guise of Flattery
Will bow before thee. Men I know of old
In whose wry mouths are *friendship, truthfulness,*
And *gentleness,* and *geniality,*
And *good old customs, sound old hearts.* Beware
Lest they come sideling, lest they slily slip
Some lout before thee whose splay foot impedes
Thy steps, whose shoulder hides thee from thy friends:
Leave such behind; let pity temper scorn.
With this encouragement, with this advice,
Accept my Christmas gift, perhaps my last.
Behold *Five Scenes,* scenes not indeed most fit
For gentle souls to dwell in; but the worst
Lie out of sight, dark cypresses between;
Another dared pass thro them, I dare not.
Askest thou why none ever could lead forth
My steps upon the stage? . . I would evoke
Men's meditation, shunning men's applause.
Let this come after me, if come it will;
I shall not wait for it, nor pant for it,
Nor hold my breath to hear it, far or nigh.
Orestes and Electra walkt with me,
And few observ'd them: then Giovanna shedd
Her tears into my bosom, mine alone.
The shambling step in plashy loose morass,
The froth upon the lip, the slavering tongue,
The husky speech interminable, please
More than the vulgar, tho the vulgar most.
How little worth is fame when even the wise
Wander so widely in our wildering field!
Easy it were for one in whose domain
Each subject hath his own, and but his own,
Easy it were for him to parcel out

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A few more speeches, filling up the chinks;
Difficult, far more difficult, to work
Wards for the lock than hinges for the gate.
I who have skill for wards have also strength
For hinges; nor should they disgrace the door
Of noblest temple Rome or Athens rear'd.
Content am I to go where soon I must;
Another day may see me, now unseen;
I may perhaps rise slowly from my tomb
And take my seat among the living guests.
Meanwhile let some one tell the world thy worth,
One whom the world shall listen to, one great
Above his fellows, nor much lower than thou:
He who can crown stands very near the crown'd.

FIVE SCENES.

I. COUNT CENCI AND CONFESSOR.
II. BEATRICE AND HER AJA MARGARITA.
III. COUNT, STEWARD, PEASANTS, BEATRICE.
IV. BEATRICE AND POPE CLEMENT VIII.
V. DEATH OF BEATRICE.

PREFACE.

POETRY is not History. In features they may resemble; in particulars, in combinations, in sequences, they must differ. History should 'tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' Poetry, like all the fine arts, is eclectic. Where she does not wholly invent, she at one time amplifies and elevates; at another, with equal power, she simplifies, she softens, she suppresses. This part of her prerogative has fallen much into desuetude. Many a rich proprietor is a bad husbandman. The system of deep draining, or even of carrying off the surface-water, is but partially introduced. We have, however, seen tragedians, of late, who bear the pall and sceptre 'right royally."

The author of the *Five Scenes* assumes no place among them; he stands only just near enough to make his plaudit heard. These scenes interfere very little with Shelley's noble tragedy. Two names are the same; one character, by necessity, is similar; Count Cenci, the wickedest man on record. His benefactions to the Papacy, under the rubric of penalties or quit-rents for crimes, amounted to three hundred thousand crowns; so that after Saint

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Peter, King Pepin, and Countess Matilda, the Roman See was under greater obligations to him than to any other supporter. Crimes in the Papal States are as productive to *Government* as vines and olives: no wonder then, his death was so cruelly avenged. His life had been its *gaudy-day;* and his loss was the severest it ever had sustained in one person. Yet, so little of gratitude is there in high places, his funeral was unattended by the Cardinals and Court; and, what is more remarkable, no poet wrote an elegy to deplore or an epitaph to praise him.

SCENE I.

COUNT CENCI *and* CONFESSOR, *in Rome.*

CONFESSOR.

Our thoughts, my lord, are not entirely ours:
The Tempter hath much influence over them,
And sways them to and fro.

COUNT CENCI.

More often to

Than fro, methinks.

CONFESSOR.

Prayer can do much, and more
Confession, most goodwill toward the Church.
Nieces and uncles, aunts and nephews, meet
In holy matrimony; but beyond,
The Church forbids; nor grants even these without
Due cause, in alms and Petropatrimonials.

COUNT CENCI.

If one may do it, why may not another?

CONFESSOR.

Only the great may do it; only princes.
Sovrans may ride where common men must walk,
And may with safety and with seemliness . .
With seemliness! aye more . . . with acclamation,
And dance and bonfire, leap across the sheepwalk
Where sheep and shepherd humbly creep along.

COUNT CENCI.

Such are their doings in the Church and Court
And other places, for example-sake
No doubt.

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CONFESSOR.

No doubt whatever. Great the good
Arising from the wealth they thus disburse.
The Church, thus aiding and thus aided, throws
Her sackcloth from her, and sits up elate,
Triumphant, glorified, the spouse of Christ,
Born in the manger but to mount the throne.
None but the fool and the ungodly doubt
These saving truths.

COUNT CENCI.

None but the fool, most surely;
For who beside the fool would pour his broth
Upon the threshing-floor at noontide hour
When he is hungry and may take his fill?
About the ungodly you know more than I,
Who never have held converse with the knaves,
For, to my mind, they must be fools as well;
Sure to be losers at our table here,
And doubtful of revenge another day.

CONFESSOR.

They dare not meet confession face to face,
As honester and braver sinners do,
Like you, my Lord, who ask before you take,
Ready to pay the penalty of guilt,
And weighing both in steady even scales.

COUNT CENCI.

You always comfort the few qualms that rise
Within my breast, too empty or too full.
The present sometimes puzzles me; the past
Is past for ever.

CONFESSOR.

But beyond the grave...

COUNT CENCI.

I am short-sighted, and would spare my eyes;
Too much light hurts them: you wear spectacles,
And take them off and put them on again,
To read or not to read, as suits you best.

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CONFESSOR.

Your lordship has paid dearly for some sins!

COUNT CENCI.

Churchmen may get them cheaper; they can whirl
The incense round and sweeten one another.

CONFESSOR.

Count! we are friends; but this sounds rather free.

COUNT CENCI.

My speech is free, and free too is my hand.
Three paoli is the price of masses now
To the poor man; the citizens pay five;
The noble seven; but often bargaining
For thirteen to the dozen: I meanwhile
Reckon but twelve, and pay my crown a-piece,
Ay, for a thousand, father, for a thousand..
If this won't save me, what the devil can?

CONFESSOR.

Do not be angry; let us hope it will;
But matters, awkward matters, lie between..
We say no masses for the soul on earth.

COUNT CENCI.

Yet here it hath its troubles as down yonder;
Masses might oil them over on the spot
And supple the sting's barb; it lies not deep.

CONFESSOR.

No, no; far different is their ordinance.

COUNT CENCI.

Well, I believe it: let us say no more.

CONFESSOR.

Best so, my son! Sweet, sweet is resignation.
Three hundred thousand crowns have overlaid
Some gross enormities: stifled they lie,
No whisper over them: the Pope's right hand
Hath wiped the record from the Book of Life.

COUNT CENCI.

Are you quite sure?

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CONFESSOR.

Infallibility
Declares it.

COUNT CENCI.

Bless infallibility!

CONFESSOR.

Sin not, my son! but, sinning, strait confess
And stand absolved.

COUNT CENCI.

Plague me no more. I have
Confest. The wish . . again I swear . . is odious.

CONFESSOR.

The very thought confounds and petrifies me.
Ten yokes of oxen, fifty casks of wine
(Were it Orvieto), scarcely would efface
Such scandal.

COUNT CENCI.

I have play'd away the worth
Of those ten yokes, those fifty casks, but lately,
And therefore have not now wherewith . . .

CONFESSOR.

The sin
Of gambling is, alas! worse . . worse than all.
(*After a pause.*) If you will have the peach . . why, have the peach;
But pay for it: the crab and sloe come cheaper,
Costly or vile, 'tis better to abstain.

[CONFESSOR *goes out, the* COUNT *remains.*

COUNT CENCI (*alone*).

There must be (since all fear it) pains below.
But how another's back can pass for mine,
Or how the scourge be soften'd into down
By holy water, puzzles me: no drop
Is there; and nothing holy. Doubt I will.
Now, can these fellows in their hearts believe
What they would teach us? Yes; they must. Methinks
I have some courage: I dare many things,
Most things; yet were I certain I should fall
Into a lion's jaws at close of day
If I went on, I should be loth to go,

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Altho some nightcap from some booth well barr'd
Opens a window, crying *Never fear!*
Is there no likeness? Theirs is the look-out.
They toss my sins on shoulder readily;
Are they quite sure they can as readily
Shuffle them off again? They catch our pouch.
The price, the stipulated price, I pay;
Will the receiver be as prompt to them?
May not he question them? Well! there are gone
Three hundred thousand crowns; and more must go;
I shall cry *quits* . . but what will their cry be?
When time is over, none can ask for time;
Payment must come . . and these must pay, not I.
'Three hundred thousand crowns,' runs my receipt,
'Holiness and Infallibility'
At bottom. I am safe: the firm is good.
If the wax burn their fingers, let them blow
And cool it: there it sticks: my part is done.

SCENE II.

BEATRICE CENCI *and her* AJA MARGARITA.

MARGARITA.

Blessed be Saint Remigio! This day year,
This his own day, was held the marriage-feast
Within our castle-walls, which always frown'd
Till then, and never since smiled heartily.

BEATRICE.

We have been very happy, Margarita,
Before and since.

MARGARITA.

I want another feast;
I yearn; and you must give it, lady mine.

BEATRICE.

My father can alone ordain a feast
Other than what this pleasant vintage-time
Always brings round.

MARGARITA.

Things are got ready soon.
Your sister for her bridal festival

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Borrow'd some vases fill'd with citron-trees
From those who brought the chaplets. Signor Conte
Has not one citron-tree, one orange-bush,
One lemon, one train'd jessamine: he never
Has prickt his finger with bare lavender,
To curse it. Flowers and music he abhors.
And how he hated those dull nightingales!
Indeed they are too tiresome: what think you?

BEATRICE.

If their sweet sorrow overshadows mine
I ought to love them for it, and I do.
I have not always thought them melancholy;
'Tis but of late; and gayer things are worse.

MARGARITA.

You were less childish when you were a child.
However, flowers you cull as formerly
And put them in your bosom.

BEATRICE.

They are cool.

MARGARITA.

Are they? Some too are sweet. The Count is caught
By fragrance; not their vulgar fragrance; gloves,
Gloves I have seen (no matches though) that smelt
Deliciously, about his private room.
But music! we keep music to ourselves,
And close the door upon it, like the plague.
Make last year this. I did believe, I did
Indeed, that you could better understand
My meaning.

BEATRICE.

I have understood it well,
But dare not ask my father anything;
It is undaughterly, unmaidenly,
To ask for a carousal or a dance.
My sister and my brother may suggest
More properly what might entice our friends.

MARGARITA.

I doubt it. One enticement, one alone,
Depends on you. Marry, my pretty dove!

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BEATRICE.

Marry? and whom?

MARGARITA.

Have you forgotten all
Who drank the vintage of the year before
To make (they said) room for last year's?

BEATRICE.

In truth
I hardly know their names. I sat not with 'em
At supper or at dinner or at dance . .
Although at dance I was, but placed apart,
With you beside me, pleas'd not quite so well.

MARGARITA.

May-be. But you saw all, and all saw you.

BEATRICE.

May-be that too. I saw them all, and lookt
With joy upon them: whether they saw *me*
I know not, heed not: 'twas enough that joy
Seem'd universal.

MARGARITA.

But among the guests
Could not you name one name?

BEATRICE.

Perhaps I could,
And more than one, give me but time to think.

MARGARITA.

None yet? none? Let me call them over then.
Don Beppo, Don Olinto, Don Olimpio,
Don Prospero-Leonzio Buffalmacco,
Don Cane della Scala, Don Gatteschi,
Don Tissaferne, Don Ambrogio,
Don Michel-Angiolo, Don Angiolo
Without the Michel . . .

BEATRICE.

Take your breath, dear Aja.
They weary you. Suppose we leave the rest.

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MARGARITA.

Don Carlo, Don Ferrante, Don Camillo,
Don Agostino Pecore, Don Gallo,
Don Pio-Maria-Giuseppe Squarcialupi,
Don Innocenzio-Flavio Cinghialone,
Don Neri, Don Petruccio, Don Giuliano,
Don Tito, Don Trajano, Don Aurelio,
Three pretty brothers, save Aurelio's eye,
A little red about it, and Trajano's
Swerving a little, but as black as jet,
And bright as dagger drawn out overnight
And seen to, and fresh-whetted for revenge.
Your noble father hath such furniture,
Stored where you children might not hurt yourselves,
Not in the armoury, but close behind
Old breviaries and missals, and among
The holy relics that preserve the house,
Frightening the demons from it night and day.

BEATRICE.

Oh! rather run through fifty names than tell
Such stories.

MARGARITA.

Fifty! aye, there were threescore,
Or near upon it . . *men*, I mean; we women
Here count for nothing.

BEATRICE.

Not in dance?

MARGARITA.

They all
Had partners; that is certain; but what then?

BEATRICE.

You seem to have collected a whole host
Of the young men; the ladies you forget.

MARGARITA.

Even less worth remembrance.

BEATRICE.

Some were lovely.

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MARGARITA.

I saw no loveliness; and why should you,
Whom such girls envy.

BEATRICE.

Envy *me?* I shared
No partner. Only one, and she but once
Lookt at me: 'twas when I had clapt my hands
After that pretty song; which then she bade
Her lover bring me, and you snatcht away.

MARGARITA.

Such silly words!

BEATRICE.

Yes; but sung plaintively.
I wish I sang as well.

MARGARITA.

Try then once more.

BEATRICE.

You call them silly; so indeed they are.

MARGARITA.

Songs sound the sweeter in the solitude
Of sense.

BEATRICE.

Who wrote them?

MARGARITA.

Some young idle boy,
Who should be whipt for his effrontery.
Begin; or you will have more ears about.

BEATRICE.

I have no heart to sing it.

MARGARITA.

Then will I.

What says the dove on yonder tree?
Coo coo . . and only a *coo coo?*
I hear as plain as plain can be,
Poor restless bird! *come! come! do! do!*
The words I often said to you.

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If blushes pain not, be ashamed
A bird hath caught the sounds from me,
While you, by that mild teacher blamed,
Have yet to learn by heart what he
Repeats so well, so tenderly.

BEATRICE.

O thank you! dearest Margarita, thank you!
You sang them with such tenderness; you made
The most of them.

MARGARITA.

I made them all they are.
Let me go on while memory is at hand,
Or half the signors will slip through my fingers.

BEATRICE.

How good you are! but are you not quite tired?

MARGARITA.

Now you have put me out. Peace! let me try.
Don Sigismondo with his twin Goffredo,
Don Serafino, Don Serafico,
Don Sant-Elizabetta, Don Santa-Ann,
Don Beatifico, Don Ipsilante . .

BEATRICE.

O Aja!

MARGARITA.

So! the shoe then pinches there?

BEATRICE.

Rather go on than say it. Who is he?

MARGARITA.

No very proper man. I might have run
A furlong further with more likelihood.
Don Biagio, Don Cristofano, Don Bino,
Don Agostino, Don Teodosio,
Don Mario, Don Bastiano, Don Eufemio,
Don Giorgio, Don Giorgione, Don Silvestro,
Don Gasparo, Don Stefano, Don Gino.

BEATRICE.

O what a river full of sparkling bubbles!
Will the stream never end?

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MARGARITA.

Not yet awhile.
Don Cinque-Pesci, Don Maria-Balbo,
Don Romolo, Don Cino, Don Gieronimo,
Don Tertulliano (Teresina's brother),
Don Opobalsamo-di-Caritade,
Don Romualdo, Don Ricupero,
Don Unigenito Gino Cappone,
Don Amoroo-Galateso Stella,
Don Braccioforte, Don Pacifico,
Don Bacio-Santa-Croce Cicciaporci,
Don Carl-Onofrio-Gru de' Beccafichi.

BEATRICE.

O the strange names!

MARGARITA.

Men never choose their own,
But take them as they're given, to show Saint Peter,
Who knows their water-mark and lets them pass.

BEATRICE.

No doubt of that . . and we may let them too.

MARGARITA.

Wait, wait a moment: here are some few more.
Don Luca, Don Abele, Don Marino,
Don Sosimo, Don Zeno, Don Camillo,
Don Loretano (heir of Don Fulgenzio),
Don Curio de Montaspro, Don Pasquale.

BEATRICE.

What an interminable waste of names!
Are not the grilli of last year gone by?

MARGARITA.

Nearly. Sandrino, Piero, and Cirillo;
The two first are, the other should be, poor,
Noble, but wanting pride, and shunning friends.

BEATRICE.

Cirillo! sure 'twas he that sate beside
The little girl whose arms and legs were burnt
So sadly.

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MARGARITA.

Hideously, most hideously.
Her mother left her by the fire alone
In infancy.

BEATRICE.

Alone he sate with her
On a long barrel.

MARGARITA.

Heeding not who laught
Outrageously.

BEATRICE.

I saw them, I saw *him* . .
And could have kist him . . had he been my brother . .

MARGARITA.

And rather handsomer.

BEATRICE.

Could he be that?

MARGARITA.

So! Does the pin stick there? aye, to the head.

BEATRICE.

I ought to love him: but we never love
(I do believe) the only men we ought,
Or not as we should love them if we might.

MARGARITA.

He would not join the party: no, not he,
Nor offer, where 'twas proper, one salute:
That ugly barrel and that uglier child
Besotted him; he staid there to the last.
Pride! no; 'twas worse; 'twas sheer rusticity.
Thinking of him, six better men escaped me.
Don Marlo, Don Virgilio, Don Matteo,
Don Beppo, Don Simoni, Don Marziale,
Brother of Donna . . stay . . Donna Lucrezia,
Who ran away from home, and was pursued
Somewhat too late, caught, and let loose again,
A virgin, a pure virgin, to the last.
Ready to swear it were three witnesses,
Her father, and her husband, and herself:
No law-court can refuse three witnesses.

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BEATRICE.

One surely is enough where honor is.
Prythee no more about her.

MARGARITA.

Don Marziale
Call'd out the vile betrayer, but in vain;
He fled; and that same week another won
The lovely prize, and wears it to this day,
At least a part of it, a husband's part.

BEATRICE.

O Aja! what is this? what words are those?
But . . hath she turn'd her face to God, and God
His face to her? May it be thus! Forgive,
O blessed Saint Remigio! and do thou
Thrice-blessed Virgin, purer than Heaven's light,
My wicked thought! Thy countenance was turn'd
One moment from me. In one moment sin
Bursts through our frail embankment, and engulphs
All superstructure human strength can raise.

MARGARITA.

Mad art thou, or inspired?

BEATRICE.

Mad, mad, I was,
But now, with contrite heart, am calm again.

MARGARITA.

I do believe I am as good as most,
If you are better, I am wiser, child!
I say as many prayers, and know more ways
Of happiness. Among these vacant I
Choose one . . or two at most. There are indeed
Who think *one* better; and they may be right.
Our mother Church, long-suffering and indulgent,
Would rather tie two knots than sever one.
You ponder on these things without one word.

BEATRICE.

I dare not utter one; I scarce dare ponder.

MARGARITA.

It is all right, if we will only think so.

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BEATRICE.

True, true . . but do not make me think about it.

MARGARITA.

No, child, while there are those who think for us,
And have much broader backs and tougher hides,
Fireproof, and tongues that charm the devil off.
I like to take all good men at their word,
Without a scruple or suspicion. Thought
Is uphill work : many its paths, few smooth;
Let others trudge 'em while we two sit still . .
Sit still we may, but not sit quite so grave.
I must not let you look at me demurely
On such a day as this. My lord last year
Admitted, as all other lords are wont,
His contadini, married and unmarried,
To dance upon the terrace with the great.
Will he to-night?

BEATRICE.

I hope he may.

MARGARITA.

Why hope it?

The great are absent.

BEATRICE.

Yet without the great
The lowly may be happy, at small cost.
Good-morrow brightens the whole day to them,
Good-night brings early rest and hopeful dreams :
A friendly word, a gentle look, is more
From one above than twenty truer ones
From those who merit best the peasant's love.

MARGARITA.

Whimsical girl! whimsical more than ever!
I have seen tears fall on this dimpled hand
When it had graspt the sunburnt hairy one,
And would not let it go, altho I chided;
I have seen you stand a-tip-toe to return
The kiss imprinted on it, when the face
Was decently averted, whether man's
Or woman's; for the Count had been enraged.

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BEATRICE.

Stern he may be; but cruel no, not that.

MARGARITA.

Propriety! maintain propriety!
Minor transgressions every one forgives.
We must not let the humble spring too high.

BEATRICE.

Nor sink too low. God gave us hearts for theirs
To rest upon, and form'd them not of stone.

MARGARITA.

This now, this brings me back again. Come, talk
Rationally with me.. In this afternoon
My lord your father, as you know, returns.

BEATRICE.

Happier I may be; not much happier:
For when he saw me last, now some months since,
He took me on his knee, then pusht me off,
Suddenly, strangely; stampt, and left the room.

MARGARITA.

Is this worth crying for?

BEATRICE.

I think it is.

MARGARITA.

He may have thought of somebody at Rome
As pretty in his eyes, and not unlike.

BEATRICE.

Should he not love me more then for her sake?

MARGARITA.

Men are odd creatures; what they should they don't,
And what they should not, sure enough, they do.
How would you like a stepmother?

BEATRICE.

If young
I should so like her! We would play together
All day, all night.

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MARGARITA.

Simpleton!

BEATRICE.

We would toss
Roses in summer, daffodils in spring,
Into each other's faces: if they struck
The eyes, O then what kisses! what protests
We were not hurt! The saints would all forgive.
I know the names of many good to us
Young girls, and mindful they were girls themselves.

MARGARITA.

What fancy strikes you now?

BEATRICE.

One strange and wild.
Some say my mother lives. It can not be;
I have not seen her many many days,
A year almost.

MARGARITA.

Stepmother, you should say.

BEATRICE.

Stepmother! what can that be else than mother?
She loved me, and wept over me. She rests,
(I trust) with God. Another may console me,
If she prevail with Him to send another.
My own, who waved me in her arms to sleep,
Could not have loved me better than the last.
When did she die? and where? Not here, we know;
No funeral was here; no sadder looks
Than usual in the poor good villagers..
Tell me: it happen'd while I was away?

MARGARITA.

Useless to ask for what we cannot know,
And what, if we could know it, might do harm.
Nobody here dares stir where the Count's feet
Move softly, nobody his steps espy.

BEATRICE.

How prudent and how gentle the reproof!
But.. could I hear my mother were alive!

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MARGARITA.

Your brothers, both are living, tho afar,
She may be too, and nearer.*

BEATRICE.

Grant it, Heaven!
Was it not wicked then to think of joy
With one who soon might take her vacant place;
To think of smiles and games where tears were shed,
Perhaps for me too, since mine also fell?
O! it *was* wicked. Mother! pray for me!
Both mothers! pray for me! Let not my grief
Disturb your bliss! bear up my prayer on yours!

MARGARITA.

Make me not dismal. Prayers are excellent
In the right place. Seven are the sacraments,
And of all seven, marriage is the best:
This lies before you; some are past, some wait.
Let us return to thoughts far pleasanter;
I do not mean of saints and patronesses . .
Another, and no saint, but a mama,
Might wish you married; sure your father would.

BEATRICE.

If ever I should marry . . but I feel
I never shall . . so let me say no more.

MARGARITA.

Were my ears open to catch wind and cold
Like this, my Lady Beatrice? Speak;
Say something; to the purpose, if you can,
But something.

BEATRICE.

Should one love me, may that one
Be better, wiser, older!

MARGARITA.

Hush! hush! hush!
Wiser, and no harm done. Older! God's peace!
Well, certainly sixteen is somewhat young

* She lived imprisoned. The whole family were kept separated.

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For bridegroom . . but no help for it, no harm,
Past all endurance.

BEATRICE.

I may hope to live
A few years longer; and should Heaven bestow
One many older yet, who truly loves,
He will love wisely: he will see in me
Much to correct with calmer eyes than mine.

MARGARITA.

Aye; some old creature. He would find out faults,
Or make them for you. Never let young blood
Be frozen, or (Madonna!) it will burst
With such a crack as never shepherd heard
In early spring o'er tarn on Appennine.

BEATRICE.

We will not talk about what will not be.

MARGARITA.

Hark! Was not that the bugle? There again!
Haste, haste upstairs . . dress yourself handsomely . .
The Count is coming.

BEATRICE.

I will dress myself
To please him; but with arms about his neck
First crave his blessing. Loose me; let me run.

SCENE III.

COUNT, STEWARD, PEASANTS, BEATRICE.

COUNT.

They might do something better, I should think,
Than sing o' Sundays. I am quite dog-tired
With this hard ride.

STEWARD.

Indeed, my lord, you seem,
Despite of youth as ever on your side,
Wearied and ill at ease. The ride is long:
Strong as they are, alert as are the grooms,
The horses must have suffer'd this hot day.

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COUNT.

My horses are half-dead as well as I:
Bravely they mounted the last hill, however,
At sight of stable: all that was not smoke
Was froth; the bits had burnt your hand to touch.

STEWARD.

Too weak to battle with the flies, outstretcht
Lies every groom, his hat upon his face,
In the thin shade dropt from the grange's eaves.

COUNT.

Swill'd with unwater'd wine.

STEWARD.

No time or heart
Had they to lift the bucket from the well.

COUNT.

I have a mind to whip them up again.
Their liveries look already like the litter,
The silver tarnisht, and the scarlet dim
As the last musty medlar of the year.
What can those idlers yonder want of me?
What do they here?

STEWARD.

My gentle lord, permit.
Those who have labour'd all the week apart,
To meet upon the blessedest of days
After due service; to inquire how fares
The sick at home; to slip the thin brass coin
Into the creviced box their priest shakes round,
That the soul suffer not for lack of mass.
What other day for distant friends to hear
The weal or woe that swells the breast with joy
Or sinks with grief? In either case, it pours
Its fulness forth before His awful throne
Whose will they are.

COUNT.

No preaching, sir, for me.
A mass, and welcome . . twice or thrice a-year . .
The Church requires it: what the Church requires
I do . . or pay for what is left undone.

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[*Tuning of instruments is heard.*

Crack me those strings! stop me that fellow's breath
Who blows his fife so fitfully! To hear
Those chords and canes, sure were enough without
What they call tuning: that is worst of all . . .

STEWARD.

Most gracious Signor Conte! it may please
My Lady Beatrice.

COUNT.

Let the fools
Tickle their strings, and twist their lips. Set on!

[STEWARD *gives a sign.* PEASANTS *chant.*

Can any be both great and gay?
Then may our lord be all his life:
We halve it with him this one day,
Who bring the lute to wed the fife.

We wish no feast: above our heads
Swell the rich clusters of the vine:
No lamps wish we: behold, there spreads
Her robe of stars the jessamine.

We have not many songs to sing,
And those we have are sadly dull;
The livelier all were made for spring,
When hopes are fresh and hearts are full.

We must not mind the cruel tale
Old rhymers from old books relate,
About the blood on nightingale,
Who comes each year and sings her fate.

She now is gone; but happier love
Attends the bird that yet remains;
Attends the chaste, the constant dove,
And soothes (if pains she know) her pains.

Sweet were the flowers May rear'd for June
To kiss, and you to find and cull;
Sweeter the fruits the vintage-moon
Ripens, with gold-red radiance full.

O lady! much is yours to grant . .
Bride-cake, and ribands, rest within! . .
A smile to rule our dance we want,
A nod to tune our violin.

To-morrow we prepare to heap
With heavy grapes the creaking wane;
The hearts the last year's bride made leap,
For you this year shall leap again.

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BEATRICE.

Kind friends! my father would not lose both daughters
So near together. Some years yet must pass
Before we think about it.

COUNT.

Send them off.
What insolence! to mix in my concerns!
My Beatrice! thou wert ever fond
Of chattering with the peasants. Very wrong . .
Whimper not; but look up.

BEATRICE.

Could it be wrong?

COUNT.

Early in childhood very wrong 'twere not,
And more another's fault than thine, perhaps . .
Nay, be not vext, my prettiest, overmuch.

BEATRICE.

Kind father! this is, yes, indeed, too kind.

COUNT (*to* STEWARD.)

I would not have them look upon me now,
Or they might think me weak. They may have heard
The idle name I call'd her. Spake I loud?
Did they; dost thou imagine? Plagues upon 'em!

STEWARD.

All call her so.

COUNT.

How dare they?

STEWARD.

They all love her;
Fathers the most of all, I do believe.

COUNT.

Send them away. Off with them all. Begone!
Off with you!

(*To the* STEWARD.)

Give the fools some bread and wine,
And send them back.

BEATRICE.

Dear father! let them stay
A little while. They may do more than I

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In cheering you! They may remind you, sir,
Of last year's festival. Look now, and see
If you miss any.

COUNT.

Oxen, horses, mules,
We count.

BEATRICE.

Dear creatures! yes.

COUNT.

Enough, if those.

BEATRICE.

Here only two are wanting, girls I mean.
Beppina you permitted to be married,
And poor Cristina wastes away . .

COUNT.

For love,
No doubt . . Let her too go.

BEATRICE.

Alas! alas!
She will be gone, and soon. She caught the fever
From her old mother.

COUNT.

Of what name?

BEATRICE.

Her own,
The lame Cristina, who brought strawberries
From the hill-side, when sister and myself
Lay, as she lies, in fever.

COUNT.

Was it she
Who made the butter?

BEATRICE.

O, how glad I am
You recollect her!

COUNT.

If her girl is sick
She can not make it: if she could, for me
No butter from a house where folks are sick.

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Return we, Beatrice; I am tired;
I have not slept since dinner.

BEATRICE.

Father dear!
May sleep refresh you more than dinner did,
And not be sent away from you so soon!

SCENE IV.

BEATRICE *and the* POPE.

CLEMENT.

Who art thou? and what art thou?

BEATRICE.

What I am
I dare not utter, holy father! Tears
The bitterest ever shed from sleepless eye
Announce me: none so wretched! none so lost!

CLEMENT.

Thy name?

BEATRICE.

'Tis Beatrice.

CLEMENT.

Thy surname?

BEATRICE.

Was . . .

CLEMENT.

Speak, thou sobbing fool! Then speak will I.
Cenci. No doubt thou gladly wouldst forget
Thy father's name; it burns into thy soul;
Thou canst not shake it off, thou canst not quench it.
Thou, ere thou camest hither, didst forget
Thou wert his child. What wouldst thou urge thereon?

BEATRICE.

Never did I forget he was my father;
He did forget . . forget . . I was his child.

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CLEMENT.

Passionate tears drop from unholy lids
More often than from holy. The best men
May chide their children; may dislike; may hate . . .

BEATRICE.

Oh, had he hated me!

CLEMENT.

Perverse! perverse!
Bold interrupter of my speech, vouchsafed
To lead thee from the wandering of thy thoughts.
I would have said, where daughters are untoward,
Chiefly where they are wanton, sires may hate.

BEATRICE.

Urge not that fault, O holy father! spare it!

CLEMENT.

I thought so. I *will* spare it. There are more.
Not only hast thou with that little hand
Transfixt the breast which cherisht thee . . Ay, shriek!
Stamp, spread the floor as 'twere with yellow straw . .
Here are no youths to gather that fine gold,
And treasure it, and gloat on it unseen.
Not only hast thou done so, but hast torn
Thy ancient house from its foundation. Crime,
Like lightning, at one stroke pierces the roof
And penetrates the obscurest stone below.
Ay, writhe, groan, beat thy bosom, dim the light
Of those vain ringlets with those tears as vain;
All, all, shall not avail thee.

BEATRICE.

Naught avail'd
They all, nor ever can avail me now.

CLEMENT.

I said it. But thy house must suffer shame,
Which timely full confession may avert.

BEATRICE.

Alas! alas! no, holy father! no,
But darken it for ever. Save a branch

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From the sad rot that eats into it; bid
My sister live, my brother be absolved.

CLEMENT.

Thou fearest an impeachment of thy guilt
From kindred tongues.

BEATRICE.

Fear is too weak to reach
An agony like mine. I once did fear,
And when that fear was over, courage came
With heavenly power; courage that show'd the tomb,
But not dishonour opening it.

CLEMENT.

Again?
Maniac! again? Well shriekest thou *dishonor*,
And turnest (what none ever did before)
Thy back on me. Shame, shame, thou insolent!
I have no patience with a wench so wild,
So wicked . . setting this last scorn aside . .
Enough that I have heard thee; to forgive
Were impious.

BEATRICE.

Yet the Son of God besought
The Father to forgive his murderers.

CLEMENT.

Darest thou utter the word *Father*, wretch?

BEATRICE.

Yes, yes, *that* Father; and *that* Father hears:
That Father knows my innocence.

CLEMENT.

He knows it,
And I, and all the city. What then brought thee
Before this footstool, at our throne of grace?
For pardon? pardon of a parricide?
And opens not the earth beneath thy feet!

BEATRICE.

The earth, O holy Father! open'd not
Beneath the cross, beneath man's impious feet,
When God's own Son was murder'd.

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CLEMENT.

And thy tongue
Can speak of murder?

BEATRICE.

Could it were I guilty?
Ah! for that death none grieves so bitterly
As I do. Gone! gone! O unhappy man,
With all his sins upon his head . . the last,
Worst, unrepented.

CLEMENT.

Thou shalt have good time
For *thy* repentance of one worse than all . .
Parricide.

BEATRICE.

Holy father! say not so!
It tortures me.

CLEMENT.

Worse tortures there await
Thy dainty limbs.

BEATRICE.

Worse tortures they have caused
Already than man's wrath can now inflict.

CLEMENT.

We shall see that, thou murderous miscreant!

BEATRICE.

Spare, holy father! spare reproachful words.

CLEMENT.

Audacious! vengeance, not reproach, is mine.
Justice, God's justice, I pronounce against thee.

BEATRICE.

Ah! be it but God's justice! be it His,
And there is mercy; else what soul could live?

CLEMENT.

Audacious! here none argues. When I speak,
I breathe God's spirit and proclaim His law.

BEATRICE.

Forgive an inadvertence in a girl
Who hath not graspt the flowers of sixteen springs,

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Nor held sweet converse with the riper age
Of girls two fingers higher, nor learnt the ways
Of courtly life; but ever bent the head
O'er breviary, and closed the gayer leaves
Left open to engage her, which had taught
Perhaps some better customs than appear'd.

CLEMENT.

(*Pondering abstractedly.*) An inadvertence peradventure yea.
Never a parricide . . Peace! peace! Within
These walls unseemly are such ecstacies.

BEATRICE.

Pity me, blessed Virgin! pity me!
There is none other careth for my grief,
Thou carest for all sorrowers. Hear me, hear me,
In my last anguish.

CLEMENT.

This is not thy last.
Halters and pulleys may uplift those arms
Again, which thou upliftest impiously
To the most blessed. Hope from her is none
Before confession of thy heinous crime.
I, I myself will hear it (out of grace
To that nobility thy father bore)
And may remit, in part, the penalty.
Confess, thou obstinate!

BEATRICE.

I will not bear
False witness . . no, not even against myself . .
For God will also hear it.

CLEMENT.

Get thee gone,
Parricide! hie thee from my sight. The rack
Awaits thee.

BEATRICE.

Holy father! I have borne
That rack already which tears filial love
From love parental. Is there worse behind?

CLEMENT.

Questionest thou God's image upon earth?

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BEATRICE.

Sire! I have question'd God himself, and askt
How long shall innocence remain unheard?

CLEMENT.

Say thou art guilty, and thy bonds are loose.

BEATRICE.

Oh, holy father! guilty I am not.

CLEMENT.

Die in thy sin then . . unrepentant, curst!

BEATRICE.

My sins are washt away, not by the blood
Of him whose name to utter were opprobrious,
But by His blood who gives you power to rule
And me to suffer.
God! Thy will be done!

SCENE V.

CITIZENS *at a distance from the scaffold.*

CITIZEN.

Wouldst thou not rather look than talk, good man?

OLD MAN.

I can talk yet, my sight grows somewhat dim;
Beside, 'tis said that they who see an angel
Live not long after. Surely there stands one
In purest white, immovable as heaven,
Her hair resplendent, not with stars, but suns . .
I would, but dare not . . yes, once more must gaze.

ANOTHER CITIZEN.

Do they still torture her? At times she quakes,
While they seem only speaking very mildly.

ANOTHER.

Ay, they speak mildly when they torture most.

ANOTHER.

I catch no pulley near, no red-hot iron.

THE NEXT.

The pulley may have crackt, the iron cool'd,
And they alone who suffer it must see it.

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WOMAN.

How pale she looks!

ANOTHER.

She always did look pale,
They tell me; all the saints, and all the good,
And all the tender-hearted, have lookt pale.
Upon the Mount of Olives was there one
Of dawn-red hue even before that day?
Among the mourners under Calvary
Was there a cheek the rose had rested on?

OLD WOMAN.

Is she alive or dead? Oh! I would give
Half my day's meal to be as tall as you,
And see her over all those heads. Speak, tell me.

ANOTHER.

She looks so pale, so calm, she may be dead.

THIRD.

But can the dead sit upright? Tell me that.

ANOTHER.

When they are bound, ankles and throat, they may.
Nardi, who stole the Virgin's rosary
From her own fingers, stood right up, although
Ribs were alone of all his bones unbroken,
But every muscle making their amends,
Doubled in size, and swell'd like snakes about them.

WOMAN.

To rob the Virgin of her rosary!
O what a thief was he!

ANOTHER WOMAN.

Those were true snakes
That lookt like muscles coiling round his bones,
And whence they came, at dead of night, we know.
Ave Maria! were I rich as thou,
Thou shouldst not long look for thy rosary.

FOURTH (*to a* CITIZEN).

Were there blood-spots about her? couldst thou spy?

CITIZEN.

There were blood spots about the blessed cross;
Yea; but whose were they? Woe betide the spillers!

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THIRD WOMAN.

O the good man! he thinks upon the cross!
Then thou couldst see her?

CITIZEN.

I could see no more
Than marble statue sees; my eyes were stiff.
Prythee now let them drop their heaviness
Upon this waste, this scorching waste, of woe;
Nor stop them, woman, with that idle tongue.

THIRD WOMAN.

O the rude man!

FOURTH WOMAN.

His huge arms scatter us,
Thick as we stand, beating that brawny breast.
Murrain upon those priests!

CITIZEN.

They stood around,
As these do here.

FOURTH WOMAN.

Murrain on these, on all
Tapsters of children's blood.

THIRD WOMAN.

Save good priest Aldi;
He lets me off for little week by week.
O what a wail! Could it be hers? It fills
The streets, it overflows the city walls,
The churches and their altars, with one wave,
Huge as the Red Sea heav'd upon the host
Of that proud king . . who was he? . . Now again
What silence!

ANOTHER.

Break it not. Let man's tears fall,
Reverently let them fall, never in shame,
On woman's blood: were yon feet still which stamp,
From agony of grief and anger, mine
In this dread pause were heard to splash the stones.
Could not, O Christ! thy saving blood save hers?

[*Outcries before the scaffold: bell.*

Are those shrieks hers?

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ANOTHER CITIZEN.

Which shrieks, among ten thousand?
Fool! when all daughters, mothers, fathers, cry
In this whole piazza, thinkest thou a few
Expiring shrieks and sobs can come distinct?

ANOTHER.

Those must be . . hers must those be.

ANOTHER.

So far off,
She could not make us hear.

ANOTHER.

Yet, Heaven is farther,
And hears her, the sweet innocent! Again!
Oh! that sound must have been the scourge that smote her.

ANOTHER WOMAN.

O Christ! O crucified Redeemer! hear,
Hear that long cry lessening for lack of breath!

ANOTHER.

The very priests, the very cardinals,
Are hardly mute.

CITIZEN.

They curse the cruelty,
Thro fear, not thro compunction. O that each
Partook her sufferings. One poor girl hath borne
More than enough to crack the joints of all,
Cased as they are in fatness. But their day
May come, even upon earth.

ANOTHER CITIZEN.

One day will come,
Not upon earth . . one day for them and her!

WOMAN.

Poor soul! her prayers will save them.

ANOTHER WOMAN.

God is just:
His mercy is but for the merciful.
Hush! Holy Virgin! the poor child is dead!

ANOTHER WOMAN.

Is that the passing bell?

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ANOTHER WOMAN.

Down on your knees
All of you!

ANOTHER WOMAN.

What a silence! every stroke
Clear as within the belfry: sighs are heard
Half a street off. Now there is voice for prayer;
And hundreds pray who never pray'd before . .

ANOTHER WOMAN.

For they have children. Shower, ye saints above,
Blessings upon her! Comfort her among you!

MANY CRY.

Blessings upon her!

CITIZEN.

Curses!

ANOTHER.

Upon whom?

CITIZEN.

Him who condemn'd her.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

'Twas the holy father.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Were it the devil I would curse the devil.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

The stroke that fell on her may fall on you.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Speed it! I should be saved in following her;
Even I might kiss those beauteous feet and weep . .
Alas! . . on that rackt corse, in Paradise.

SBIRRO.

Silence! insensate! reprobate! Come out;
Thy words, thou knowest, violate God's image
Here upon earth.

THIRD CITIZEN.

My words? Your deeds, say rather.
Behold it. [*The corpse is carried by.*
Rest, O daughter! rest in peace!

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ANOTHER CITIZEN.

Spake she no words at all?

ANOTHER.

These words she spake,
Caught by the nearest, then the farthest off,
And striking every breast throughout the square,
Rapid as lightning, withering too like that.

ANOTHER.

Well, well . . the words?

REPLY.

Hast thou alone not heard?
Hear now then. No confession; not a breath.

OLD WOMAN.

Poor sinful soul!

CITIZEN.

They urged: she only said . .
And scarcely one or two could hear the sound,
It was so feeble . . for her heart was broken
Worse than her limbs . .

FORMER CITIZEN.

What said she?

LAST CITIZEN.

Wouldst thou torture
Worse than yon paid ones?

FORMER CITIZEN.

Hold thy peace! The two
Confessors urged her on each side to speak
While time was left her, and while God might hear,
And leave the rest to them. She thus replied . .
'My father's honor will'd my father's death:
He could not live; no, nor could I. Now strike.
Strike, and let questioning's worse torture cease.'
The vizor'd struck: a dull sound shook the block:
The head roll'd from it. Mercy on her soul!
Men have been brave, but women have been braver.

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